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THE SOUL OF RUSSIA

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THE ARROW OF THE ALLIES

AFTER A PAINTING BY LÉON BAKST

Léon Bakst.

THE SOUL OF RUSSIA

EDITED BY

WINIFRED STEPHENS

9497

IN AID OF THE FUND FOR RUSSIAN REFUGEES ADMINISTERED BY THE GENERAL COMMITTEE OF THE ALL RUSSIAN UNION OF ZEMSTVOS UNDER THE PRESIDENCY OF PRINCE G. E. LVOV

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
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1916

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PREFACE

ENCOURAGED by the welcome given in 1915 to *The Book of France*, its Editor has compiled, with a similar object and on somewhat similar lines, a book about Russia.

All the profits, including what would have been publishers' profits, from the sale of this book will be handed over to Prince G. E. Lvov, President of the All Russian Union of Zemstvos, or Russian County Councils, for distribution among sufferers from the War.

Beyond all praise is the work the Zemstvos are doing in this war. Created in 1864, they first organised themselves into a Union after the Russo-Japanese War, and again on the outbreak of the present hostilities. In an interesting article contributed to this book, Mr. A. Kuprin[1] describes how the activities of the Zemstvos, in peace time exclusively local, have now expanded until they include care of the wounded, their transport, the organisation of hospitals, the provision of medical aid and surgical equipment, as well as the manufacture of clothing and munitions. That excellent use will be made of any sum confided to this admirable organisation there is no doubt.

The Editor ventures to hope that, engaging freely in this common labour of love and mercy, Russian and British contributors may perchance find their sympathies with one another deepened, and that, by revealing to readers perhaps hitherto unacquainted with Russia, if only the merest glimpse into her

[1] See pp. 221-228.

noble, but sometimes unfathomable soul, these pages may serve to knit more closely those bonds of mutual interest and friendship which unite us to our heroic Ally.

It will be found that the field covered by the book is fairly wide. In art, it extends from the early icon, the tenth-century folk-song, and the homely creations of peasant industry to the music of Stravinsky, the paintings of Goncharova, and the elaborate representations of the Russian ballet. It describes a circle, so to speak, in the tendency to revive the archaic exhibited by Stelletsky's pictures. In the domain of literature, poems, tales, and critical essays portray the influences which direct, the ideals which inspire, and the ardent sentiments which impassion contemporary Russian thought. Articles which range from Moscow to the Caucasus, from the Caucasus to far north-east Siberia, suggest the vastness of the Holy Russian Empire. Others on "The Task of Russia," "The Neutralisation of the Dardanelles," "Russia without Vodka" discuss some of the stupendous problems confronting the Russian Government. British writers express British opinions of Russia, Russian writers Russian opinions of Britain. Inevitably a large section of the book, in prose and in verse, is devoted to war in general, and to the present War in particular.

Having regard to our great and unfortunate ignorance of the Russian language, it has been deemed advisable not to print Russian originals. But, as translations of verse can never, even in its happiest efforts, be anything but approximation, an exception has been made for the originals of the poems. They appear as Appendices. And the Editor here wishes to thank Mr. Shklovsky (Dioneo) for his kindness in revising this part of the book.

All contributions, illustrations, and letterpress alike have been arranged strictly and solely according to their topics.

At a time when a heated controversy is raging round the transliteration of Russian, the rendering into English of Russian

names presents some difficulty. In this book, whenever possible, the spelling of the London Library Catalogue has been followed. But how impracticable is any complete consistency will be seen from a contributor's letter, which, with his permission, is quoted here :

COURT PLACE, IFFLEY, OXFORD,
17. vii. 16.

DEAR MISS STEPHENS,

I confess that this question of transliteration of Russian names, though not difficult in itself, is complicated by tradition. At bottom such names as Metchnikov and Vinogradov should be spelled with a *v* at the end; but the transcription with *off* was introduced in the eighteenth century—I suppose under French influence; and in consequence a number of Russian names have, as it were, acquired rights of citizenship in this guise in various foreign languages. In my own case, I began to spell my name as Vinogradoff, with *off*, ever since I wrote my French exercises as a boy of six; and, as I have published a good many books at a later age under this form of the name, I should not like it to be changed.

Yours truly,
P. VINOGRADOFF.

At a time like the present, in the midst of a world war, when Russia and Great Britain are at grips with a mighty foe, when communication between the two countries, for anything but military purposes, is extremely difficult, the collection of such unique material as this volume contains has not been easy. It would have been impossible had not two distinguished and devoted friends of Russia—Mme. Emilie Zetlin in Paris, Mr. Hagberg Wright in London—generously employed their time and influence to obtain contributions. The association with the book of names so notable in Russia secured the co-operation of its numerous eminent contributors, who have shown themselves eager freely to unite with their British confrères in giving of their best to the cause this volume seeks to aid.

For his untiring energy in collecting these contributions in

Russia and in forwarding them to England the book is indebted to Mr. Daniel Gorodetsky.

To the band of Russia's friends in England who have generously given much time to the arduous task of translating Russian into English, the Editor can never be sufficiently grateful. She desires also to take this opportunity of thanking publishers, writers, illustrators, indeed all who have in various ways helped to make this book possible.

WINIFRED STEPHENS,
Editor.

London, 1916.

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RUSSIAN AUTHORS

AMARI (Pseudonym) . .	A poet well known in Russia for his translations of the poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Emily Brontë.
K. BALMONT (*b.* 1867) . VALERY BRYUSOV (*b.* 1873).	The most eminent Russian poets of to-day.
V. BEKHTEREV (*b.* 1857) .	The first among Russian nerve specialists. Founder and Director of a hospital for inebriates. Professor in the Military Academy of Medicine.
A. BUDISCHEV (*b.* 1867) .	A widely read novelist.
Z. BUKHAROVA (*b.* 1876) .	A distinguished poetess.
Z. GIPPIUS (*b.* 1869) . .	A poetess and novelist of considerable note.
I. GRINEVSKAYA (*b.* 1850) .	A well-known poetess.
N. JARINTSOVA . . .	Author of several English books on Russia, notably *The Russians and their Language*, published in August 1916.
N. I. KARÊEV (*b.* 1850) .	Professor of History at the University of Petrograd. Member of the first Duma.
A. F. KONI (*b.* 1844). .	Senator. Member of the Council of State or Russian Upper House. A well-known jurist and literary critic.
NESTOR KOTLYAREVSKY (*b.* 1863) .	Academician. Writer on the History of Literature. Professor in the Higher Courses for Women's Education at Petrograd.
A. KUPRIN (*b.* 1870) . .	A novelist of considerable note.
N. A. MOROZOV . .	A well-known writer and a Professor of Astronomy in the Higher Courses of Professor Lesgaft.
O. METCHNIKOFF . .	A distinguished lady of letters, widow of the late eminent scientist Elie Metchnikoff.

P. N. Milyukov (*b.* 1859)	Leader of the Democratic Constitutional Party in the Duma. Sometime Professor of History at the University of Moscow.
I. Kh. Ozerov . .	Member of the Council of State. Professor of Financial Law. Writer on Financial Questions.
Peretts	Colonel on the General Staff. Contributor to the Military Encyclopædia. Military correspondent of *The Retch.*
I. N. Potapenko . .	A well-known novelist, whose novel *The General's Daughter* has been translated into English. (Unwin's Pseudonym Library.)
A. Rimsky-Korsakov .	A musician and editor of a musical magazine. Son of the composer Nicolas Andreievich Rimsky-Korsakov (1844–1908).
T. Schepkina-Kupernik .	An eminent poetess and novelist.
I. W. Shklovsky (Dioneo) (*b.* 1865)	A writer, known in Russia for his books and articles on England. A contributor to *The Russkya Vedomosti*, *The Russkoe Bogatsvo*, and *The Vestnik Europi.*
Fedor Sologub . . .	One of the most celebrated of contemporary Russian novelists, several of whose works have been translated into English.
Stravinsky . . .	A famous composer. Author of music for the Russian ballet.
Paul Vinogradoff, F.B.A. (*b.* 1854)	Corpus Professor of Jurisprudence in the University of Oxford since 1903. Fellow of the Imperial Academy of Sciences at Petrograd. Before coming to England he laboured in the cause of education in his native country, and was Chairman of the Educational Committee in Moscow.
A. L. Volynsky . .	An eminent literary critic. Author of works on Leonardo da Vinci and Dostoevsky, which are widely read in Russia and throughout Europe.
Jeronim Yasinsky . .	A well-known writer.
M. A. Czaplicka . .	The distinguished Polish traveller in Siberia, a writer on Anthropology, and author of *My Siberian Year*, contributes an article on "The Siberian Colonist or Sibiriak."

RUSSIAN PAINTERS

LÉON BAKST . . .	A painter whose name is indissolubly associated with the Russian ballet, and whose work is famous not in Russia alone but throughout the world. In early life he spent some time in England, and for his youthful inspiration considers himself indebted to Aubrey Beardsley.
BILIBIN (*b.* 1876) . .	A celebrated painter, and one of the most gifted of book illustrators.
NATHALIE GONCHAROVA (*b.* 1881) .	The most distinguished of Russian contemporary women painters.
MICHAEL LARIONOV . .	One of the most original of Russian younger painters. Founder of the school known as *rayonnist.*
NICOLAS ROERICH . .	Honorary Director of the Imperial Society for the Encouragement of Arts. Honorary Member of the Imperial Archaeological Institute founded by Emperor Nicolas II.
D. STELLETSKY . . .	A painter of great distinction. A leader of the archaic school of Russian painting.

BRITISH AUTHORS

The Hon. MAURICE BARING.
HAROLD BEGBIE.
ARNOLD BENNETT.
E. ST. JOHN BROOKS.
G. K. CHESTERTON.
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LOUISE MAUDE (Mrs. AYLMER MAUDE).
ROSA NEWMARCH.
I. PEVNY.
Z. SHKLOVSKY.
SUSETTE M. TAYLOR.

I

THE RUSSIAN SPIRIT

RUSSIA

WHAT can the secret link between us be?
Why does the song that rolls across your land
Speak to my soul with notes I understand?
Why does the burden of your mystery

Come like the message of a friend to me?
Why do I love the spaces of your plain,
Your dancing mirth, your elemental pain,
Your rivers and your sad immensity?

I cannot say. I only know that when
I hear your soldiers singing in the street,
I see your peasants reaping in the wheat,
Your children playing on the road, your men

At prayer before a shrine, I wish them well.
I know it is with you that I would dwell.

MAURICE BARING.

THE ENGLISH BLUNDER ABOUT RUSSIA

By G. K. Chesterton

In the generations just before our own, the English view of Russia—or rather the English blindness to Russia—was largely due to one of those accidents which result from the patchwork programmes of the English Party System. One of the great Russian novelists, I think, made the shrewd remark: "A man will say that two and two make five; but a woman will say that two and two make a tallow candle." It amounts to little more, perhaps, than saying that a male person will be a sophist even when he is a liar. A somewhat similar difference exists between a foreign policy when it is founded on a philosophy of real opposites, and a foreign policy when it is founded on a sham-fight between things that are not really opposite at all. If a community is honestly divided on the practical point of using tallow candles as articles of diet (as was believed to be the practice of Russians by many persons in my youth), we can at least reasonably expect that while one side denounces the Russian as a tallow-eater, the other side will support him for the same rather legendary reason. But if the community is artificially divided into those who disapprove of tallow candles and those who disapprove of tea for breakfast, it is obvious that a harmless Russian found drinking tea on a winter morning by the light of a tallow candle will be an object of lurid horror and execration, for one reason or another, to the whole of that enlightened community. It was a similar fictitious antagonism in the English Party System which brought both wings of it, as it were, facing eastward, in an equally senseless hostility to Russia, or rather to the name of Russia. The Party System had contrived to popularise

for Englishmen a perfectly unmeaning antithesis between the freedom of the citizen and the independence of the nation. The Radical was supposed to be a democrat and nothing else, the Tory to be a patriot and nothing else. Why the democrat should be supposed to be comparatively indifferent to his democracy being enslaved by an invader, and why the patriot should be supposed to care less for the opinion of the people he must die to defend, I never could for the life of me understand. It seems to be rather like a quarrel between one man wanting a house to have an inside, and another, on the contrary, wishing it to have an outside. One of the results of the irrationality of the partisanship was that each party had a different motive for pampering his prejudice against certain foreign communities, and especially against the Russian community. The Liberal cultivated an infinite and indefinite dislike of all governments, but especially of all powerful governments. The Conservative cultivated an equally infinite and indefinite dislike of all foreigners, but especially of all powerful foreigners. And as practically nothing was known in England about the Russian Empire beyond the bare two words of that description, the result was that the English anti-Imperialist denounced it for being an Empire and the Imperialist for being another Empire. The real Russian was chiefly occupied in living in Russia, living with not a little difficulty, conquered with not a little courage ; but his greatest difficulties did not arise from the conduct either of foreign governments or his own. They arose from the inherent difficulties of his heroic epic of agricultural tenacity. But one half of the English imagined that he was always thinking about Siberia, and the other that he was always thinking about India. One pictured him as everlastingly parading with a knout in the Ural mines, and the other as everlastingly lurking with a rifle in the Khyber Pass. That he might conceivably have affairs of his own to look after, and be largely occupied in looking after them, was a possibility of which my countrymen during my boyhood hardly ever took any account, either in their romantic novels or their equally romantic newspapers. It is true, of course, that we have suffered from a somewhat similar confusion with regard to countries quite close to us. Thus, during the

Dreyfus Case, the French soldier was ludicrously slandered in England, by one faction because he was French and by the other because he was a soldier. Thus, during the Coercionist regime in Ireland, one half of English opinion abused the Irishman for obeying the priest and the other half for not obeying the landlord. But these communities were so close, and so much, as it were, within striking distance, that the English discovered their mistake in a purely practical manner. The Anglo-French Entente soon made them not only aware that French generals are not criminal lunatics as a class, but uncommonly glad to be sure of their not being so. The Irish Land Act was a tacit admission that the Irish could and would be prosperous only in their own way, and that the priests had been perfectly right in sympathising with that way. But Russia was remote ; the effects of her action were distant and indirect, and our people were commonly unable to correct their journalistic errors by any kind of social contact. To this must be added the personal accident by which some of the most popular, or at least the most fashionable, British politicians were often men peculiarly incapable of valuing or even imagining the piety, the poetry, and the virile patience of a people like the Russian. Such a limitation lay upon a pagan aristocrat like Palmerston, an exotic and luxuriant alien like Disraeli, or even on a perfectly honest cynic like the late Lord Salisbury. They laid on us the responsibility of an enthusiasm for Turkish soldiers, which was internationally about as healthy as one for Italian brigands. But though we were supposed to be helping the Turks, events have come to show that we were much more positively helping the Prussians. Disraeli said many true things in his time, and I have always thought there was a real truth in his taunt against the doctrine of the Manchester School, that it was " Peace and Plenty, amid a starving people, and with the world in arms." It is possible to accept the dictum, but also possible to parody it ; and what Disraeli said about " Peace and Plenty " I should be disposed to say about " Peace with Honour." When Disraeli came back from Berlin, having helped to frustrate Russia and to patch up the Turkish Empire, he ought really to have said, " I bring you back Peace with Honour : peace with the seeds of the most

horrible of all human wars; and honour as the first dupe and as the last victim of the bullies I have seen at Berlin."

It is to be hoped, and there is every reason for hoping, that in the better days after the War we shall approach the great Russian people with an open mind, if necessary as an entirely new people discovered on the other side of the moon. When, at the beginning of the War, patriotic people of all parties abandoned our absurd pantomime politics, I think it very probable that they abandoned them for ever. It is at least to be hoped that there will be abandoned along with them all those penny dreadful pictures of the more remote European countries which were used merely as election posters. Then we shall see no more of this absurd cross purposes between Eastern and Western Europe. In the West we shall no longer see all the ideal Communists taught to abuse the country of the real Communes. And we shall no longer see those in England who profess to stand for faith and authority, blind to the long heroism of that outpost of Christendom against Asiatic anarchy, which has, only within the last few days, repeated the valour and the glory of Heraclitus at Ispahan.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

MOSCOW, BY C. HAGBERG WRIGHT, LL.D.

ALMOST alone among the cities of Europe, the name of Moscow conjures up a vision. At the word the imagination wakes and forms a picture. White churches, with clusters of golden domes rising from a sea of multi-coloured roofs, modern arcades, ancient palaces, and a river winding below the terrace-gardens of the world-famed Kremlin.

But Moscow is not merely a picturesque city with an historic past. She is the master-key to the soul of the Russian people. For centuries a centre of commercial activity, of intellectual growth and political progress, the mental atmosphere of Moscow has in it a pervading consciousness, at once arresting and intangible, of spiritual realities. It is religious belief mingled with a strong element of mysticism, molten in fire and carnage, and welded by blow upon blow. It is the supreme influence which penetrates and colours the whole life of Russia to a degree which we of the West can hardly understand, and which owes far less than we are apt to imagine to ritual and dogma. By the power of faith in Divine Providence, Moscow, in the extremity of her peril, struck fear into the heart of the Mongol, and by that power she rose again and again from her ashes, lodging her princes within the fortress-walls of her great monasteries and making treasure-houses of her cathedrals.

In the dawn of Russian History, when dense forests hindered migration and the rivers were the highways of commerce, Moscow—a village of log-huts at the meeting-point of two water-courses—was simply a halting-place for traders between the Baltic and the Black Sea, and the summer camping-ground of a prince of Suzdal.

But when Kievan Rus was laid waste by the Golden Horde,

Moscow—the city of churches—became the champion of Russian liberty.

The story of Moscow in the Middle Ages is an endless repetition of sieges, burnings, massacres; death-agonies amid the throes of birth, and riches amassed only to excite the greed and provoke the attacks of insatiate foes. Grand-dukes, princes, tsars even, bowed beneath the yoke of the Khanate, until step by step unity and autocracy emerged from chaos, and Russia discovered herself to Western Europe as an Empire.

Throughout the tangled web one thread alone may be traced unbroken from end to end—the dominance of the Greek Church, which, by its faithfulness to the national cause during the evil days of Mongol supremacy, fostered the courage of the harassed people, and at the same time gathered strength to itself.

Ravaged by the Mohamedan Tartar, beset by the Catholic Pole, the Muscovite held fast to the Byzantine tradition, and at the opening of the fourteenth century Moscow—rather by fortuitous circumstances than design—became the ecclesiastical capital of Russia.

In 1299 Kiev was sacked and ruined by the Tartars, and the inhabitants fled northwards in large numbers; but the Metropolitan (or Head of the Church), though he removed to Vladimir for safety, journeyed south from time to time to visit his Kievan bishoprics, resting on the way at Moscow. Thus the saintly Peter, writing in the fourteenth century, chronicles that he "did often halt and make a long sojourn in Moscow," where he was the guest and honoured friend of Ivan the First (Kalita). It is recorded that the aged Metropolitan, on his death-bed, bade farewell to Ivan with the following prophetic words: "My son, if thou shouldst hearken unto me, and shouldst build the church of the Holy Mother and shouldst lay me to rest in thy city, then of a surety wilt thou be glorified above all other Princes in the land, and thy sons and thy grandsons also, and this city will herself be glorified above all other Russian cities, and the Saints will come and dwell in her, and the hands of her Princes shall be upon the necks of our enemies. Thus will it ever be so long as my bones shall lie therein."

The Cathedral of the Assumption (Uspensky Sobor), built

by Kalita, has been at various periods stripped of its treasures and burnt to the ground, but the original features have been preserved by its several architects and one may still see among the sacred relics, cased in gold and adorned with splendid jewels, the revered icon known as the Virgin of Vladimir,[1] upon whose entry into Moscow the dreaded Timur withdrew his armies, being warned in a dream of impending disaster.

It is not possible to a race which has largely lost touch with religious symbolism to see in this ancient icon what a Russian sees, but at least it should be sacred to us as a memorial of the fortitude and the faith of a great people. These scarred and blackened survivals of a tragic past are signs which only the children of the inheritance may read aright, but he who does not view them with reverence must stand shut out for ever from the soul of Russia.

At the south porch of the Uspensky Cathedral the "golden gates of Korsun" bear witness to the principal source from which Muscovite artists drew inspiration throughout the Middle Ages. Figures of the Apostles appear side by side with Homer and Plato, while hard by, in the Cathedral of the Annunciation, the Fathers of the Church are associated with Greek philosophers and historians, such as Socrates and Menander, Aristotle and Thucydides.

In 1472 the Greek element in Moscow was strengthened and augmented by the marriage of Ivan III. with the Byzantine princess, Sophia Paleologa. Besides causing an influx of Greek and Italian artists and men of learning, Sophia introduced what one may term the Imperial Idea into the statecraft of Muscovy, and she is credited with rousing the Tsar to active resentment of the Tartar yoke. From that time forward he claimed the title of "Emperor of all Rus," but the final expulsion of the Tartars from Russian soil was the work of Ivan the Terrible.

It is not possible here to attempt a balanced estimate of that most tragic figure. Enough to say the evil he did was spread abroad, while the greatness of his achievements as the organiser of reforms and the conqueror of his country's enemies is probably little realised beyond the bounds of Russia. Moscow, during

[1] See *post*, pp. 66, 67, 68, 70, 71, 72 73, and illustration.

his reign, became the magnet to which not only foreign embassies were drawn, but English commerce, attracted by Ivan's kindly reception of a party of shipwrecked voyagers, established a footing in Moscow and laid the foundations of the Russia Company.

But of the various innovations encouraged by Ivan, none can be accounted so momentous as the setting-up of the first Russian printing-press. In 1564, despite the hostility which threatened the very lives of the printers, "The Acts of the Apostles" was issued from the building which, though it has been several times reconstructed and restored, retains to this day the picturesque architecture of the Middle Ages.

In the Bylinys, or epic songs, of Moscow, the terrible Tsar is presented as a national hero and lauded as a pious son of the Church, who piled the riches of the Tartar strongholds, Kazan and Astrakhan, upon the altars of Moscow.

In memory of the taking of Kazan he built the strange, fantastic edifice which strikes the eye more than any other church, perhaps, in all Russia. The Vasily Blagenny, standing isolated in the Grand Square, with its eleven domes of pseudo-Oriental shapes, its gilded spires and brilliant colouring, forms a fitting epitaph upon the medley of pride, passion, intellect, and superstition which made up the character of Ivan IV.

Just upon twenty years after his death the citizens of Moscow thronged the Grand Square to acclaim Mikhail Fedorovich Romanov as their future Tsar.

With this election of an autocratic ruler by the voice of the people a new era began for Moscow and the Empire. The Imperial Idea was thus fulfilled.

Thenceforward for a lengthy period the inherent democratic sympathies of the Rus were subservient to the Imperial sceptre, or showed themselves only in vestiges of the primitive communal system in agricultural and village life.

It was the fate of Moscow at her zenith to be reduced to secondary political importance by the Tsar who is regarded as the regenerator of Russia, but Peter the Great, in removing the seat of government to the banks of the Neva, humiliated without being able to eclipse the ancient capital.

It was not humanly possible, even had he so desired, to dethrone "Mother Moscow" from her spiritual supremacy in the heart of the nation, nor was it conceivable that a Tsar of Russia could be crowned anywhere but in the hallowed place where one by one the builders of the Empire had been anointed with the Holy Oil.

The grandson of Mikhail Romanov, though he despoiled the Kremlin to beautify the new city of St. Petersburg and heaped the Lobnoe Mêsto with the heads of the rebellious Streltsy, left no lasting mark on Moscow, which continued to grow in commercial prosperity and to evolve democratic tendencies even under the domination of the imperious Catherine.

The principal change effected was due to the preference of both Peter and Catherine the Great for Tsarskoe Selo, so that the presence of the sovereign in Moscow came to be regarded as an event rather than the normal state of things. Peter's visits to his natal city were apt to resemble punitive expeditions, while Catherine made her state entries either to assert her authority, as in the case of Pugachev's conspiracy and execution, or to commemorate a national victory.

In 1773 a magnificent fête was held to celebrate a victory over the Turks. Catherine entered the city in a gold coach drawn by eight horses, and was greeted by joy-bells and salvos of cannon. The Grand Square and the large public grounds, such as the Khodinka, were crowded with tents where feasting went on continually, and booths to which jugglers and acrobats, dwarfs and giants drew crowds of merry-makers. At nightfall the Uspensky Cathedral, lit with myriads of tapers, was the scene of an impressive ceremony. Catherine, attended by the flower of the nobility, was anointed by the Metropolitan with consecrated oil, and prostrated herself before the seamless coat of our Saviour, which had been presented to the great Patriarch Philaret by the Shah Abbas of Persia, and was said to have worked many miraculous cures.

Unhappily in the latter years of her reign Catherine's relations with Moscow were of another complexion.

Below the surface of the national life a movement towards intellectual expansion had been slowly germing, owing to the

efforts of the Russian Freemasons. In Moscow—the birthplace in Russia of the printed book, and the seat of the first Russian university—the publicist Novikov and his colleague Shvarts were devoting their energies to the cause of education. For a time the Freemasons enjoyed the favour of Catherine, but when the revolutionary upheaval in France shook Europe, the Empress, alarmed for her own security, became distrustful of the friends of progress and threw Novikov into prison, whence he was only released in the reign of her son and successor, Paul.

From the death of Catherine until the Napoleonic crisis, the intellectual life of Moscow was like a tideless sea, whose normal calm is every now and again broken by sudden waves that rise threateningly, propelled by invisible forces, and sink back into quiescence, having made hardly any perceptible advance. The suppression of the Freemasons and the terrible fate of the Decembrists effectually checked the stream of change, and Church and State combined to nullify the efforts of progressive enthusiasts.

Then came that supreme moment in the history of Russia when progressives and reactionaries joined together to brave the menace of Napoleon, and Moscow accepted the ordeal by fire which has exalted her above all the cities of Europe as the saviour of her country.

To those who were compelled to leave her to her fate she must have appeared beautiful beyond all that they had ever realised, with the sacred beauty of a revered mother. Napoleon, viewing Moscow from the summit of the Sparrow Hills, in the golden haze of an autumnal afternoon, saw in the splendid panorama stretched before him the rich fulfilment of his dreams.

Moscow in 1812 had left behind her the golden age of the early Romanovs, but in expanding and submitting to Western innovations she had retained much of her original picturesqueness.

True, the mediæval mansions of the Boyars with their wealth of colour and ornament had given place, with rare exceptions, to a formal cosmopolitan architecture devoid of charm or character, but the great monasteries lay—like fragments of a titanic ring of stone—marking the old-time limits of the town, and

interspersing among the huddled disorder of poor tenements the verdant spaces of their wide demesnes.

Untouched by change, upon the high ground above the river, the bell-tower of Ivan-Veliky, white and slender, with its tall golden cross, shot up from among the green roofs of the Kremlin, and beyond the inner wall, in strong contrast to the modern buildings in their neighbourhood, stood the old printing-house, which recalled the stormy days of Ivan the Terrible, and the House of the Synod, which, until the reign of Peter the Great, had been the palace of the Patriarchs.

The heavy scent of incense hung about the shrines from whence the icons had been hastily removed, and the candles lighted for the last service in the Uspensky Sobor were barely extinct when the French armies entered Moscow.

Crowned as with a diadem by her golden spires, vestured in the green of her orchards and the antique beauty of her white-walled citadel, she surrendered herself to the invader like a king's daughter arrayed for sacrifice.

The ending all men know, and how Moscow, phœnix-like, sprang up from her ashes more rich and it may be more beautiful than before, and throbbing with a quickened pulse because hope ran high and the spirit of the nation rejoiced.

Then came inevitable disillusions and reactions, until that great day in the history of Russia when the law was signed by which more than twenty millions of Serfs received their freedom. Apart from this beneficent act of Alexander II., the years which followed upon his accession were full of promise. Moscow became the nucleus of a brilliant and distinguished group of writers, and the University of Moscow, which during the first years of its foundation could boast but a poor thirty students, teemed with young, ardent minds, hot with a vague, generous enthusiasm, which presently found vent in what was termed "going in among the people."

The Tsar had been disappointed by the backwardness of his "faithful Moscow noblesse" to embrace his schemes of reform in regard to the Serfs; he was now confronted by a problem of a different character in the awakening of the "Intelligentsia."

The young generation of intellectuals was out for freedom of thought, of speech, of action. They were determined to sow their theories among the newly-freed peasantry, and there began a great outgoing from Moscow. Cultured men and women took up their abode in remote villages and in manufacturing towns, becoming doctors, school teachers, midwives, and factory hands, so that they might educate and come into touch with the hitherto unknown moujik.

They scattered seed with varying success, but what they gave out was as nothing to what they brought back—new sympathies, fresh ideals, the discovery of " much fine gold " in the hearts of the unlettered and the humble, of a deep religious faith that knew nothing of dogma and a Christianity that had never heard of Byzantium.

There resulted that splendid and amazing birth of a new spirit in Russian literature, which gave forth its message from the lips and in the lives of peasants.

Tolstoi, Dostoevsky, Gorky, and their fellows portrayed the moujik with a sensitive and intimate touch that the masterpieces of Gogol and Turgenev somehow lacked. All intellectual Europe was converted, and the seeds of international understanding were sown. Moscow became the new Mecca of the lover of literature and the student of the art of the stage, and was in danger of becoming as cosmopolitan as Petrograd. She might well have done so but for the paramount influence of a religious fervour which, in spite of counter-currents within and assaults from without, still remained the abiding spirit of the place.

The religious history of Russia is so interwoven with the national life of Russia that the one appears almost to include the other. The rule of the Muscovite princes, from the date of their conversion, was strengthened by the loyal support of the Church, which they in their turn exalted and enriched by every means in their power.

The story of the Patriarchs of Moscow forms a noble chapter in the annals of Christianity, and it is a significant fact that the reverence of the people for such as they deemed holy men of God remained unshaken by the fiat of Œcumenical Councils or even the decree of the Tsar. When the Patriarch Nikon was

being brought back, dying, to Moscow after many years of disgrace and banishment, his barge, as it passed by the banks of the Volga, was surrounded by eager throngs who plunged into the river, kissing his hands and his garments, and imploring him to give them his blessing. In like manner, when the Patriarchate was replaced by the institution of the Holy Synod, the reverence of orthodox believers for the Head of the Church knew no check.

The venerable Nikon uttered the established conviction alike of laity and priesthood when he said, "The Tsar has committed to him the things of this world, but I have committed to me the things of Heaven."

At the same time those periods when Church and State were most closely bound together, sharing between them the burden of power and the defence of the realm, were times of growth and development, breathing-spaces between storm and storm. A signal instance was the joint rulership of Alexis Romanov with his father, the wise and noble Metropolitan Filaret.

The religious faith of the Russian nation seeks expression in imagery, but rises to that higher symbolism which merely avails itself of material things to give visible shape to the realities of the soul.

Thus, when the first wooden structure of the Uspensky Cathedral was rebuilt in stone, the remains of the four great Patriarchs, Peter and Theognostes, Cyprian and Photius, were laid beneath the foundations as the corner-stones of the sacred edifice. The act itself was allied to Paganism, but the mystic thought which it embodied soars upward as the pinnacle of a temple not made with hands.

Symbolism is of the very essence of the Russian temperament, knit up with its closest fibres, and expressing itself almost unconsciously in moments of deep feeling; as when Dostoievsky's hero, kneeling before the unfortunate Sonia, says to her, "It is not before you I am kneeling, but before all the suffering of mankind."

That divine instinct of pity for suffering humanity is seldom absent from the Russian heart. The giving of alms enters as naturally into the daily life of Moscow as the continual offering

THE KREMLIN

FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY SIR WALTER MIÉVILLE, K.C.M.G.

up of prayer in the small chapels at the street corners and the services in the old and splendid cathedrals.

To contemplate this union of mysticism and piety with practical, every-day existence is to realise that, as a modern writer has said, " Christianity is the simplest thing left in the world."

It also enables us to understand what Moscow means to Russia ; how the vast Empire needs the ancient Mother-city both as a memorial and an inspiration, and how the Russian praying at her altars, toiling in the factories, dying on the battle-field, still reverences her as the shrine of his faith.

C. HAGBERG WRIGHT.

THE PLEASURES OF SOLITUDE, BY VALERY BRYUSOV

TRANSLATED BY ZABELLE C. BOYAJIAN

BESIDE some swiftly-rushing fountain
Build thou thine house in solitude ;
Where rocky steep, and verdant mountain,
The lonely dale guard and seclude ;
Where, in the woods of rustling beeches,
That crown the height, reigns silence deep ;
Where now and then a sunbeam reaches,
And on the ground falls fast asleep.

Like some recluse, who in the morning
Pours forth his thanks in pæans meet,
At daybreak sing, thy praise adorning
With joyous hymns and strophes sweet.
Then, free from murmur and contention,
Labour until the noonday heat ;
Search—without care or apprehension—
Water and fruits to drink and eat.

Thy morning's work will make it sweeter
At noontide to enjoy thy rest ;
The simple board will seem completer,
The quietude will seem more blest.
Like to a sovereign throned in splendour,
'Neath cedar canopy reclined,
Thy memories to thee shall render
Thoughts from wise books kept in thy mind.

But soon the heat will be abated,
And sunset's fiery rays will sting
The cliff's great rampart castellated,
And on the grass its shadow fling.
Then wander through the sloping meadows
And see the fearless stag draw near,
Emerging from the woodland shadows—
Listening, and pleased thy voice to hear.

The bird shall tell thy vespers sweetly,
And while his gentle notes he trills,
An eagle bears a leveret fleetly
Towards her eyry on the hills.
Sweet scents arise, from plants and flowers,
That gleam with many a dewdrop's spark,
The murmuring cascade in showers
Falls, showing dimly through the dark.

These joys thine easy toil outvying,
Beneath the starlight sit and think ;
Thine antlered friend beside thee lying,
Three cups of blessing thou shalt drink :
In solitude to reign at leisure ;
To sing sweet carols from thy heart ;
Where none may hear, or mar thy pleasure—
To live from Woman far apart !

VALERY BRYUSOV.

For the Russian original of this poem see Appendix, p. 297.

II

ART

A. ART IN GENERAL

A JUNE NIGHT IN RUSSIA

To-NIGHT there is a concert. First the chime
Of sheep-bells plays the overture ; the dogs
Blend their harsh music with the croaking frogs,
The watchman's rattle punctuates the time.
Like water bubbling in a crystal jar
The nightingale begins a liquid trill,
Another answers : and the world's so still
You'd think that you could hear that falling star.

I scarcely see for light the stars that swim
High in the heaven which is not dark, but dim.
The women's voices echo far away ;
And on the road two lovers sing a song :
They sing the joy that only lasts a day,
They sing the pain that lasts a whole life long.

MAURICE BARING.

RUSSIAN ART, by Nicolas Roerich, Honorary Director of the Imperial Society for the Encouragement of Arts; Honorary Member of the Imperial Archaeological Institute Emperor Nicolas II.

Translated by Adeline Lister Kaye

Dare we, at the present moment, speak of Art—in these days of a great War, when one hears, and quite rightly, denunciations of senseless luxury and waste? It would be well if public opinion were to banish these true servitors of the very worst beginnings of triviality—triviality, that unseen evil corroding the masses of nations. But I speak of authentic Art, not senseless luxury. It is not waste to worship the deities of Truth and Beauty. Art is a necessity. Art is life.

Is a Cathedral a luxury? Can books and knowledge be a waste? Naturally, in the interests of Art, in the search of joys of the spirit, one needs sense, inspiration, and knowledge. And if Art is a necessity and part of a higher life, then, of course, one may speak of Art.

If Art serves its country, then, of course, we bow before it, and the service of one's country depends not on moral illustrations, but on the elevation of taste, on the growth of self-knowledge, of self-respect, of the education of the mind, even in times of war. In these days of a great reckoning of values it is necessary, in the name of the higher economies, to collect and to create. He who believes in victory creates something. He knows that those who fight for the right will conquer the enemies of mankind. That is our belief.

Russian Art has received great recognition from our friends, our Allies in the West. Our theatre was rapturously acclaimed

in Paris and in London. Parisians and Londoners appreciated our artistes, went into ecstasies over singers and music. I remember my share in Dyagilev's dramatic representations (his ballets, etc.) with a feeling of deep emotion. Hands unknown, but sincerely friendly, were stretched out to us.

The recognition and ratification of Russian Art have taken place. By means of a recently awakened interest in contemporary Art, by the study of our past, we have realised what an original treasure we possess.

We shall soon dispense with the stepping-stones of Art. By recent investigation we have understood that there belongs to us the most marvellous stone age of any nation. Excavations have brought to light many ancient monuments. The discovery of these treasures has revealed the artistic wealth of a migratory people.

The nomad Scythians discovered our golden land. We are now acquainted with the mysterious inhabitants of unknown towns. From them we pass to the Slavs and the roving Varangians from Scandinavia. The evidences of a very considerable Varangian-Roman heritage in Art and Architecture have accumulated, and received great admiration for severity and dignity of style. We must not omit from our little sketch the vast Finnish phantasmagoria. There glitter the beautiful gifts of the East. Illustrious Byzantium bestows its blessing. Italian Art breathes upon us its transforming perfume. Besides the greatness of ancient Kiev and free Novgorod, besides the splendour of Moscow and the many-coloured Yaroslav, as well as the designs of Peter and Elizabeth, there have reached us in the most recent excavations new treasures, which so far we have not yet had full time to study.

Soon shall we be able to marvel and admire.

And our wonder and admiration we shall share with our remotest brethren, and say: "Do but admire! Just come to our country! Learn to distinguish holidays from dull work days!"

We must forgive all those who not long ago denied the existence of Russian Art; for they did not know! for they, poor things, had not seen!

We understood what our excellent old mural paintings and icons were; they were our unrivalled primitives!

The magic, decorative, miraculous faces of our icons : what a conception of austere silhouettes, and what a sense of proportion in the restricted backgrounds !

The face sorrowful, the face terrible, the face benevolent, the face joyous, the face pitying, the face almighty ! Ever the same eternal physiognomy, restless features, fathomless colouring, and sublime impression of the miraculous !

It is only recently that icons and mural paintings have been considered, not as rough representations, but as a magnificent artistic instinct.

What sublimity in the tranquil figures of the mural paintings at Novgorod ! What daring of colour description in the bright mural decorations in the Churches of Yaroslav and Rostov ! Go and see the Predtetchi Church (Church of the Forerunner) [1] in Yaroslav. You are surrounded by the most marvellous colouring. These artists boldly combine azure of the most ethereal tints with lovely ochres. How ethereal the grey-green, and how beautiful the ruddy brown garments look against it ! Terrible Archangels, with thick gold haloes, are flying in a warm light sky, and their white tunics are almost snowier than the background. The walls are of the finest silk tissue, worthy to adorn the great dwelling of the Forerunner. Of late years Russian Art has been so much studied that one can discuss it as soon as one has set eyes on it.

The supreme achievements of the theatre, arising out of previous conditions and following the success of excellent decorative artists, such as Golovin, A. Benois, Korovin, Dobujinsky, Kustodiev, have resulted in the very best *mise en scène*.

In the same way the popular art of folklore has been fostered ; and whole organisations of committees teach and support what is best in Russian Art. Among the pioneers of the development of national talent, those who occupy an honoured place are the Princesses Tenishev, Yashvill, Mesdames Yakunchikov, Davidov, S. Morozov, and others who have worked assiduously at improving home and artistic industries.

Admirable lace, tissues, carpets, and paintings are regarded not as curios, but as something important in a household. Realising,

[1] John the Baptist.

therefore, both our possibilities and our national treasures, we bring back into the life of to-day much of that which has been but newly discovered, which was recently unimagined, which lay as deeply buried as ore and precious stones. We must admit that in the matter of self-knowledge the War has done a great deal.

With regard to public edifices, recent indifferent architecture has been transformed by bold achievements. Among the group of architects who have had various successes in Art, there stand out the names of Schusema, Schuko, Lanseray, Pokrovsky, Jeltovsky, Lidvalia, Peretiatkovich. In the last few years a number of churches and municipal buildings have been erected in Petrograd and Moscow.

After ecclesiastical fabrics there followed the erection of banks, railway stations, and schools. It was realised that beauty should penetrate everywhere, wherever crowds collected. We may now dream of a day when the walls and ceilings of government buildings, universities, courts, and public offices, instead of being disfigured by cobwebs, will be adorned by frescoes and hangings of beautiful colours. So soon as Art comes to life, the need of it grows with the generation.

Art exhibitions are multiplying. Among the very best were those organised by the *Mir Iskusstva*[1] (*The World of Art*), *The Society of Russian Artists*, and the *Peredvijnaya* (*The Society of Itinerant Exhibitions*). The most progressive and tolerant of these new institutions was *The World of Art*, which had among its contributors such artists as Somov, Lanseray, Alexander Benois, Dobujinsky, Petrov-Vodkin, Yakovlev, Bilibin, Mashkov. *The Society of Russian Artists* is very like *The World of Art* in many ways, and enjoys the collaboration of such eminent artists as Korovin, Yuon, Rilov, Bobrovsky, Jukovsky, Maluitin, and Maliavin.

Professors Riepin, Makovsky, also Bogdanov-Bêlsky, Dubovsky, Bilyanitsky-Birulya, support the *Peredvijnaya*, which remains true to its old traditions.

So, in these years of war, Art proves to be needed, and

[1] This periodical ceased to appear in 1905. Miss Netta Peacock, the writer of the following article, was its English correspondent. [Ed.]

in these ever-recurring exhibitions is expressed a faith in victory.

The War gives rise to another serious question : the future of crippled soldiers ; and a great deal is being done in that respect.

The Red Cross and private institutions are enabling the crippled soldiers to get into touch with various branches of applied arts, which will provide them with a real and valued means of support. Belonging as I do to one of these institutions, I am able to assert that the people prove to have unlimited capabilities, and that they show an interest in the work.

In the matter of self-knowledge we have thus seen the meaning of Art, that powerful lever of culture. We recognise that we have to sow the seed of authentic Art with a lavish hand. We have to scatter leaflets, pictures, letters, magazines of all sizes. We have to penetrate into all school libraries. We have to influence the thought of studious youth outside the schools. We have to lead youth to the lands of the glorious past, to turn its attention to Art by means of the monuments of antiquity which have been brought to light. We must protect the joys of the spirit, so rare in our days, from all the powers of darkness.

Russia can exhibit in great variety, and to the general esteem of all nations, well arranged treasures of Art, and can, as a brother, shake hands with all our allied friends. This summer we went to an immense fountain of iron water in the province of Novgorod. In the midst of a meadow gushed forth a fount of living waters. There was no need for any one to walk into that field. The healing waters flowed near the high road.

All the boundless realm of Russian wealth, all the treasures of Art, all that healing flood is full of living waters.

Russia is that overflowing spring.

NICOLAS ROERICH.
Translated by ADELINE LISTER KAYE.

DÉCOR DE THÉATRE

AFTER A PAINTING BY NICOLAS ROERICH

RUSSIAN PEASANT INDUSTRIES, BY NETTA PEACOCK, Editor of the Russian Year-books

THERE was a time when one might almost say that every art and every craft was a peasant art or craft. Then art was a living thing in every man's life; no one wrote about the "Relation of Art to Life," no one even thought about it—it simply was. When the lowly folk were making the things that every one used, spinning and weaving not only their own garments but those of masterful lords and exalted ladies, hammering and beating into shape with their own hands now castle-gates, now kitchen pots and pans, carving intricate designs on heavy oaken beams or doorways or hand-bowls, then to be penniless did not shut out the worker from the joy of helping to make the world beautiful. Simple and homely folk fashioned simple and homely goods in their own simple and homely way. This well-nigh universal state of things, long-lived as it was, has, almost before our eyes, been strangled by the rapid growth of modern industry. The peasant worker on entering the factory has lost the enjoyment of spontaneous beauty in the surroundings of his daily life, however much in some material aspects he may have gained.

Russia, with its enormous population, for the greater part of which agriculture is, in the nature of things, the staple industry, shows a complete round of these Home Industries, though at one time their gradual extinction seemed likely to result from the changes involved by the emancipation of the serfs. Thanks to the natural tenacity of the peasant and the timely help of a number of landowners who recognised the value of these industries to a country so vast and to a population so scattered, the peasants were enabled to pass through the crisis and slowly to

adjust themselves to new conditions. The success of this re-adjustment has been largely due to the action, first of the *zemstvos*, and later of the Imperial Government, who instituted a system of distribution of raw material in those districts where material was unobtainable, and who established sale rooms, etc., to facilitate the circulation of *kustarny*[1] goods, for which there was and is a steadily growing demand. The wisdom of this encouragement was strikingly proved only last year. When war broke out the supply of surgical instruments—to name only one among many similar needs—was utterly inadequate, and there was no means of obtaining them through the ordinary channels of commerce. At this juncture the peasant industries proved themselves invaluable; in the Gorbatov district of Nijni-Novgorod and in the villages of Pavlovo and Vozma the *kustari* organised themselves for rapid output, and set to work with such goodwill that within a short time they had made instruments to pattern to the value of some 900,000 roubles.

Unlike our agricultural population, whose daily task is confined to the very necessary one of supplying the community with food, millions of Russian peasants are driven by the conditions of their life to divide their year between work in the field and the special craft peculiar to the village or district to which they belong. Home Industries, it is true, are not so common in those governments where the soil is fruitful, for there sowing, reaping, and the in-gathering of the harvest keep man and woman busy enough, but in other governments — Nijni-Novgorod, for instance—thousands of peasants have ceased to take any part even in the cultivation of their own land, devoting all their time to their craft.

While all over the world the factory has crushed cottage industry out of existence, in Russia the peasant-worker not only survives, but, where he is not an indispensable auxiliary, is a successful competitor. Nor is this a recent development. Peter the Great in his desire to foster the linen industry restricted the peasant-worker to weaving narrow linen only, leaving the more marketable widths to be made by the new factories, and from his time on there is a constant succession of complaints and petitions

[1] Goods made by peasant craftsmen for sale.

from the merchants asking for restrictions on one peasant industry after another, to which the Government usually turned a deaf ear. To-day something like a division of the market exists. Peasant-made goods compete on an equal footing with the factory products in the great Fair of Nijni-Novgorod, their producers having learnt to take advantage of the economy resulting from the division of labour.

At first every village, almost every household, produced for itself whatever it used ; but, as wants grew and life became more complex, as it became easier to obtain some necessities by exchange than to produce them for oneself, there arose a simple division of labour. With the increase of population this process of specialisation developed at a rapid rate, and when, for example, the weavers of a village ceased to exchange their linen for the bowls of one neighbouring village and the cutlery of another, and began to take orders for their work or to carry it to the local fair, the *kustar* had come into existence. At the present day the *kustarny* industry has become so locally specialised that nearly all the padlocks of Russia are made in one district and sold throughout the country by hawkers from another a hundred miles away. As for that part of the *kustarny* products sold at the great Fair of Nijni-Novgorod, its importance may be gathered from the fact that the total sales average over thirty million roubles per annum.

The conditions under which this immense volume of work is carried on can hardly be realised by any one who has no personal experience of them. In some cases when the volume of trade justifies it the *kustar* will rig up a little workshop and there, with the aid of some fellow-villagers, set to work, but in more cases the whole manufacture is done at home. Imagine, as I have seen it often, a little wooden hut, roughly thatched, measuring about twenty feet each way, the crevices between the tree boles of which the walls are made tightly stuffed with bast and bark, a little passage, half store-room, half entry, cut off from the one living-room in which the whole life of the peasant from birth to death is spent. No furniture—a table, some benches, the icon in the corner with the lamp burning before it, a large stove at one end of the room which serves as a sleeping place for

the heads of the family, a cradle swung from a rafter and rocked by a string attached to the foot of the worker, and all the rest of the space taken up by the loom at which the weaver works from dawn to dusk. Or again, the potter in his shed open to the air, throwing his vessels on the wheel, his oven beside him, in which they will be fired. One such worker I remember well, a true artist, so proud of his work that he signed it with a modest boast: "My love of work and of my art brought me a silver medal and a certificate at the Exhibition of Romny, 1899. Fedor Lukyanovich Pivinsky, Village Opochnaya, District of Zinkov."

The monasteries themselves have taken up the methods of the peasant industry in the production of various objects of religious interest which they sell to visitors. I once visited a convent which had taken up, as an addition to the usual employment of embroidery and fine needlework, the industry of icon-painting. The work was being carried on in a long well-lighted room by a large party of young novices, very busy-looking in their quaint, tight-fitting, black velvet caps. They worked under the supervision of an elderly nun. Each had a panel before her on an easel, and beside it the painting to be copied. They hardly spared a glance for the strange intruder who had forced an entrance after much entreaty. Apart from the interest of the place and the people, the method itself was sufficiently remarkable, for in the ordinary course of production an icon is made by the combination of the labour of some half-dozen workers, one preparing the panel, another laying the ground, a third putting in the background, another the robes, and the master-worker himself painting in the face and hands. Nearly 200,000 roubles' worth of cheap icons are sold every year at the Nijni-Novgorod Fair alone.

It is not within my province to speak of the influence of the *kustar* on modern Russian art, yet I cannot refrain from recalling the immense debt owed to him by the whole modern movement in Russian decorative art, illustration, embroidery, wood-carving, even the world-famous ballet itself. In 1884 Helen Dmitrievna Polênov first thought of applying her extensive knowledge of the art and archaeology of her country and her extraordinary feeling for ornament to making designs based

upon old Russian *motifs* for embroideries and carved wood furniture, etc. Encouraged by the well-known critic Stasov, and aided by Victor Vasnetsov—the first artist to design scenery and costumes on national lines for the Russian opera—she became the pioneer of a new national art.

How long ago it seems since Art mattered! but the *kustar* is still doing his work for Russia. All through the terrible exodus of homeless wanderers from the Western frontier stalls heaped with goods made by the peasant for the peasant's need have been hastily set up—sometimes in the rough broken road, more often in the great open courtyards of the monasteries on the long highway, where the hopeless and helpless are cared for in their brief rest before starting off again, comforted and strengthened on their weary quest for a new abiding place by the familiar sight of simple homely things made by simple homely people.

NETTA PEACOCK.

B. DRAMA

EPIKHODOV: A NOTE ON A RUSSIAN CHARACTER, BY HUGH WALPOLE

I

DAZZLED by the splendour of M. Dyagilev's ballet, Shalyapin's acting, Mr. Stephen Graham's picturesque concoctions of mushrooms, snowstorms, and icons, and breathless reports of the marvellous golden screens used by the Moscow Art Theatre in their Gordon Craig production of *Hamlet*, the Englishman visiting Russia expects, naturally enough, to find the Russian theatre an extremely brilliant affair.

What the Russian theatre is or is not it is not for me, who have known Russia only in war-time, to say. I have been thrilled, I have been disappointed, I have been bored; on the whole I have found that, for me, there is too much Ostrovsky and too little enterprise, that the Moscow Art Theatre is now magnificent and now again most heavily lethargic, and that there are apparently few living Russian dramatists of any compelling interest. All this simply points to the fact that we, in England, are in general too ready to exalt any foreign theatre at the expense of our own, and that even if, at this present moment, we may have nothing finer to show our foreign visitors than the genius of Mr. George Robey, the melancholy irony of Miss Lee White, or the delicate parodies of Mr. Nelson Keys, we need not blush even for these.

There are things nevertheless in the Russian theatre to-day that are amongst the finest products of Art that the world has now to offer, and one of these things is the acting by the Moscow Art Theatre in Chekhov's plays, *The Cherry Tree Garden* and *The*

Three Sisters. This particular appreciation is, of course, by now a commonplace of criticism, and I would not emphasise it here were it not that it is precisely in such plays as these that the Russian theatre—not only in the Art Theatre in Moscow, but in the smallest booths and cinema-halls of Petrograd, Kiev, or Odessa—finds real play for its own peculiar, most original genius. Watch the presentation by the Art Theatre of Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird*, or their dramatic version of *The Cricket on the Hearth*, and you wonder at the extravagance of the praise that has been showered upon their performances. Watch Krippes and Stanislovsky in the third act of *The Three Sisters*, or Moskvin at the beginning of the second act of *The Cherry Tree Garden*, and you realise that you are in the presence of an art that is so supreme, so apart from the art of any other country or any other period, that you have no terms of comparison with which to estimate it.

It is exactly in the measure of such ironic, pathetic, drifting, poetic drama as are these two plays by Chekhov that the natural genius of the Russian actor seems to lie. I am well aware that a short experience of Russia has made it impossible for me to have any sound knowledge of the Russian theatre, and I am speaking as the merest stranger at the gate—nevertheless the constant reappearance in the Russian plays of a certain figure, and the invariable brilliance and sympathy with which that figure is portrayed when he does appear, presents him to me as the true type of the national Russian dramatic genius. He is not a figure of fantastic brilliance; he has neither the liveliness nor the gay colouring of the creations of M. Bakst; he does not dance to the music of Stravinsky, nor has he the superb spiritual splendour of Dmitry Karamazov or Stratov or Nicolas Stavrogin—he is simply Epikhodov of *The Cherry Tree Garden*, Epikhodov as he is revealed to us by one of the greatest of Russia's artists, Moskvin, Epikhodov the simple fool who is imprisoned by the tumultuous incoherence of his own thoughts, ambitions, desires, and disappointments.

II

Any one who saw the performance in London by the Stage Society of *The Cherry Tree Garden* will remember the confused

puzzle that Epikhodov seemed then to present. He was there nothing more than the knockabout figure of farce that even so admirably penetrating a critic as the late Mr. George Calderon apparently considered him.

When he broke the billiard-cue, when he was insulted by the valet, when he drove the hammer on to his thumb instead of the nail for which it was intended, he was the real comic clown of the circus who tried the tricks of his companion and failed in them all. And that was simply the end of him ! . . . What he was doing in the household of an apparently sane woman like Madame Ranevsky was only one of the many hopeless puzzles with which the Stage Society presented us. "Strange country Russia must be," you heard people murmur as they came away, a kind of terror in their eyes at the thought that at any moment in a Russian country house you might be at the mercy of a grinning, stammering madman. Poor Epikhodov ! Somewhere, behind those scenes that day, his ghost must have hovered sighing a little at the jingling, jaunting travesty of himself that had been presented to the London audience. "Well," he perhaps consoled himself, "I have been always badly treated. I have always had the worst of luck. I can expect no other. It is my fate."

As he says to Dunyasha in the play (I quote Mr. Calderon's translation), "Strictly speaking, without touching upon other matters, I must protest *inter alia* that destiny treats me with the utmost rigour, as a tempest might treat a small ship."

It is quite impossible for me now to conceive of him except as portrayed by Moskvin. He has, of course, his other existences, and his soul is always his own, so that he wanders, free of his interpreter, free even of his great creator, in some Elysian fields, striking attitudes there, breaking into spasms of fine confusion, emerging from his struggles with destiny, dusty, dishevelled, but undefeated—yes, he has his own independent existence, but it is Moskvin to whom he has whispered most of his secrets.

Who that has seen it will ever forget that first entrance of Epikhodov with his nosegay, his squeaking boots, his short jacket, his staring, bulging eyes ? Here, at the very first, is a figure to make the groundlings laugh, but Moskvin in that first

entrance raises the character to the dignity of tragedy. As he drops his nosegay, you catch in the startled glance that he flings at the supercilious maid-servant his desperate appeal that she will understand that he is not really such a fool as he looks. "Now," his eyes say, "isn't that just my luck? I had taken real trouble with myself to-day. Cleaned myself, bought new boots, arranged everything in my favour, and a little thing like a bunch of flowers upsets me. I do want her to like me and to see me as I really am. . . . I wish I didn't care so much what people thought of me." You see at once that he is "finished," so far as the maid-servant is concerned. She may flirt with him for a moment so long as there is no one better, but she will only flirt that she may in the end laugh the more. His tragedy is the tragedy of Malvolio, but he has not the reassurance of Malvolio's dignity. He has some conceit of himself because he knows of the fine thoughts that there are in his head, but he is well aware of the sorry figure that he cuts. One cannot imagine Malvolio inquiring of Toby Belch the best grease for his creaking boots. Epikhodov inquires and is at once insulted. "Get out," says Lopakhin, the go-ahead merchant into whose hands the cherry tree garden is falling, "I'm sick of you."

Epikhodov shakes his head: "Every day some misfortune happens to me; but do I grumble? No; I am used to it. I can afford to smile."

He plays, after all, the heroic part. Life is against him, but man is master of his fate and things must turn out well one day; meanwhile he owes no one any grudge.

The climax of his tragedy arrives during that fatal dance when the sale of the cherry trees is at last proclaimed. Moskvin shows you him at first hanging round corners, eyeing the dancers with envious glances, thinking that he will go forward and take his part, then shrinking back because of his consciousness of the prejudice that fate has against him; then, the dazzling vision of Dunyasha the housemaid in front of him, he bursts forward only to be speechless when his opportunity is given to him. At last he stammers, "You are not pleased to see me, Avdotya Fedorovna, no more than if I were some sort of insect." Dunyasha, who is in love (or thinks that she is in love) with the Parisian valet,

who is powdering her nose and who is, in general, a worthless, brainless, conceited doll of a girl, crushes him mercilessly.

He falls back from her and the crisis of his life arrives. He is rejected by Dunyasha only to be delivered to the wrathful vengeance of Barbara, the practical daughter of the house. She is indignant with him for behaving as though he were one of the guests. "All you can do is to walk about from one place to another, without ever doing a stroke of work. . . ."

The heavens break about him; his attitude of brave tolerance towards an unrighteous, uncomprehending fate collapses. Dunyasha has rejected him for a stupid valet without an idea in his head. This woman reproaches him with "walking about." Walking about! Good heavens! Can't these people see the great thoughts with which he is struggling? Can't they penetrate beyond his stupid boots, his short jacket, his clumsy manners, and *see* the "stuff of his soul"?

In a trembling fury of indignation he bursts out: "Whether I work, or whether I walk, or whether I eat, or whether I play billiards, is a question to be decided only by my elders and people who understand——"

"People who understand"—the whole tragedy of his existence lies in these words. He is in the wrong world. Perhaps somewhere there is a place where he will be understood, a planet of *esprits supérieurs* who do not judge only by external things.

Meanwhile he is "a spirit imprisoned," and he is intensely lonely. In the last act we see him once more quiescent, trying to assist in the family's departure. He smashes in a hat-box, he breaks his nails with the hammer, he is once more insulted by the Parisian valet—a man of "twenty-two misfortunes"—but to the end he will maintain his independence.

III

I have said that this figure of Epikhodov recurs continually in the Russian theatre. The last time that I encountered it was only a week or two ago. Beside my quarters in Petrograd is a tiny cinema theatre. Because we hang over the still waters of a side

canal, where trade is sleepy, the proprietor of the cinema has to go out of his way to attract the great world. In the vestibule of his theatre there plays every night a ghastly discordant band, his windows are hung with flaming posters of cinematographic horrors, and in the intervals between the pictures he has music-hall turns—the two dwarfs, the gentleman who sings society songs, the fat lady and her thin husband—all this for a penny or twopence. The little room of the entertainment is stuffy and smelly ; about one is the noise of the cracking of sunflower seeds. Once and again the audience embraces the audience with loud, clapping kisses. During the musical-hall turns the door is open and you can see into the blue sunlight of the white night, the cobbled street, the green toy-like trees, the gleaming waters of the canal upon which lie the faintly coloured barges.

Upon such an occasion I caught my last glimpse of Epikhodov. He came on to the narrow creaking stage, clothed in impossible evening dress, his eyes bulging as ever, his shoes creaking, his hair on end. He wished to recite to us verses of Balmont—an impossible choice in such a place. He began with all the fervour of his appreciative soul ; he forgot his lines—stopped—gazed helplessly about him—stammered—began again—once more broke down.

The audience was kindly, not jeering and hostile as it would have been in England. It wished to assist him, waited patiently and even tenderly. With one more frantic struggle against an overmastering fate he abandoned his attempt and, to the relief of us all, retired. But before he vanished I caught a glimpse of his eyes—Epikhodov's eyes—they burned with the fire of a baffled, almost royal, impotence.

HUGH WALPOLE.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE BALLET. *Drury Lane*, 1914.

IT is significant of Russia that out of a dead art, a mere gymnastic thing, the ballet system of blocked toes, she can create an art that is new and alive. New, for she has combined the old French technique and the savage perfection of the peasant dances with the charm and grace of the bare-footed dance into one individual whole. That it is a living whole, who can doubt that has with a seeing eye beheld the ballet of Petrushka?

Petrushka is the most truly Russian of all the ballets that we in England have been privileged to see, and it is certainly the most dramatic. The riot of the fair, the incantations of the magician, the sudden life of the dolls, the consequent panic in the crowd, followed by the tragedy of the dolls, endowed with human passion, striving to express themselves through, and in spite of, their wooden limitations, the impotence of the all-powerful magician to control the artist he has created, the strain of tragic irony running throughout the whole, make this ballet a unique—and a universal—experience.

Not only is the ballet significant in its very creation, but it is the fusion of many arts. All are combined without any academic jealousies; they are as unself-conscious as the nation that gave them birth. Music, drama, decorative art, all give freely of their best, and dancing is their leader in the ballet, as is music in the opera. Each art gives her service freely, and but enhances the beauty without in any way detracting from the main theme. The music of Stravinsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, or Ravel, the designs and settings of Bakst, the arrangements of Fokin, the dancing of Karsavina, all contribute to the significance of the

AFTER A PAINTING BY M. LARIONOV

DESIGN FOR THE "SOLEIL DE NUIT" BALLET, PERFORMED DECEMBER, 1915, AT THE NATIONAL OPERA HOUSE, PARIS, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY

whole. With the opera it is the same—the costume, the setting, and the ballet of Prince Igor are such as are worthy of the music.

Not only is it the fusion of many arts, but it is full of possibilities for the future. Its powers would seem to be, though fully developed, as yet but imperfectly exploited. So far only a few of the hundreds of possible creations have been presented on the stage.

The ballet, like Russia herself, is young. It has never been before; it is intensely significant not only in the history of Russia, but in the history of art. Dancing has long been an art; of old she stood among the Muses—the tradition remained, but she herself was not. In Russia a light has dawned, and possibly in the near future Terpsichore may be a Muse again, for in Russia ballet-dancing is ruled by a living technique—a strange contradiction in terms which is yet the body and soul of a true art.

M. A. A.

C. MUSIC

HARVEST IN RUSSIA

The breeze has come at last. The day was long ;
The bats are flitting in the airy dome ;
And hark ! the reapers are returning home,
I hear the burden of their quiet song.

A voice intones ; the chorus make reply,
Take up the burden and the chant prolong ;
The music swells and soars into the sky
And dies away intense, and clear, and strong.

Now through the trees the stately shapes I see
Of women with their instruments of toil,
Calm in their sacerdotal majesty ;
And backward, through the drifting mists of years,
I see the Sacraments that blessed the soil,
As old as the first drop of mortal tears.

Maurice Baring.

Игорь Стравинский

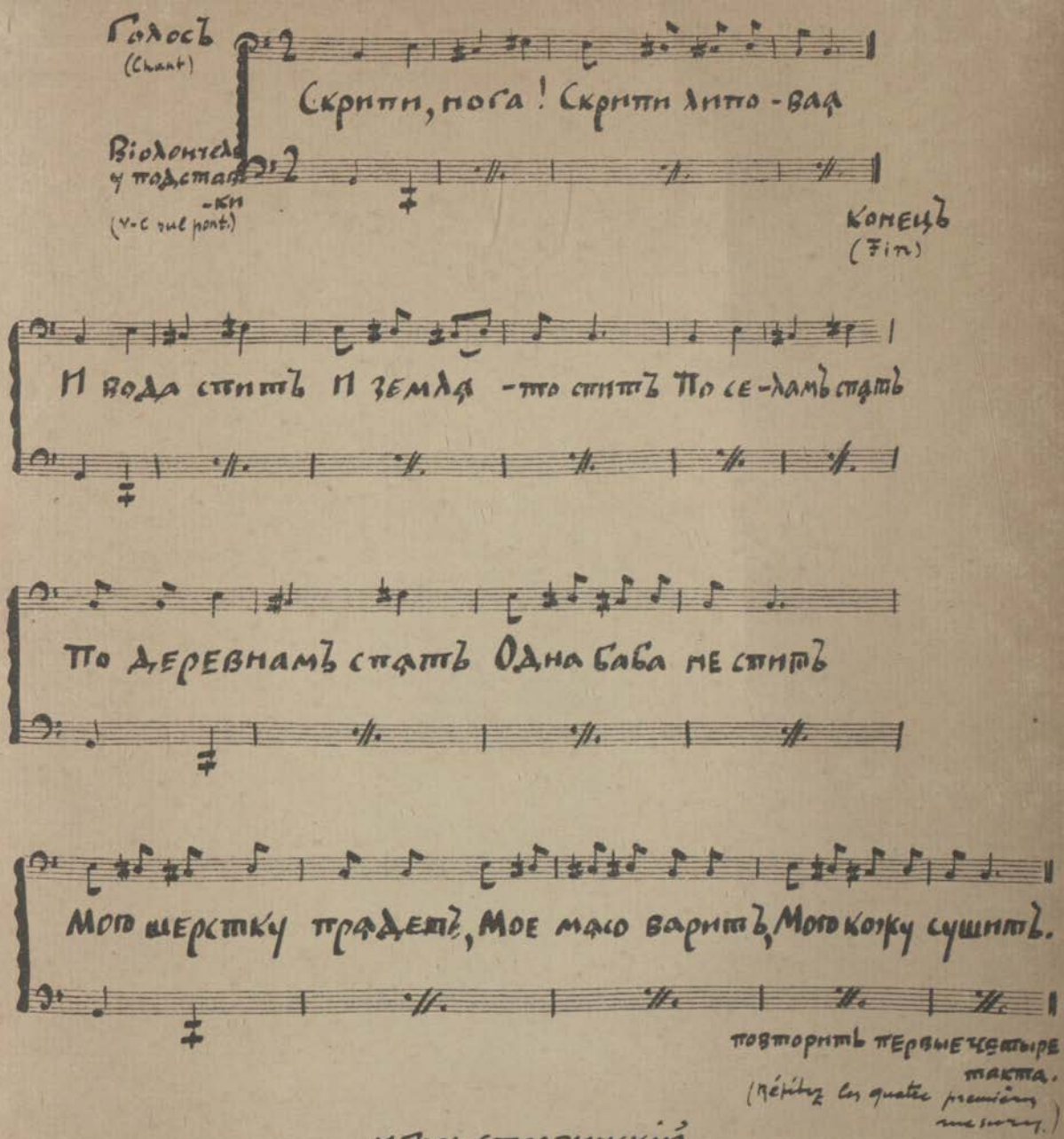
Пѣсня медвѣдя на деревяшкѣ

Для голоса въ сопровожденіемъ віолончели
по желанію

IGOR STRAWINSKY

CHANSON DE L'OURS À JAMBE EN BOIS

pour voix accompagnée
ad libitum par un violoncelle



Fragment from the Folk-Song *The Bear with the Wooden Leg*.

"Squeak, my leg; my leg of linden wood, squeak. Throughout the village all is asleep, save for one woman. She watches. She will spin my wool. She will boil my flesh. She will dry my hide."

RUSSIAN FOLK-SONG—I. By Rosa Newmarch

> All time is yours, O songs of Russia,
> Songs of good tidings, victory and peace,
> Songs of the city, of the field, the village ;
> Songs of rough days, and sorrows brought to birth,
> Baptized in blood and christened with our tears.
>
> Mey.

From time immemorial Russia has resounded to the self-made songs of her people. In the oldest epics and folk-songs we find allusions to their love of music. The Bard Bayan, the Slavonic Taliesin, famous in legend, is typical of the higher minstrelsy of the tenth century, or even earlier. In a well-known picture, the painter Vasnêtsov has recreated for us the personality of this Slavonic singer and seer. On the summit of a *Kurgan*, or burial-mound, he sits, a wild, inspired figure ; the wind that blows across the distant Dnieper is tossing his white hair and beard like the pale pampas grasses of the steppe ; " his eye in a fine frenzy rolling," with one hand he strikes a chord upon his *gusli*,[1] while the other is raised in exhortation. He is typical of the spiritual fervour and the musical eloquence which still lives in the Russia of to-day ; just as the group of armed warriors who sit listening to him, with stern, rapt faces, are typical of those invincible, faithful sons of Holy Russia, whose sweeping advances and reluctant, fearless retreats are the admiration of all onlookers. Between Bayan, whose skilled fingers " strayed o'er the living strings, so that they vibrated for ever with the praise of dauntless heroes," and that audacious *guslyar*, Sadko, whose wild harping made the Sea King delirious with glee, so that his wanton dances set all the ocean in tumult and caused the wreck of many a fine

[1] The horizontal harp of the Slavs, with seven or eight strings.

vessel, there is a difference as great as that between Orpheus himself and some irresponsible piping rustic. Betwixt these two primitive makers of melody there is room for the whole temperamental gamut of Russian music, from the grave and austere plain-song of the Eastern Church to folk-songs of the " Komarinskaya " type ; from the classic dignity of Glinka's " Prince Kholmsky " to the wild whimsies and wayward pathos of Stravinsky's " Petrushka."

The primitive Russians had other musical instruments besides the *gusli*, to the accompaniment of which Bayan sang his proud, high strains. We read of the *svirel*, a reed-pipe or chalumet ; of a three-stringed fiddle called a *gudok* ; of the *dudka*, or bagpipe ; and of drums, cymbals, and tambourines. There were also several classes of entertainers as early as the tenth century, the chief being the *Skomorokhi-pêvets*, or bard ; the *Skomorokhi-gudets*, who played for dancing ; and the *Skomorokhi-plyasun*, who danced, and was, in fact, a mummer or juggler.

Do we know what manner of songs the primitive Russians sang in the tenth century ? They were, of course, unrecorded, and it is extremely difficult to fix the approximate antiquity of the folk-songs even by the help of the musical and textual evidence contained in them. Prince Vladimir of Kiev was baptized with his people in A.D. 988, and we know that the Greek monks who followed soon afterwards to proselytise among the southern Slavs introduced the architecture and painting of the Byzantine school, and that these arts, and the early written literature of the Russians, had an essentially religious character. Music, to some extent, must have stood outside the new order of things and defied ecclesiastical authority. The very sternness of the clerical denunciation proves that the newly converted Russians must have had a deep-rooted song-literature, of pagan origin, to which they were devotedly attached. Although the minstrels, the mummers, and the " merry men," with their light-hearted rebellion against monkish authority, were scattered and driven before the advancing tide of Christendom, yet they lingered for centuries in the outposts of the vast empire. Thus secular song survived. With it seems also to have survived the dread of ban " by book and bell," for when about the middle

of last century an erudite collector of folk-music and folk-instruments heard that a player on the obsolete *gudok* still actually existed in the district of Olonets, he set out in quest of him ; but the musician, hearing that he was being pursued, disappeared into the wilder regions east of Ladoga, and was no more heard or seen.

No one, I think, would venture to point to any particular folk-song as having belonged just as it stands to the pagan past of Russia. In being passed on orally from district to district, from individual to individual, words and music must have undergone such transmutations as to be almost unrecognisable, even if we knew their primitive forms. But in many songs the texts allude to customs dating back a thousand years or more, such as the *Kolyadky*, or Christmas songs, with their references to the solar deities Ovsen and Kolgada, and such refrains as " *Lada, oy Lada,*" Lada being a name for the Slavonic Venus. We have no hesitation in referring the words of some songs to the pre-Christian period, which means that they have survived a thousand years of wear and tear in the daily life of the people. On the musical side, the scales on which many of the melodies are based point to the antiquity of the music. Our tempered instruments are not in accord with Russian national melody, nor our system of major and minor scales. Melgunov considers that they are based on the so-called " natural " major and minor, both of which are constructed on the same formula : 1, 1, ½, 1, 1, 1, ½, taking the major scale in an ascending progression, from tonic to octave (c d e f g a b c / 1 1 ½ 1 1 1 ½); and the minor in a descending direction from dominant to its octave : e d c b a g f e / 1 1 ½ 1 1 1 ½.

There are a great number of folk-songs built upon the " Chinese " or pentatonic scale (C, D, E, G, A), a scale which is of the essence of period rather than locality. Such melodies are among the oldest which have been handed down to us in Russia. The Cossack song at the close of this article is an example of a pentatonic tune.

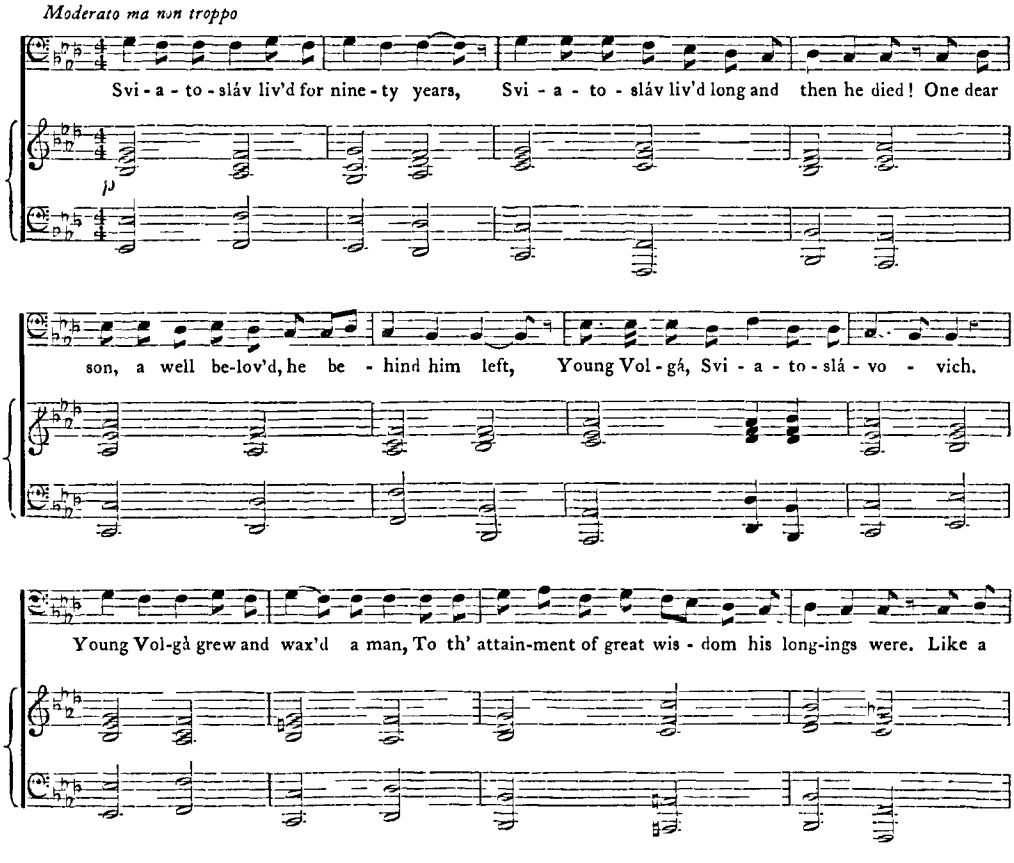
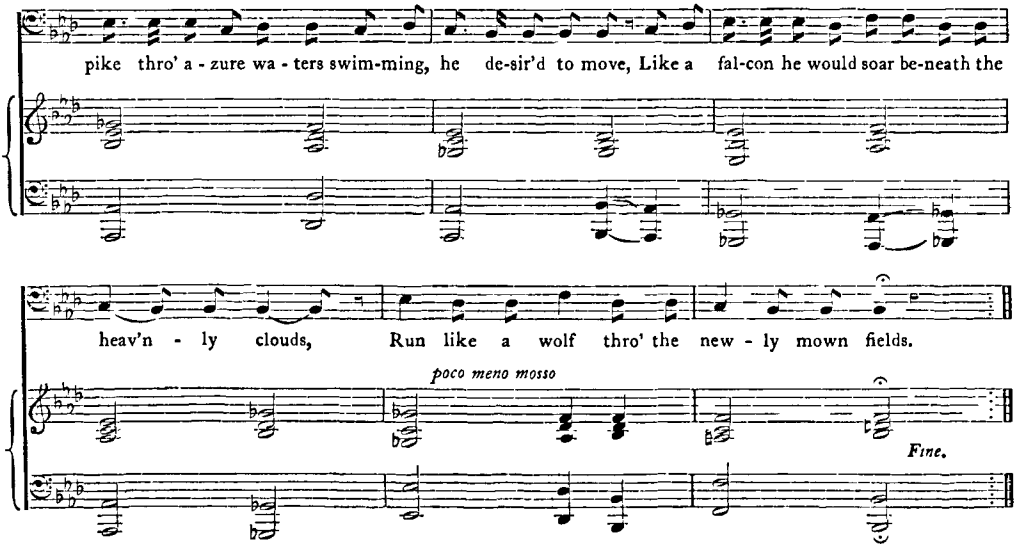
As regards rhythm, the folk-songs often suffer violence from the attempt to divide them according to our system of barring, because their natural division is probably hemistichal. There-

fore division into definite bars which accord with our modern system necessitates capricious changes of measure and the use of such expedients as $\frac{7}{4}$ and $\frac{5}{4}$ signatures.

In spite of all the researches of modern times, there still exists some doubt as to whether the Russian people understand music as unison or polyphony. The balance of opinion, however, seems in favour of the latter view. Those who have heard them must be convinced that when the folk sing in chorus they make a kind of contrapuntal harmony, because individual singers join in with an accompaniment which is more or less consciously a variant of the original melody. The older songs, however, were no doubt handed down in a purely melodic form, and are not accompanied by chords in the sense of Western music. But we must be content to leave many technical questions regarding the folk-songs in abeyance. The veil of twilight romance behind which they were generated has been pierced and rent by the garish light and clangour of modern existence. Opportunities of hearing them in their authentic and primitive forms are growing rarer day by day, and investigation into the many theories put forward respecting their structure and method of transcription leaves the ordinary music-lover not much wiser than when he started. It is more interesting and profitable to take the Russian folk-songs as witness to the inner life of the people who created them and cherished them, rather than as subjects for musical analysis. They reflect the whole psychology of a race which has developed character under strenuous circumstances. They tell of the long struggle against a harsh climate, of bitter sufferings under the Tatar, and later under the German, yoke ; they are a frank revelation of national sins, and a touching testimony to national virtues, such as courage, patience, and unshakable loyalty to an ideal. The Russian peasant has made provision of song to fit every occasion in the procession of his days. His mind must have been a kind of vestiary of singing-robes which he took out at appropriate times and seasons. Some of the oldest are the *Byliny* or epic songs, which tell of the heroes of remote times. There are at least six cycles of these : the Songs of the *Bogatyry* or mythical heroes ; the cycle of Vladimir, the Red Sun, Prince of Kiev ; the Novgorod cycle, which

inclines to comedy ; the songs of the Moscow period, including the legends which gathered around the grim personality of Ivan the Terrible ; the later ballads and epics, dealing with Peter the Great ; and the songs of the Cossack races. Here is an example of an epic song, in which the personalities of two heroes seem to be combined. Volgà, one of the oldest of the *Bogatyry* or warrior heroes of the Kiev cycle, is the embodiment of successful cunning, while Mikula personifies simple strength, and is a peasant hero. It is impossible to give the full words of the texts of these songs, as they would monopolise many pages of this book.

SONG OF VOLGÀ AND MIKULA

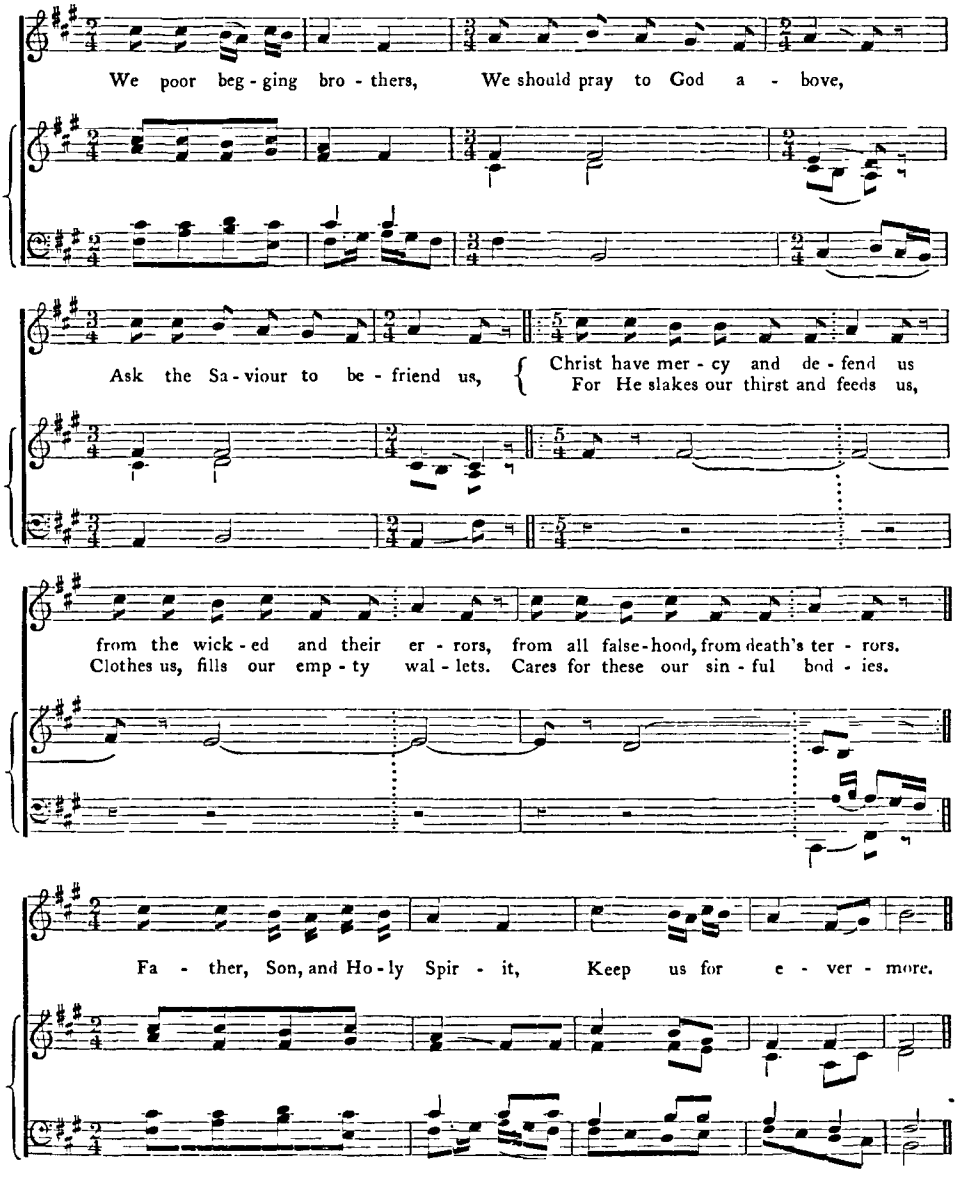

Moderato ma non troppo
Svi - a - to - sláv liv'd for nine - ty years, Svi - a - to - sláv liv'd long and then he died! One dear
p
son, a well be-lov'd, he be - hind him left, Young Vol - gá, Svi - a - to - slá - vo - vich.
Young Vol-gà grew and wax'd a man, To th' attain-ment of great wis - dom his long-ings were. Like a

pike thro' a - zure wa - ters swim-ming, he de-sir'd to move, Like a fal-con he would soar be-neath the
heav'n - ly clouds, Run like a wolf thro' the new - ly mown fields.
poco meno mosso
Fine.

This melody and the one that follows are harmonised by the well-known composer Nicolas Andreievich Rimsky-Korsakov (1844–1908). He must not be confused with his son, A. Rimsky-Korsakov, whose interesting article on the folk-songs of Russia so ably supplements and completes my slight sketch of the subject.

Among the later epic songs, those relating to the conquest of Siberia by Yermak (1582) and the subsequent fall of this brave but rebellious adventurer have lingered for centuries in the memory of the Don Cossacks, side by side with those which celebrate another Cossack hero, Stenka Razin. Strictly speaking, such examples belong to the song-literature of Lesser Russia, and it is quite as necessary to distinguish between the text and melodies of the different races of Russia as between Welsh and Scottish folk-songs—a fact too often overlooked by English musicians.

There is another class of song with religious words, which were probably invented as compromises to conform with the requirements of the clergy. In these "spiritual" (*dukhovny*) songs the music is also strongly modal. But there are many modal songs with texts, which are far from edifying. The example given below is a song of greeting used by the *Kalêki Perekhojie*, or wandering psalm-singers.

GREETING

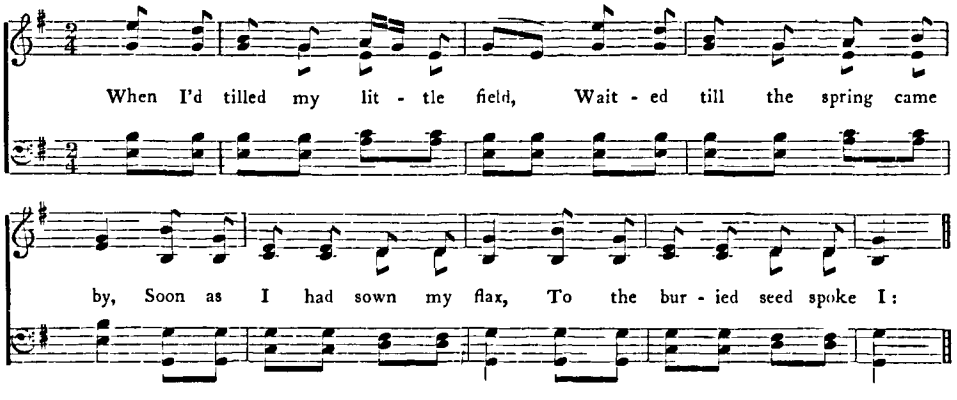
(Sung by the wandering Psalm-singers)

We poor beg - ging bro - thers, We should pray to God a - bove,
Ask the Sa - viour to be - friend us, Christ have mer - cy and de - fend us
For He slakes our thirst and feeds us,
from the wick - ed and their er - rors, from all false-hood, from death's ter - rors.
Clothes us, fills our emp - ty wal - lets. Cares for these our sin - ful bod - ies.
Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it, Keep us for e - ver - more.

There are also songs for the different seasons; *Khorovody* or choral rounds; dancing songs; lyrics intended to be sung as solos; *Podblyudniya pêsny*—songs of the dish—which accom-

pany a kind of fortune-telling, just as we look for "strangers" in the form of tea-leaves, or hide thimbles and sixpences in the Christmas pudding; there are songs meant to accompany games; and those assigned to the custom of vocal congratulation and flattery, sometimes addressed to the Tsar, or other great people, and occasionally sung to ordinary mortals on their wedding or name-days.

There are comparatively few soldier songs of great antiquity in Great Russia. The folk are an agricultural people and do not love war for war's sake. The regular army was not founded until Peter the Great's time, and the oldest military tunes used in the army, "Poltava" and the "March of the Preobrajensky Guards," date from early in the eighteenth century. The Cossack races are an exception to this rule, numbers of their songs containing allusions to their warlike proclivities. The Cossack song included here is a gay little tune, and deals with a tragi-comic episode of village life.

WHEN I'D TILLED MY LITTLE FIELD

Cossack Song.

"Grow, and grow, my darling flax,
Not too tall and white as wax!"
What was that some gossip said—
That my flax was crush'd and dead?

Quick, my cloak I snatched and flew
To my field of flax so blue,
To my darling flax so white,
All a-tremble in my flight.

Well I know who has been here!
'Tis my sweetheart of last year
Who has played this trick on me—
Done it out of jealousy.

Wait until his corn stands high,
Till he comes to cut his rye;
Then he'll find it trampled flat—
I'll just give him tit for tat!

I believe it would be possible to find a song adapted to every mood and event in the Russian national life, but, alas, they mostly belong to the past. The diffusion of education and the slow dissemination of printed matter is making the Russian peasant independent of his treasury of remembered song. The war and the temperance movement are awakening in him an unappeasable appetite for knowledge ; his wits are now active and crave nourishment. May they be wholesomely fed ! May it be found possible to supply him with literature and music worthy to replace the old anonymous arts of his own creation ! May it be long before the suggestively vulgar music-hall song and the crude sensationalism of " the movies " become the chief recreations of the awakening population of rural Russia !

ROSA NEWMARCH.

RUSSIAN FOLK-SONG—II.

By A. Rimsky-Korsakov,
Editor of *The Musical Contemporary* (*Musikalny Sovremennik*)

Translated by Rosa Newmarch

A special feature of the literary and musical evenings of the season 1915–16 was the appearance of the peasant singer and narrator, Marie Krivopolênov, a native of northern Russia. Her little face, wrinkled and tanned to a cinnamon brown by the sun, her gums almost toothless,—in spite of these unmistakable indications of extreme old age, she was bright-eyed, animated, and a lively mimic; she had a clear enunciation, and an astounding memory. The old dame invariably held the attention and won the kindly smiles of her mixed audience. She sang old ditties; *Byliny* (epic and narrative songs); songs of the *Skomorokhi* (mummers); endless tales of the prowess of Russian warriors of old; legends of Tsar Ivan the Terrible, and of other semi-mythical, semi-historical heroes of Russian epic poetry. Little by little she evoked for us a whole procession of vivid images wrought by the imagination of the folk. Those who were unacquainted with the methods of performance characteristic of the people were surprised to find that they do not *declaim* the *Byliny* and the old legends, but *sing* them. The old woman's melodies were not remarkable for great variety, or of special musical importance; in this respect her songs were rather below the level of those of some other singers; all the same, they were authentic examples of old melodies, though not so striking as many specimens to be found in the precious stores of poetry and music which still endure in the mind of the people.

By what miracle have these fragile blossoms been preserved intact, despite the destructive and disastrous influences which

follow in the train of civilisation? Is it not strange to be listening to these old-time songs to the accompaniment of "news from the front" which is assiduously collected by the daily press? Undoubtedly special conditions are necessary to keep these "long-winded" songs from becoming extinct, or transformed into the *chastushki*,[1] which are the result of turning the mass of the peasantry into a proletariat.

"On the banks of the Pinega—the river on which stands the native hamlet of the folk-song singer, where the forests that supply the ship-yards are intersected by clearings—fields surrounded by tall black posts, on the jutting arms of which hangs the golden barley a-drying—rises the village with its wonderful church. The peasants with their large families dwell in high and roomy houses. *Izbas* containing five or six apartments are not uncommon, and there is always a guest room with town-made furniture and plenty of flowers in the windows. The owner of such a dwelling is not the village money-lender, but a simple, well-to-do working man. An inhabitant of the north, if he has good health, should be well off, for timber, and furs, and fish always bring in money, and out of his superfluous earnings he rejoices the heart of wife or daughter with an embroidered *sarafan*, a velvet *povoinik*,[2] or a band of brocade for her forehead. There the folk love and cling to the old costumes as well as to the old songs and the customs of time immemorial."[3]

Under such conditions the folk-songs keep their vitality and special charm for the peasantry, and are able to resist even powerful external influences. According to collectors who have had occasion to become closely acquainted with the singer's mental attitude, she is indifferent to the stirring events of the hour, and is not greatly interested by the presence of wounded soldiers in her village. On the other hand, when she saw Moscow for the first time she was strongly impressed, because it resembled the accounts of it given in the *Byliny*. She rejoiced to find that the old Russian capital was really "stone Moscow," and that the houses were of "quarried stone."

We who are accustomed to look down from the height of our individualistic superiority upon the "primitive" folk-art, we

[1] "Couplets"—a class of somewhat vulgarised town songs.
[2] A kind of head-dress.
[3] O. Ozarovsky, *Our Grandmother's Days*, 1916.

who are proficient in every kind of lyrical subtlety, ought no longer to regard the songs of the people as the product of a poor and inferior culture. These are songs which beautify and gladden life, which enrich and strengthen it. That they are dying out is a sign of degeneration and of the deterioration of the people's taste. Life on the soil, which has ripened the bright and juicy fruits of the people's imagination, is infinitely richer and more beautiful than existence where the national art has been fatally poisoned.

The history of Russian music, which flowered so luxuriantly during the nineteenth century, bears clear testimony to the great artistic value of the folk-songs.

During the last century Russian music showed a tendency—beginning with Glinka and reaching a climax, as we ourselves have seen, in the school of Rimsky-Korsakov—to reflect, as in clear waters, the starry horizon of Russian folk-song. Chaikovsky—doubtless also great in artistic significance—seems alone to have escaped from the curve of this tendency ; for with him we see the face of Russian song, with its silvery reflections and lights, broken under the stress of a tempestuous lyricism. With Skryabin also its reflection has vanished from the surface of the waters.

It was comparatively late when the mass of intelligent Russians began to show interest in the folk-songs. In the second half of the eighteenth century national melodies—often barbarously " improved upon " by the addition of inappropriate accompaniments—were found as rare guests among all kinds of couplets and ballads then in favour with the educated classes.

The first collections of folk-songs only approximately reflect the genius of the people. Inaccurate transcription, in the form of the forcible application of our system of major and minor keys to the folk-tunes, alternated with German and Italian methods of harmonisation. No account was taken of the polyphonic development of the melodies, nor was there any just conception in those days of the all-capable melisma in which Russian song is so rich. Is it surprising that the songs arranged by these collectors sometimes resemble the everyday dance music of the period rather than genuine Russian folk-songs ?

Many collections dating from the dilettante period of the 'thirties and 'forties of last century sin in exactly the same way. We find true folk-tunes placed side by side with pseudo-national town ditties without the least critical acumen or taste. It was only with the publication in 1866 of a collection of folk-songs made by the distinguished composer M. Balakirev that it became possible to speak of a new departure in the transcription of the songs, namely, by rules derived from the spirit of the music itself. Other collections followed upon Balakirev's during the second half of the nineteenth century. The names of several leading Russian composers — Rimsky-Korsakov, Melgunov, Lyadov, and others—were connected with this work. Besides this there was also the work of the Commission appointed to preserve the folk-songs. The collection of the folk-music demands much loving labour and attention, and is still far from being considered complete even at the present day. It is now, however, possible to arrive at some idea of the general features which have been observed in the art of the people, and to fix its salient characteristics as shown in a whole series of peculiar melodic, harmonic, and rhythmic procedures.

The melodies of the majority of the folk-songs are not built on chordal progressions, but on scales which differ essentially from our accepted major and minor scales. At their foundation lies the old tetrachord—groupings of four notes distinguished from one another by the position of the semitone : *e f, g, a* ; or *d, e f, g* ; or *c, d, e f*. A group of tetrachords, whether their movement be by addition or superimposition, gives a series of sounds typical of our Russian folk-songs. These series of sounds (tetrachords) date back to the period of the mediæval theorists, who accepted them as the basis of the music of their time, and, having associated them with the Greek musical theory, called them the church modes : the Phrygian mode, E, F, G, A, B, C, D, E ; the Æolian, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, A ; the Dorian, D, E, F, G, A, B, C, D, and so on.

The melodies of the Russian folk-songs are decidedly more diatonic than chromatic. Wide intervals (leaps), augmented fifths, are comparatively rare. For their movement by degrees,

preference is given to descending progressions. The melodies of the Russian songs show a passion for melisma — delicate embellishments of the fundamental melodies—which have no independent meaning, like eastern *fiorituri*, and often arise from the tendency to improvisation on the part of the executant.

The construction of the scales most favoured by the Russian folk-songs is also reflected in the peculiarities of the cadences.

The harmonic peculiarities of the songs are limited, both by the nature of their scales and by their organic tendency to polyphony. The parts approach unison, or octaves, only at the cadences. Around the principal theme are grouped more or less independent variants of it, in the form of so-called *podgolosky* (free contrapuntal parts). The movement of the parts makes the harmony, which for the most part is not full, certain notes of the harmony being omitted. Thirds occupy the most prominent position, and dissonances, including sevenths, a secondary place.

One of the most remarkable features of the folk-songs is their rhythmic forms, which, to this day, have never been studied with due attention and breadth of view.

The rhythm and metre of the songs are distinguished by a complete lack of symmetry. Instead of strains constructed upon the recurrence, or symmetrical arrangement, of groups of 2, 4, or 8 beats, we frequently meet with groups of 7 and 5, or alternating groups of various measures. The inner time structure is also very curious, such measures as $\frac{5}{4}$, $\frac{7}{4}$ being by no means unusual. The flexibility and vivacity of the rhythmic lines may doubtless be attributed to the union of words and melody. "You must take the song as it stands (words and all)," says a Russian proverb. In complete conformity with this principle we can trace in the songs the most inconceivable rhythmic variants of the fundamental melodies, which correspond in a subtle way with the metrical structure of the text. But notwithstanding this apparent rhythmic anarchy, the folk-songs preserve the lucidity and spontaneity of their general rhythmic formulas.

All these peculiarities of the folk-songs form the technical basis of the wonderfully expressive and graphic powers in which they are so rich. Any attempt to set out the many-tinted psycho-

logical design of the folk-songs in terse and general propositions would be foredoomed to failure. We can only judge of the wide reach of the national spirit as poured forth in the songs by looking at the extremely divergent aspects of their inspiration : on the one hand, the dreamy, melancholy, intuitively lyrical *protyajniya* (slow and sustained songs), or the tender " cradle songs " ; on the other, the wild and unrestrained " dancing songs," or the defiant and audacious *burlatskiya*.[1]

Russian song ! Apart from this element any kind of vital fusion with the people seems unthinkable. Song has accompanied—and in places where the old customs have not died out under the prosaic influences of a superficial civilisation, it still accompanies—the Russian peasant from the cradle to the grave.

In Russian songs, unspoilt by the incursions of town culture, an acute observer will find a true mirror of the national spirit, which is so inexpressibly rich in experiences, and gifted with a great power of triumphant artistry which can transmute them into actual being.

The work of several generations of Russian composers shows traces of having been inspired by the folk-songs. The art of song furnishes, therefore, not only one of the most important keys to the character of the Russian people, but is also an essential factor in the true evaluation and understanding of the work of individual composers. From the time of Glinka, Russian musicians have profited freely by the use of folk-themes as melodic material for their operas, symphonies, and choral works. Attempts to transplant this indigenous Russian growth to the fertile soil of western music date back as far as Beethoven's time. But, here, a spiritual union with the folk-songs is all-important, and this can only be fully realised by a native artist who is closely linked with the soul of his own people. It is this that has made it possible for the Russian national composers to exploit and reproduce in their works the endless possibilities contained in the folk-songs. Is it not from the folk-music that so many peculiarities of harmony have originated, such as we find in the works of Glinka, Dargomijsky, Sêrov, Musorgsky, Borodin,

[1] This word has a double significance. *Burlaky* are the barge-haulers on the Volga, but the word is also applied to rough turbulent fellows—boors.

Rimsky-Korsakov, and others? Do not the plasticity and beauty of their melodic inventions stand in close relationship to Russian folk-song? And the rhythmic character of Russian music? And the polyphony of their choral works, etc?

Ignorant critics often reproach the Russian composers—making a ludicrous mistake—with a lack of independence in their melodic invention. In reality the number of melodies they have actually borrowed (in their crude state) from the treasury of the folk-music is comparatively small; and their methods of elaborating the national themes, or tunes conceived in the folk-spirit, lead far beyond the limits of such possibilities as are suggested by the folk-songs at first sight. Glinka was right when he spoke of Russian music as the history of the union of folk-song with western fugue in the bonds of lawful wedlock. The contrapuntal forms used by Russian composers—beginning with simple imitation in the folk-style, and passing on to complicated forms of fugue and counterpoint—leave the primitive polyphony of the people far behind.

Have we exhausted every method of making use of the folk-songs? Does Russian music propose decisively to follow the path of individual lyricism in the footsteps of Chaikovsky and Skryabin?

There are some grounds for believing that Russian song has not yet exhausted its direct influence upon the art of music. Linked to the folk-songs—and even at this moment bringing to the art a reanimating and purifying breath—is the church music—the plain-song. Mechanically exact notation of the plain-song[1] is apparently making it possible to look into the sphere of action of the laws of musical intonation which exist beyond the limits of temperament—that is, the system which equalises the distance between the pure acoustic intervals. More detailed study of the rhythmic and metrical structure of the folk-songs will possibly reveal architectonic laws of sound hitherto unknown to us; and such acquisitions will, of course, find an echo in the art of Russian music.

In England the work of Tolstoi, Dostoevsky, Chaikovsky, and a few other great representatives of Russian genius, has been

[1] The reference here is to recent gramophone records of folk-singing. (TRANS.)

THE APPEARANCE OF SVYATAGOR

FROM A PAINTING BY I. BILIBIN, ILLUSTRATING THE BYLINY OR OLD RUSSIAN FOLK-POEM "ILSYA MURAMETZ AND SVYATAGOR"

loved and appreciated. Has not the time come for the spiritual union of Britain with the folk-art of Russia which reveals the breadth and depth of the people's soul? Is not a friendly and careful study of the creative work of the folk the truest way in which to arrive at that reciprocal penetration which should inspire all the external forms of union between two great nations? Let me express myself allegorically: Is not this the moment for the old singing dame to join the members of parliament and the journalists and to visit the great country which stands at the head of European civilisation?

A. RIMSKY-KORSAKOV.
Translated by ROSA NEWMARCH.

D. PAINTING

ICONS, BY ROBERT STEELE

THE icon touches the very heart of Russian life. It occupies the place of honour in every living room—the upper angle of the walls; it hangs in every shop or tavern, at the corners of the streets, over gateways or in little roadside chapels, and everywhere receives its meed of reverence. To the Russian peasant the icon is the chief source of his religious instruction, and he follows every detail with real learning and enthusiasm, rejecting like a child any innovation on its old-established form.

The icon is a panel picture of any dimensions from a few square inches to life size, painted in oil or tempera (oil painting does not become usual till the eighteenth century), generally on a gold ground, now covered in great measure by a gilt metal sheet leaving apertures for the face and hands, and containing any number of figures from one to thousands. The range of subjects includes all the saints of the Old and New Testament, the Apocrypha, and Greek and Russian hagiography; but once a choice of subject is made, the artist is strictly limited in his treatment by the traditional requirements of its presentation. Sometimes these give a wide scope for details—a lion with an old saint will indicate St. Jerome, for example, but on the other hand some saints can only be distinguished by the height of the opening in their robes. Most icons are now painted in the governments of Vladimir or Kursk.

Russia received the cult of the icon with its Christianity from Byzantium at the end of the tenth century, and the icon has ever remained Byzantine in all the essentials of its art, though pro-

foundly modified by the Russian temperament. The icon stands almost alone in the history of painting : subject is its first essential and its main interest, and the joy of the craftsman in his work is refined from the sensuous to the religious in art. The greatest icon-painters have indeed always been monks, and their painting has been a religious exercise, entered on in a spirit of prayer and fasting ; and though now icons are made as a trade, popular opinion demands of the iconopisets a more rigid standard of life than that to which his fellows are bound.

Abundant as are the materials for it, the serious study of the icon is in its infancy, and its influence upon Russian art is almost negligible. Most of the really ancient and celebrated icons can hardly be seen owing to the way in which they are adorned with haloes and collars of gold and jewels (*barmy*), to which in the middle of the eighteenth century was added a plate of metal (the *riza*) following the contours of the figure and the costume, and provided with openings through which the face and hands were allowed to show. Study under these circumstances was almost impossible, and an appearance of remote antiquity might be assumed by comparatively modern work. But during the last few years a great revival of interest in the icon has taken place, and many old paintings have been brought to light. The toleration granted to the Old Believers has been one of the principal elements in this revival, for among them many ancient icons had been covered up with a modern subject in order to prevent them from destruction as irregular by the Orthodox, and these surface paintings have now in many cases been removed. Their new cathedral in Moscow has a great many of these, but they are outshone by the wonderful collection, ranging in date from the tenth to the sixteenth centuries, and covering the whole field of Russian iconography, which has been assembled in the Alexander III. Museum at Petrograd, a collection that every student of the history of European painting must in future include in his pilgrimages, which may well supply the basis for the development of a new movement in art. It will revolutionise accepted ideas on the history of early painting, and what has further to be said about icons must be taken under this reserve.

Icon-painting seems to derive from the portraiture of Egypt,

known to us by the portraits of the Fayum. The oldest icons in Russia are two now in the Ecclesiastical Academy of Kiev, which were brought by Bishop Porphyry Uspensky from Sinai; they date from the sixth century, and are painted in encaustic on cloth. The ravages of the iconoclasts in the eighth and ninth centuries have left us few traces of the Byzantine painting of this period, but the renaissance of the ninth and tenth centuries is much better represented. The conversion of Vladimir (989) opened up Russia to the religious art of Byzantium through the medium of the Chersonesus, and artists were brought from thence to decorate the first Christian cathedral at Kiev by that monarch. The name given to early Russian art—Korsunsky—is commonly explained as derived from them. In due time a school of icon-painting arose at Kiev, of which very little is accurately known. The copy of the Vladimir Virgin[1] in the Cathedral of Rostov is said to have been painted by Alimpi, one of this school; another name preserved is that of Gregory. The cult of the icon must have been widely established by the end of the eleventh century, for the Metropolitan John II. (1080–89) ordered that all ancient icons should be restored. With the decay of Kiev, Vladimir and Suzdal came into importance, and it is not unlikely that some distinctive characteristics of these schools may yet be brought to light.

Novgorod, the northern rival of Kiev, expanded from a little free city to a large empire reaching from the Baltic to the Volga and northward to the Arctic Ocean. As it grew in wealth and influence an independent art grew up with it, characterised by severity of line and simplicity of style. Its icons are painted in tempera, the faces and hands white, now turned yellow by age, the dress in two colours, the ground a greyish white. The names of several artists of this school during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries are known, though much of their surviving work is anonymous. The school decays with the end of the seventeenth century.

The Tatar invasion destroyed much of the growing civilisation of Russia—the architecture of Vladimir, and the painting of Suzdal, Vladimir, and Kiev—and hindered the development

[1] See pp. 10, 67, 68, 70, 71, 72, 73, and illustration.

of Novgorod; but as the successive waves of invasion fell back, and Moscow emerged as the principal centre of Russian life, a new school of icon-painting came to be recognised. It is marked by a certain gracious gravity, in which perhaps the individual is sunk in the typical, while the whole is beautiful and harmonious. Later on the work of the school becomes more studied, though luminous and distinct. Influenced perhaps by Italian painters, the icons were crowded by small figures, or broken up into many compartments, each telling some adventure of the hero-saint. Closely allied with the Moscow school is that of the Strogonov family, which from the sixteenth century devoted itself to church building and decoration. The Strogonov school, if school it is, is much more formal: the features are long and thin, the skin is dark green, the colouring clear. The most famous icon-painter of the Moscow school was Andrei Rublev, who died about 1430, the Fra Angelico of Russian art, and, like him, beatified. A Virgin by him is in the Troitsa Lavra, and another, of which a part is certainly from his hand, is in the Petrograd collection. The great Moscow painter of the seventeenth century is Simon Ushakov, who died in 1686.

As has been already remarked, the icon shows a steady progress towards complexity: the early ones are simple, nearly always single figures, devoid of complicated backgrounds. As time passes and the legend grows the action becomes more complicated, the background fills, and minor incidents take a place in the scheme. The series of icons of St. George or of St. Nicolas, for example, in the Petrograd collection are admirable examples of this tendency.

The favourite icons in Russia are those of the Virgin, of our Lord, or of Elias, Abraham and the three Angels, St. Nicolas, St. George, patron of the army and of Moscow, St. Dmitry, Saints Boris and Gleb, or of the sainted patriarchs of the Russian Church, though every trade and occupation has its patron saint—St. Panteleimon, for example, who is the patron of doctors because he healed all comers at any time without fee or reward. A certain number of celebrated icons are miracle-working, such as the Vladimir Virgin in the Uspensky Cathedral at Moscow, and copies of these are held in especial devotion. There are many

other *chudotvorny* or wonder-working pictures, perhaps the most famous being the Iberian Virgin housed in a chapel at the gate of the inner city of Moscow, copies of which are known by the bleeding scar on the right cheek, caused by a Tatar. This picture is taken, from time to time, drawn in a carriage with six horses, to the sick-bed of wealthy Moscovites, and its chapel is always filled with a reverent crowd.

The icons of the Virgin are classified in several ways. Schlumberger gives a list of sixteen names of the Byzantine poses—some of them still in use, as the Hodegetria, in which the Virgin, holding her right hand to her breast, supports the Child sitting upright on her left arm. The Infant has its right hand outstretched in benediction, while its left holds a book or scroll. The more common way of naming the icons is from their place of origin. The Vladimir Virgin holds her Child on the right hand, cheek to cheek, her left hand touches the arm of the Child, whose right arm is stretched out. The Smolensk Virgin, traditionally painted, like the Vladimir Virgin, by Saint Luke, is first mentioned in 1046, and it, with the Murom Virgin of the beginning of the twelfth century, are of the Hodegetria type. The Kazan Virgin, found in Kazan in 1579, moved to Moscow in 1612, and to the Kazan Cathedral at Petrograd in 1710, is a variant of this type. The head of the Virgin is inclined to the right, the Child is upright on her left arm, His right hand and arm half raised in benediction. Other variants are the Strastnaya or Virgin of the Passion, where two Angels are seen bearing the instruments of the Passion, the Mlekopitatelnitsa where the Mother feeds her Child, and the Umileniya or affectionate. Some famous icons of this type are the Igor Virgin of the twelfth century and the Kostroma Virgin, first mentioned in 1239. The Novgorod Virgin (1069) and the Kursk (1295) are of the Blachernilissa type.

Even in war these icons play their part. The Smolensk Virgin was taken to the headquarters of the Russian Army before the battle of Borodino, and only this year the Vladimir Virgin was brought to the Imperial field headquarters before the great movement began. The last time it left Moscow was in 1812, to return to Vladimir during the French invasion.

THE VLADIMIR MADONNA

The icon of the Archbishop Alexis,[1] which is reproduced from one in the Tretyakov Museum at Moscow, was painted in the seventeenth century by an artist of northern education. Alexis was Metropolitan of Kiev and died in 1378 : he is one of the patron saints of Lithuania.

ROBERT STEELE.

[1] See p. 72 and illustration.

NOTES ON THREE ICONS.

BY LEONARD WHARTON

NOTE ON THE VLADIMIR MADONNA

THIS description is strictly limited to a transcription and interpretation of the inscriptions on the various parts of the two sacred pictures,[1] with which Mr. Steele has already dealt in the preceding article.[2] As to the Vladimir Madonna, one may quote the following historical data from the *Antiquities of the Russian Empire*, published by a special committee in 1849 and after.

The Vladimir Madonna is said to be the original portrait of the Blessed Virgin by the evangelist Saint Luke, and so the parent of the Guilds of St. Luke in Italy and of the Italian school of painting of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

It came from Constantinople to Kiev, the metropolis of the Russian Church. In 1154 it was brought thence to Vladimir on the Klyazma by Prince Andrew, surnamed Bogolyubsky. Tradition says he added much gold and silver and precious stones to its decoration. It got the name of Vladimirskaya from its long stay here, for it was only on August 26, 1395, that Basil, son of Demetrius, brought it to Moscow. It was taken out with the army against Achmet in 1480 (June), and the two days are celebrated with solemn processions of a commemorative character. In 1812 it was taken to Vladimir again for safe keeping, returning to Moscow after the retreat of the Grand Army.

The Metropolitan Afanasy "renewed" the picture, *i.e.*

[1] The Vladimir Madonna and the following picture, the St. Alexis.

[2] See pp. 64-69.

THE PATRIARCH ALEXIS

decoration, presumably, in 1566, and there is further evidence of renewal in 1627.

Above the crown of the main figure are two pictures partly covered by jewellery. The one on the left-hand side of the picture (to the reader's left) has an inscription reading *Ristvo Khvo., i.e. Rojdestvo Khristovo*, the Nativity.

The uninscribed picture to the right is an Adoration, I think.

Each side the head of the Madonna are short inscriptions, reading left and right respectively, *M.R. Th.u., i.e.* Mary, Mother of God. Underneath the *M.R.* are the initials *I.S. Kh.S., i.e.* Jesus Christ. As usual these are in Greek, not Slavonic.

The decoration round the Child's head has what appear to be the letters *O.O.N.*, the second being the Greek Omega.[1] One would have expected *A.O.N.—Alpha* and *Omega.*

The edge of the frame has a series of little panels with pictures, whose inscriptions I give below, with a rough indication of the subject of the picture, if necessary. I begin with the top left-hand side and proceed downwards and up to the top right-hand side.

1. *Blagovêschenie, i.e.* The Annunciation.

2. *Uchenenie sty Gdn., i.e. uchinenie svyaty Gospodne.* This is not clearly written, and appears to mean : The Lord's teaching of the Saints.

3. *V-znesenie Gne., i.e. Gospodne*, The Lord's Ascension.

4. *Raspyatie Gne., i.e.* The Crucifixion.

5. *Shestvie Stgo Dkh., i.e. Svyatago Dukha*, Coming of the Holy Ghost, Pentecost.

6. *Preobrajenie Gne., i.e.* The Transfiguration. The form of the first three letters is almost unrecognizable.

7. This very badly damaged inscription appears to correspond with the word for *meeting*, and it seems to be the meeting with the Apostles after the first Easter Day, according to the picture.

8. *Vkho Ieralm., i.e. Vkhod Ierusalim(a, -sky)*, Entry into Jerusalem (Palm Sunday).

9. *Lazorevo Kiki.* This is the Raising of Lazarus, though the second word is not really readable properly.

[1] It appears now rather to be ὁ ὤν, The Existing, an inscription found in other icons.

10. *Vgoshklenie Gne.* This is apparently a miswriting of *Bogoyavlenie*, the Declaration at the Baptism in Jordan: This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.

LEONARD C. WHARTON,
of the British Museum Library.

July 12, 1916.

NOTE ON THE ST. ALEXIS

The St. Alexis from the Tretyakov Collection, Moscow.

The saint faces left, standing on the right side of the picture, holding a book in his left hand. The inscriptions are:

Left, over the small figures at the top left-hand side: *Aggli Gdni Is Khs Aggli Gdni*, all with contraction signs, *i.e.* The Angels of the Lord, twice, and, between, the sacred monograms for Jesus Christ.

To right above the main figure ornamentally interlaced and of various sizes: *Stuy Alexy Mitropolit Mosk. Chudotvorets: i.e.* Saint Alexis, Metropolitan of Moscow, Miracle-worker.

Note the Greek spelling of the word for angels.

LEONARD C. WHARTON,
of the British Museum Library.

July 12, 1916.

DESCRIPTION OF RUSSIAN ICON IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

This icon is exhibited, under normal conditions, among the Early Christian and Byzantine Antiquities in the Department of British and Mediæval Antiquities at the British Museum.

It is a specimen of the same type of cross described by Mr. O. M. Dalton in the *Guide to the Early Christian and Byzantine Antiquities in the Department of British and Mediæval Antiquities* (1903), and figured at p. 106 as Plate XV. in the same. After making my own effort to grasp the manifold details of this most

ICON IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM, THE DEPARTMENT OF BRITISH AND MEDIAEVAL ANTIQUITIES

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PERMISSION OF SIR HERCULES READ, LL.D., F.S.A., F.B.A.

remarkable cross, I checked the details common to Mr. Dalton's specimen, which, however, is superior in clearness of casting and therefore of lettering.

Whereas the cross above mentioned is merely a cross on a Golgotha, this other now described has a flight of cherubs curved round the top, and above the figure of the Almighty common to both crosses, a plaque of subject similar to those in the Vladimir Madonna,[1] and six others at intervals round the extremities of the cross. For simplicity's sake I adopt the same procedure and describe the outer panels in the same order as there, viz. from the top down the side to the reader's left and up on his right. The reproduction will give a fairly adequate idea of the pictorial element with its single coloured (blue) enamel. Number one, at the top, is *Vkrnie Khrvo*, i.e. *Voskresenie Khristovo*, the Resurrection of Christ, Easter Day.

Number two, *Vkho. Viem.*, i.e. *Vkhod v Ierusalim*, the Entry into Jerusalem, Palm Sunday.

Number three, *Ochische Gdne.*, i.e. *Ochischenie Gospodne*, an unofficial description of the Feast of the Purification (February 2), known in the Church calendar as *Srêtenie Gospoda Nashega Iisusa Khrista*, or *Srêtenie Gospodne*. The *ch* is made almost like a *k*.

Number four is a representation of two saints with their names, preceded by *Svyataya*, Saint, in each case. The second of the two is the familiar *Mr. Th. U.*, *i.e.* the Blessed Virgin, the other is less obvious. It seems to be *P*[*e*] *lagiya*, *i.e.* Pelagia, the Martyr.

Number five is a similar case of two saints, with the masculine for saint, *svyaty*, above each name. They are *Ioan* and *Login*, *i.e.* St. John the Divine and Longinus, the Centurion of the Crucifixion. Their position at the foot of the Cross opposite to the Blessed Virgin is appropriate, but I do not see why St. Pelagia is here, unless it be because her day is May 4, and one Holy Cross Day is May 7.

Number six is rather blurred, but I think I can read (*po*)*slêdnaya ve* (*chera*), *i.e.* Last Supper. This is certainly what is represented.

[1] See pp. 10, 66, 67, 68, 70, 71, 72, and illustration.

Number seven, and last of this outer series, shows: *Svit. Gdne.*, *i.e. Svidêtelstvovanie Gospodne*, the Lord's Testimony, *i.e.* the declaration at the Baptism in Jordan: Thou art My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.

In the cross proper I will start from the same point and work round in the same direction generally, referring the reader for fuller explanations to Mr. Dalton's description, to which I have already referred.

Under number one, then, is a figure representing the Almighty Father, with the words *Gd Sbaoth*, *i.e. Gospod Sabaoth*, Lord of Hosts. Below this is the Dove of the Holy Ghost, and over this *Dkh St'.*, *i.e. Dukh Svyaty*, Holy Ghost, with cherubs on each side. Below this is the " title " of the cross.

Below the main crossbeam of the cross and upon the upright beam is the Greek watchword, NIKA, conquer, divided by the body of the Lord.

The foot of the cross is set, below the diagonal crossbeam, in the hill Golgotha, which shows the skull of Adam, the initials for which appear above it, viz. *G.A.* (*Glava Adama*), while the initials for Golgotha, *G.G.*, are set each side of the skull. Above *G.A.* is *R.B.*, under *M.L.*, as in the other example, and with the same meaning. The grouping differs.

The " title " bears the letters *INTsI.*, *i.e.* Jesus of Nazareth, Tsar of Israel. Slightly above and to right and left of this are the letters *Tsr' Slvy*, with the usual contraction marks, meaning *Tsar Slavy*, King of Glory. Above these words are two others, which I could not read in this case; the other cross has the words *Angely Gospodni*, Angels of the Lord, in this place.

As to the crossbeam of the cross, here, as in the other cross, are two long inscriptions above and below the arms, and the sacred monograms at the ends of what is really rather a framework round the cross proper. Thus at the ends we have *Is. Khs.*, *i.e.* Jesus Christ, and the following are the inscriptions. Above, in rather badly cut lines, *Raspyatie Gdne ije i Spsa nashego zryaschi perechistaya.* There is some uncertainty as to the reading after the first word, and in any case, in this instance as in the much clearer impression of the other cross, the words of the ode, from the *Octoechus*, being no longer addressed to

Our Lord, have an expansion from the mere adjective *tvoe*, *thy*, to a fuller form. Expanding the contractions, the words run: *Raspyatie Gospodne ije i Spasa* (or perhaps *spasitele*) *nashego zryaschi perechistaya*, that is, Seeing (looking upon) the crucifixion of Our Lord and also Our Saviour, cleansing, etc. The phrase *ije i* is equivalent to the Latin *qui et*.

The lower line runs: *Krest(u) tvoeyu poklanyayu, vnkh spnyu vopiyu i tvoe slavim, i.e. Krestu tvoeyu poklanyayu, vêrnuikh spaseniyu, vopiyu i (mya) tvoe slavim*, which is altered from the words of the Mineya for August 1. It means: I worship Thy Cross, the salvation of believers, I call upon Thy name, I glorify it.

On the back is very scratchily inscribed the following variant of what appears on the back of the other cross, also from the *Mineya* (Menæa).

Krta Khranitel vsei vselênnei (k)rt krasota tsrkevnaya krt [ts] arekh derjava, krt verny (kh)utverjdne krt angglom [sl]ava krt besom yazba, i.e. Cross, preserver of all the world; cross, the beauty of the church; cross, the power of Tsars; cross, the confirmation of the faithful; cross, to angels glory; cross, to devils a plague.[1]

The other cross was assigned by Mr. Dalton to the eighteenth century, and I should incline to put this one early in the nineteenth.

LEONARD C. WHARTON,
of the British Museum Library.

July 29-31, 1916.

[1] The nimbus has a modification of the Greek words ὁ ὤν, The Existing, on it.

NATALIE GONCHAROVA, BY AMARI

TRANSLATED BY ADELINE LISTER KAYE

No woman's name appears in the annals of art until the eighteenth century, and but seldom even after that date down to the present day. Vigée le Brun, that graceful portrait-painter of seductive coquetry and of motherhood, Rosa Bonheur, those followers of the Impressionist School, Miss Cassat and Berthe Morisot, Maria Bashkirtsev, who died so prematurely, that powerful Russian woman-sculptor Golubkina, a few others less talented, and the list is complete.

True, that which women have bequeathed to Humanity's Treasury of Art is incomparably more than might be supposed from this meagre list. It is they who have been the unseen, the unknown collaborators of art. It is they who made the lace, embroidered the materials, wove the carpets. They raised the artistic level of life by their æsthetic aspirations. That in these our days of men's dark and uniform dress women have hitherto retained the beauty of their clothing is not without significance. But for the blossoming of the living and tender flower of individual inspiration favourable circumstances were required—the fresh air of freedom and scope for the development of personal initiative. These were almost entirely denied to women.

Natalie Goncharova is one of the few women artists who, owing to her rich individuality and to persistent hard work, have attained to an independent spirit.

She was born in 1881; her father, an architect, belongs to an old family, whose ancestor, in the time of Peter the Great, was one of the founders of the first business establishments in Russia. Her great-aunt on her father's side was the wife of one

THE QUEEN OF THE MERMAIDS

AFTER A PAINTING (IN THE COLLECTION OF M. ZETLIN, PARIS), BY N. GONCHAROVA.
DESIGN FOR THE RUSSIAN BALLET PERFORMED IN THE UNITED STATES, 1916

of Russia's greatest poets, Pushkin. Her mother comes of an old and distinguished family of ecclesiastics, the Bieliaevs. Until Natalie was eleven years old she lived entirely in the country, and has always retained a love of nature and an aversion to crowds. From her earliest childhood she was fond of drawing, but only later discovered her artistic vocation. When her school-days were over she studied history, and even medicine, but having seen which way her path lay she entered the School of Painting and Sculpture at Moscow. There she achieved a brilliant success in her sculpture classes under Prince Paul Trubetskoi, received a medal, and after three years' study left the school. At the school she had made the acquaintance of the painter Michael Larionov, who greatly influenced her further artistic development.

Between the years 1900 and 1912 Natalie Goncharova produced a great number of sculptures, pictures, and illustrations. She is richly gifted with creative genius, as versatile and as productive as that of the greatest artists. She has trodden the long road of pupil and seeker. But even as a pupil the real artist is original ; his attempts are often successful and always interesting. Goncharova absorbed many and various artistic impressions ; but she was exacting, definite, and anatomic in her tastes. She only learnt, she was only receptive to that which satisfied the requirements and questionings of her nature. Russian icons, Byzantine mosaics, the old Russian pictures and wooden images of Christ, Breughel the elder, El Greco, the Barbizon School, Cézanne, Gauguin, Henri Rousseau and Picasse all influenced her ; she worked in many styles, even cubism, futurism, and rayonism, as affected by Larionov. Everything she produced during these years was done in all seriousness. At times it was somewhat naïve ; but her work ever betrayed a great sense of form and harmony of colouring. She possesses, however, a quality which is quite innate and completely original, a kind of organic and unusually happy blending of a religious sense of faith in Christ, and an almost pagan joy in the brightness and sunshine of life. As one looks at her pictures one is struck at once by her faith in God and by her almost child-like uncontrolled delight.

I will not dwell in detail on her pictures ; they are little known to the English public. Moreover, to discuss them

would involve raising all those much disputed questions of contemporary art which could not be adequately treated within the limits of this article.

In the last few years Natalie Goncharova has taken to working in a sphere new to her. The results of this work are better known in the West, for I refer to her scenic painting.

Until the present day the arts of the drama and of painting were almost entirely unconnected. Scenery for the theatre used to be painted, not by artists, but, in most cases, by theatre decorators. This state of affairs only lately underwent a change, when the most successful experiments in combining theatre scenery and painting were achieved by Dyagilev in his opera and ballet *mise en scène*. All those who are interested in art are acquainted with his work, as also with the artistic achievements of Bakst, Benois, Golovin, Roerich, and others. The immense possibilities of this form of art attracted Natalie Goncharova. According to her own account, it was Michael Larionov who first divined her talent as an artist-decorator, and advised her to employ her energy in that direction.

Like other great phenomena in art, her theatrical inspiration, notwithstanding its novelty, is derived from tradition. Its roots lie deep buried in the soil of Russia's national culture. It was not in vain that she was brought up in a family which had its own traditions, and that she spent her childhood in the country. And not only the Russian country, but the atmosphere of the Russian peasant's imagination made a great impression on her from her earliest years. In the Government of Tula, where she was born and where she lived, the women kept to their old and brilliantly coloured costumes, to the old materials, embroidery, and ornaments, and there also the Russian songs and legends of long ago are to be heard. Natalie Goncharova came into an artistic inheritance. To equip the artist with such unerring boldness of eye and hand required many generations of arduous labour, ant-like work, ample taste and means. It is as if the decorative sense of millions of her unknown sisters, purified and transformed in the furnace of her individual creative genius, had found expression therein.

It was well for the drama that Goncharova was attracted to

this form of painting. Without attempting to estimate achievements of contemporary art, one must, nevertheless, recognise the value of its problems and its aims. The theatre, owing to its specific requirements, exerted a moderating influence and did not allow unlimited freedom of action ; consequently, Natalie Goncharova in her scenic decorations remains a present-day artist, and her work charms even those who would turn away from her cubic or futurist pictures. In all her *mise en scène* we find studied synthesis and simplicity, as well as individuality. Her colouring is brilliant and full-toned, her lines simple and powerful.

Her first theatrical successes were *The Fan*, Goldoni's comedy, and *Zobenda's Marriage*, by Hofmansthal, which were given at Moscow. Venice of the eighteenth century and all the fascination of the East were revived on the stage. But, together with a careful study of old miniatures and costumes, they presented the result of inspired fantasy and synthesis. When a certain well-known art critic saw one single costume for *The Fan* he was indignant, and exclaimed, "This cannot be, it is an anachronism !" But when he saw the whole thing together on the stage, with costumes and decoration, he changed his opinion. The spirit of ancient Venice came to life before his eyes, and he realised that any mistakes or anachronisms were intentional, and that they were advantageous to the scene as a whole. It is just the same in *The Coq d'Or* and *Sadko.*

In *The Coq d'Or* all Natalie Goncharova's brilliant imagination, inspired by legendary lore, revealed itself. The spectators, like children listening to a fairy tale, forget reality, and are transported to another land, where grow strange trees, where blossom strange flowers, where glitter dazzling costumes. One's heart beats fast, one catches one's breath, one is seized by some strong gust of free inspiration, for it is the effect of true art, raising and setting one free. They who have seen *The Coq* can never forget her original humour, the uniforms of Tsar Dadok's army, nor his wooden horse, which he had to mount by means of a ladder. And just the same brilliant imagination reveals itself in *Sadko*, where the spectator is charmed by the submarine kingdom of Tsmielo, set off by subaquatic costumes and features and all the

colouring as if it were reflected in the water. Moreover, Goncharova displays a very subtle understanding of the stage and its effects. She knows how to adapt red costumes to the lighting, she cannot conceive costumes without motion, she sees them whirling in a dance ; she bears details in mind as well as the whole.

Natalie Goncharova is still at the beginning of her work, which promises many new developments.

AMARI.
Translated by ADELINE LISTER KAYE.

III

LITERATURE

DOSTOEVSKY

O BROTHER, take my hand across the grave,
Because of all the gifts you left to me ;
The balm, the tears, the fragrant charity,
That heal the sore, and make the fearful brave.

You saw beyond the mortal veil of flesh,
You comforted the soul upon the rack ;
The citadel that brutal passions sack,
The bird made captive in a deadly mesh.

You fell into the uttermost abyss,
And there, amidst the ashes and the dust,
You spoke no word of anger or of pride ;
You found the print of steps divine to kiss,
You looked right upwards to the stars, you cried :
" Hosanna to the Lord, for He is just."

MAURICE BARING.

SOME ADVENTURES AMONG RUSSIAN FICTION,

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

THE glory of Russian literature used to be dimmed for Englishmen by a veil of bad translation. Terrible English translations of Russian masterpieces exist to this day—rivalling in turpitude the French translations of Dickens—but of late years honest, courageous, and capable translators have begun to appear; at any rate one has appeared, and the glory is seen more brightly. I employ the words "honest" and "courageous" of the new school of translators, because so many of the old gang, whatever their equipment, had the cowardly habit of shirking difficulties and the dishonest habit of concealing that any difficulties had been shirked. However, my first recollections of Russian literature are not embittered by the sins of translators. The first Russian author I remember reading was Dostoevsky, about a quarter of a century ago. A series of Dostoevsky stories, mostly minor stories, was published in imperfectly bound greenish volumes at that period by, I think, Bickers of Leicester Square. There were, among others, *The Friend of the Family*, *Uncle's Dream*, and *The Gambler*. I cannot recall that the translations as such made any impression on me whatever; they certainly did not annoy me. As for the stories themselves, they did not make much impression on me either, but I can remember that Dostoevsky seemed to me to be chiefly remarkable for mild humour. That he was a novelist of the first rank assuredly did not occur to me. At one time, later, I wondered how in the first stage it could have seemed to me that Dostoevsky was chiefly remarkable for mild humour. But now that my acquaintance with his works is more complete, I have to admit that

the first impression was not utterly wrong. Dostoevsky *is* often mildly (if very subtly) humorous. His *Journal of an Author*, for example, not yet translated into English, is often most determinedly humorous in style, and in such tales as the man who was accidentally swallowed by a crocodile (also not yet translated) he becomes positively farcical. . . . I dropped Dostoevsky, and thought no more of him for many years.

Of course I read Tolstoi, in the translations of the epoch. I raved fashionably about *Anna Karenina* and *The Death of Ivan Ilyitch*, but I could not embark upon *War and Peace*,—it was too formidably long. When, after a considerable interval, I re-read *Anna Karenina* and *Ivan Ilyitch*, in the excellent translations of Mrs. Constance Garnett, I was forced to modify my ancient enthusiasm for *Anna Karenina*. I had always deemed it vitiated by an excessively faulty construction ; and now I found it hard, often otiose, dull in its exactitudes, and too concerned about externals. For me, on the whole, it lacked poetry. To this judgment I still adhere, while not denying its huge masterfulness nor its good title to a European reputation. I then came to grips with *War and Peace*, which is a finer book than *Anna Karenina*. *War and Peace* is nearly as fine as anything there is. It is a staggering production for a young man,—Tolstoi was in the thirties when he wrote it. It makes you comprehend that there simply are no novels in English, and very few in French. The effect of the unsentimentalised annals of the home life of Pierre and Natasha after all the battles are over is one of the finest tonic effects in the entire range of fiction. No " great " English novelist would have even begun to get it, because he would have sentimentalised the situation and made his helpless puppets live happily ever afterwards. I suppose that there is no historical novel to compare with *War and Peace*. Gogol's *Taras Bulba*, a jolly boyish tale with a contemptible plot and some splendid, roaring mediæval pictures, cannot compare with it. But Gogol may not yet be judged in English. Though I am willing to believe that *Dead Souls* is a colossal masterpiece of sardonic humour, absolute conviction must abide the issue of an English version that can be read without tears of

exasperation. We need a complete Gogol in this country. *Ukraine Nights* is a strange and wonderful book.

Some time after the publication in the Pseudonym Library of small books by less than great writers, such as Goncharov and Korolenko, the great Turgenev vogue began in Britain. It was due in the main to Edward and Constance Garnett. Mrs. Garnett's translations gave confidence; Mr. Garnett's introductions constituted something new in English literary criticism; they cast a fresh light on the art of fiction, completing the fitful illuminations offered by the essays of Mr. George Moore. In a short time *On the Eve* was, for eager young Englishmen of letters, the greatest novel ever written, and Bazarov, in *Fathers and Children*, the most typical character ever created by a novelist. Tolstoi receded, and Dostoevsky went clean out of sight. We knew that the Russians put Dostoevsky first and Turgenev third of the three, but we had no hesitation in deciding that the Russians did not thoroughly understand their own literature and that we did. We found social and political reasons why the Russians could not truly appreciate Turgenev. We were utterly convinced that Turgenev had carried imaginative narrative art further than any man, and that Balzac was clumsy by the side of him.

I still hold to this opinion. I do not think that any artist ever achieved more immaculate results with a more exquisite economy of means than Turgenev. Even in mere adroitness neither de Maupassant nor Chekhov is his match. And yet I have gradually come round to the Russian estimate of Turgenev. It was in Paris that the first doubts as to Turgenev's pre-eminence were sown in my mind. I met there a growing body of opinion whose oriflammes were Dostoevsky and Stendhal. Naturally I pitied these youthful Frenchmen for falling into the same error as the Russians. Then I lay awake at nights with the horrid thought: Is it conceivable that *On the Eve* is not the greatest novel ever written, and that Turgenev lacked some quality? Then I read *The Brothers Karamazov* in French—there was no English translation. The French translation was bad—markedly inferior to the admirable French translations of Turgenev—and the translator (as I afterwards learnt) had

had the infelicitous idea of omitting, among other things, the whole of the first part of the book. The perusal of *The Brothers Karamazov*, even in the shorn and unfaithful French version, left me a changed man, for the novel is both more true and more romantic than any other whatsoever. The change has been slowly consolidated by the appearance of volume after volume of Mrs. Constance Garnett's translation (the only complete translation in any language). Turgenev's value has not lessened for me, but Dostoevsky's has enormously increased.

Just as Stendhal cured me and many others of Flaubertism, so Dostoevsky cured us of Turgenevism. These two authors have survived throughout the period of the idolatry of technique inaugurated by Flaubert and closed by the flawless failures of Élémir Bourges. Both of them were free of that perverse self-consciousness of the artist which at bottom is the cover for a lack of inspiration and of interest in life itself. Both were far too interested in life to be unduly interested in art. Both were the truculent enemies of dilettantism in any form. Stendhal jeered at preciosity by deliberately imitating the style of the Code Napoléon ; and Dostoevsky's portrait of Turgenev is vicious,—it is indeed a blot on the magnanimity of the most benevolent of novelists. Dostoevsky in particular wrote hurriedly ; he tumbled the stuff out of himself pell-mell. He excelled in sheer impressiveness because he had a more universal and authentic sympathy and a deeper comprehension of human nature than anybody else. Dostoevsky abhorred artifice, if he ever thought about artifice. He never tried for effects. He did not know what it was to be " literary." He wrote novels as if he was eagerly talking to you, neither artlessly nor artfully, but in full bursting possession of his subject. Some novelists perform as though they were conjurors in evening-dress. Dostoievsky worked like a skilled workman with his sleeves rolled up and his hairy forearms showing. Or he may be likened to the master of a great sailing-ship. He will bring a novel safely to a climax and a close amid terrific stresses as a Scotch captain rounds Cape Horn in a gale,—and you are on board !

It is characteristic of the baffling variousness of art that the next great Russian influence was Chekhov, who happened to

be a supreme example of the dandiacal conjuring school. As Dostoevsky may be linked with Stendhal, so may Chekhov with de Maupassant. Chekhov was every bit as accomplished a virtuoso as de Maupassant. He beat de Maupassant in range because, unlike de Maupassant, he was free from the erotic obsession. Chekhov wrote a vast quantity of sketches which have no permanent value, but at his best he is unequalled in the technique of the short story, and his only rival in impressiveness on the same scale is Joseph Conrad. Finer stories than *The Moujiks*, *Ward No. 6*, *The Ravine*, and a few others have never been written. They have all the qualities of de Maupassant plus the unique poignancy of Chekhov. We must, however, await a critical and adequate edition of Chekhov before we can arrive at a full judgment of him. (It is coming.) Some of his tales have been tolerably translated, others execrably. The best have been "done into English" several times, and reappear in different volumes under different titles by different translators. Grave trouble awaits the bibliographers of the future, and the readers of the present are sometimes involved in needless expense, and so regard themselves as swindled.

I might have mentioned many other Russian novelists of value, but it has been my fortune to encounter only one who can be ranked with the five great ones. I mean Schedrin, whose masterpiece, *The Golovlev Family*, seems to me to be a work of the very first order. It has just been translated into English, but I have read it only in the French version, *Les Messieurs Golovleff*, by Polonsky and Debesse, published by Savine, Paris.

ARNOLD BENNETT.

TOLSTOI AND DOSTOEVSKY, BY A. L. VOLYNSKY

TRANSLATED BY AUGUSTA M. CAMPBELL DAVIDSON

THE clock struck twelve. From all round the table rose a confused noise as those present exchanged New Year wishes, with much drinking of healths and loud clinking of champagne glasses. In the silence which ensued when all were calm again there rose up a tall old man with flashing eyes and long snow-white hair. As though repressing some inward emotion, he began to speak in a low soft voice which little by little grew stronger and more resonant.

"I have been asked to say a few words about Russian literature —that literature which I love as the noblest creation of the Russian people, and which is associated in my mind with the brightest hopes for the future. I believe that its thought, its ideals, its moral point of view, will one day be a great and glorious force in the historic life of Russian society. Society, in the realities of life, will tread the path along which literature has travelled in its visions and its hopes. I mean to say that the Russian nation will become worthy of its men of literary genius, that it will create, if I may so express myself, a social body for its soul. The dreams of Tolstoi and Dostoevsky will assume human flesh! Perhaps you will say to me that these two writers differ entirely in the character of their beliefs and of their ideals, that it is impossible to pursue at the same time the ideals of Tolstoi and the ideals of Dostoevsky because between them yawns an impassable abyss.

"True. Such is the case. But between these sharply opposed thinkers a higher reconciliation is possible—a synthesis of the ideals of Tolstoi and Dostoevsky, and this synthesis will give a new impulse to literature. . Let us consider for a moment in what

precisely the greatness of Tolstoi consists, his greatness on Russian soil—both as a writer and as a thinker. It would be impossible to imagine a more national art than his or one more congenial to the Russian temperament. You read him, and all the time you see before you that of which he is speaking, exactly as though with your own eyes; you live through the mental history of his characters with the same sense of personal relation to it as they themselves would have felt—the pulse of the reader beats in unison with theirs. And all is, as it were, coloured by national thought, independent and at the same time universal. But the greatness of Tolstoi consists not only in this. This side of his creative genius expresses only the elemental, unconscious strength of the Russian nation—that which comes to genius from above. But sometimes through the stately epic of this Russian Homer flash the lightnings of a vividly conscious intellect which sees with clear exactness that which can be but vaguely apprehended by the dim perceptions of the heart. It is then that Tolstoi indicates some mighty problem for the Russian nation, some great course for her future. I am speaking now of the irresistible rush of ideas which is characteristic of all his imaginative work. His thoughts flow under more restraint in his journalistic and philosophical articles, but here in his purely literary art the stream of his thought is broader, fuller, as it were more resonant and elemental. In it is heard the voice of the spirit of Russia—a spirit conscious and at the same time unconscious of itself—a vast thought in which the truth reveals itself, possessed of an intuitive perception of the Deity. In all the literature of the world I do not know anything more magnificent than these revelations of an artistic philosophy, which burst, as it were, upon the reader in certain chapters of *War and Peace*. Do you remember the scene where Andrei Volkonsky falls upon the field of battle? Suddenly, in a single moment, a new truth reveals itself to him. He sees above him the lofty, distant, illimitable sky, and within him is, as it were, reborn all that relates to his moral perceptions—to his relations with life. Now he understands them differently. Now Napoleon with all his earthly power—that genius of war and conquest—seems to him a small and insignificant figure, undeserving of any interest. Volkonsky sees earthly things as from the heights

of heaven, and human life receives for him another and a higher significance ; it moves, and must move, to that goal whither it is summoned by a kind and righteous Heaven. From out of the obscure perceptions of his spirit flows another and a different truth, transcending human experience, a broad reasoning from which comes a fresh appraisement of all earthly values.

" From the point of view of the intellectual and social advancement of the Russian nation there is immense significance in the fact that Tolstoi, even to the end, meditated upon this question and worked it out to its final logical conclusion, for it is by systematic thought and judgment that the road is made clear along which history must proceed. In this sense Tolstoi is a typically intellectual writer, because the intellect, as opposed to the soul with its emotional energies, its blind passions and partialities, always evokes in man a complex process of reasoning; he comes forth, as it were, out of darkness, out of unconsciousness, out of obscure perceptions and mental states, and immediately burns with the clear flame of consciousness. The soul does not love to philosophise. It loves the subjective, the concrete, the particular, all the intoxication of the moment, the splendour of the romance of the 'ego.' The intellect, on the contrary, always philosophises, it always regards a question objectively, it generalises and contemplates those universal laws under which the particular always presents itself in subordination to the general. It steeps itself in the contemplation of these things, and beyond the ecstasy of illuminating thought it beholds the universal truths of life—needful to all, binding upon all.

" When I say that Tolstoi is a thoroughly intellectual writer, I say at the same time that in the nation which has given him birth not only do there exist great unconscious forces of poetic and creative art, but there are already sown the seeds of a great harvest of conscious intellectual thought. And this thought must go on to develop itself on the brilliant lines along which the art of the Russian nation moves ; it must give to this nation strength to be true to itself, in its history, in its actions, in its social organisation.

" Tolstoi fixes his gaze upon those moral ideas which must

revivify humanity as a whole and infuse fresh energy into the broad movements of its social life.

" He thinks of the human soul, not in relation to individualism and the personal development of the individual man, but in its relation to that ' righteous ' and ' kindly ' Heaven before whose presence all are of the same value — all equal in their infinite littleness.

" He is a writer, epic in the best sense of the word, by whose voice speaks the national intellect, making known to the whole universe its irresistible leaning towards objective moral truths."

The aged enthusiast paused, cast his eyes over the assembly, and, seeing that he was being listened to, began to speak again, with increased energy and verve.

" I said that the art of Tolstoi is flooded with conscious thought—immense, majestic, not less remarkable than that art itself, and that this thought, mild and compassionate, develops itself on broad comprehensive lines. But now we have before us Dostoevsky—another hero of contemporary Russian literature, the zealous apostle of Russian nationality. The intellect of this man flames more fiercely to the sky than does that of Tolstoi ; his thought, penetrating and devastating, soars into the empyrean and plumbs the lowest depths. In this respect there is no writer who can be compared to Dostoevsky, not only in Russian literature but in that of the whole world. He states the problem of humanity and God from a point of view opposite to that from which it is propounded by Tolstoi ; that is to say, from the individualistic standpoint. His art is full of a literary dialectic, in which is outlined the relation between mankind and the Deity, between the individual will and the absolute mind of the universe, between the passions of humanity and its recurring moods of religious ecstasy. His art does not give a picture of human society as a whole ; it merely represents man in the process of his psychological transformation and his intellectual regeneration. It shows us man, in the conflict with his older self, with his ' demon personality,' little by little forming for himself a new soul, a new flesh, and going forward to that bourne beyond which a new life shall begin for him. Across the raging whirlpool of the contradictions between flesh and spirit he brings

humanity over to new shores and points out to it a new unending road. This road is not that of which Tolstoi dreams ; but the very need for a new road is significant here—a need which for him, as for Tolstoi, stood for a conscious idea.

" I should say that the difference between these two master minds of Russian literature is this : that Tolstoi sees beyond his God the humanity of the future, morally noble and kindly and good ; he sees it as part of an immense whole which, following the path of individual moral improvement, shall little by little become ennobled in its instincts and, ordering itself aright before the face of Heaven, shall press forward toward its own spiritual and earthly good. This mental attitude is typical of an epic talent ! Tolstoi thinks of humanity as ripening in the boundless harvest-field of the future, gently fanned by the breath of a kind and righteous Heaven.

" With Dostoevsky all is different. In his works the thunder rolls from a lowering Byzantine sky, whence flash the lightnings of a passionate hatred of all that does not pray to his God—his Byzantine God. But setting aside his Byzantine dogmatics—majestic and intense, but not a natural growth of Russian soil,—his creative genius still remains an organic and intellectually independent force, of a kind which possesses immense significance for the present time. This great searcher of hearts contemplates man in his tragic experiences, in all the torments of his importunate thought on metaphysical subjects, in those logical and psychological processes from which for a complex nature there is no way of escape, and which it is impossible to suppress in man by any purely moral considerations.

" To Dostoevsky Heaven does not appear so bright, so kindly, or so just as it appears to Tolstoi. For Dostoevsky its heights are full of apocalyptic visions—visions not only of healing blessings but also of a seductive beauty which kindles in the human soul destructive fires.

" And in that new path which he points out to humanity he sees, not that moral idyll which is in the mind of Tolstoi, but an eternal dialectic, an eternal struggle, an eternal revolt of the earthly will, and an eternal advance to higher truths through the rapture of sacrifice.

"This is where Dostoevsky reveals himself as a typical representative of contemporary thought and, so to speak, as the point of departure of a new wave of energy in life and literature. He loves a complex, meditative character, and searches out all the depths of such a soul, pointing out to it the goal of life, not in the yearning for peaceful earthly happenings but in the labour of the intellect, in the ceaseless search for the Deity, in the spiritualisation of beauty.

"And so we pass beyond Tolstoi and beyond Dostoevsky. We must have a synthesis—a synthesis which shall combine the eternal majesty which belongs to Tolstoi with the unchanging truth and profound logical and psychological analysis of Dostoevsky.

"Tolstoi was strongly imbued with a feeling of the intimate union between the man and humanity—the oneness of the individual and the race; the man and his humanity are thought of simultaneously, the one cannot be separated from the other. To Tolstoi a man is part of a vast universe; to Dostoevsky, on the contrary, he is in himself a sort of world, though in close touch with other worlds, with other persons, but moving in a kind of darkness, far away from the sluggishly living crowd, absorbed in convulsive yearnings after God, all unknown to his fellow-men. For him man lives in an awful loneliness, apparently with no perception of aught beyond himself or his own emotions, of aught beyond what takes place within himself.

"Dostoevsky! This name covers the whole field of contemporary life. Russian society throughout the course of long ages has lived in isolation from its own vital forces, lonely in its psychical and mental activities, its original minds, isolated from what is regarded as the mass of the commonplace. But the profoundly critical moment of the break with the ancient, too simple, conceptions has gone by, and forces are gathering for the construction of a new system of reasoning. The intellectual forces developed by society have hitherto lived in an æsthetic individualism, and devoted themselves to the search for a new metaphysic. But it seems to me that a new era is approaching. Having passed beyond the psychological dialectic of Dostoevsky and absorbed from it its finest essençe, its passion, its enthusiasm,

the man of to-day begins to feel himself set on a new road. He begins to see the one-sidedness of the individualistic cult, he begins to gravitate towards the social ideal, to perceive the bond which unites him with humanity. He is no longer inclined to call it commonplace; he fixes his eyes, not on its banality but on its sufferings, on its aspiration towards the truth, its indefeasible right to the perfecting of its earthly life and to the free poetry of heaven. A new man is being born whose new and single will is bent towards life, but acts under the impulse of a conscious, individual religion. And this new man, for the clothing with flesh of his lofty ideas, takes again into his hand that ancient but trusty instrument, solidarity with society and with humanity. And he, this new man, will cause a new wave of energy to flow through literature, not a one-sided analytical creation in the province of personal psychology, but a synthetic creation in which personality, with all the riches of its psychological and philosophical constitution and its manifold needs, shall appear as the living tabernacle of a mighty organism.

"Deeply significant influences are beginning to make themselves felt in human life, or rather, to speak more exactly, deeply significant work is beginning in the world of literature, a new wave of inspiration is surely coming over Russian literary art.

"Let us drink then, gentlemen, to the renewal of our own life and to the renewal of Russian literature!"

A. VOLYNSKY.

Translated by AUGUSTA M. CAMPBELL DAVIDSON.

HOW FAR RUSSIA KNOWS ENGLAND

By N. I. Karêev, Professor of Modern History at the University of Petrograd

Translated by Adeline Lister Kaye

If the question were put to me whether more were known of England in Russia or of Russia in England, I should without a moment's hesitation answer that question by saying that England is a great deal more and better known in Russia than Russia in England. Naturally I can only compare in both countries the intelligent, the well-educated classes, especially the learned, the literary, the journalists, politicians, and public men, all who constitute the cultured section of the community, or who are very closely connected with it, who are interested in science, literature, art, who read serious newspapers and reviews, or in some way or other come into contact with politics, etc.

First of all, there can be no doubt that a knowledge of the English language is incomparably more diffused in Russia than the Russian language is in England. I shall not deal with the cause of this, and still less do I intend to attach to it any importance. I merely state the fact. Of course if we were to compare the extent to which the English language is known in Russia with the extent to which German or French is known, we should find that English is very little known ; but, if it were possible to obtain statistics of all those Russians who could read or speak English, the figures would be quite surprising.

I am not speaking of the aristocratic vogue for English among those families who can have English governesses and tutors for their children. I have in mind those who study English in public or private schools, or in many cases teach themselves.

They may not learn to speak it, but they learn to read it. And among this number are many who translate English books into Russian, write articles on English politics, on public or economic affairs, on English erudition, literature, and so forth in the newspapers and reviews, and thus inform the Russian public of all that is most important and is actually happening in England. Moreover, a large number of English poetical works and novels have been translated into Russian, besides works on philosophy, history, law, political economy, natural history, and so on. For instance, several translations of Shakespeare and Byron have been in existence for some time, and also illustrated editions of them with notes. The most recent poets are also translated, studied, and annotated. English novelists too enjoy a certain popularity, and every year a considerable number of their works are translated. Not a few scientific and philosophic books have become widely popular in Russia, and have consequently been issued in several editions and translations. Of those writers who in their day were most popular, I might mention John Stuart Mill, Buckle, Darwin, Spencer. The reading public can, in Russian translations, become conversant with the history of England through the works of such authorities as Gardiner, Green, Freeman, MacCarthy, Macaulay, Seeley, Traill, and so forth, not excluding either such writers on the economic history of England as Ashley, Gibbon, Cunningham, Toynbee, and others. Specific works have also been translated, such as Gammage on Chartism, Jefferson on Public Speaking. Works on the English constitution such as those of Anson, Dicey, and Lowell also exist in Russian translations.

Not satisfied merely with English literature, Russian translators turn for a closer acquaintance with England to other literatures containing anything important. For instance, among French books on the history of England and on its literature, Boutmy, Guizot, Taine, and others have been translated; so among German books have Bernstein on social reforms in the seventeenth century, Gneist, Redlich on local administration. One could devote a good deal of space merely to names if one wished to treat the subject exhaustively.

It naturally follows that none of these translations would

find buyers or readers unless among the general public there were people not only interested in England, its history, its constitution and public life, but more or less grounded in the subjects of these books, and capable without any special effort of understanding them. This interest and this knowledge are partly facilitated by the schools and partly by the literary popularisation of England in pamphlets, articles, etc.

The Russian middle schools, which are attended by youths and maidens of eighteen and nineteen, include in their programme not only the history of their own country, but universal history, and among the latter the history of western Europe in the Middle Ages and in modern times. English history from the time of the settlement of the Anglo-Saxons in Britain forms part of their course on the Middle Ages. I shall cite one of these school manuals divided into two parts. In the one (the Middle Ages), containing two hundred and twenty pages of text, not counting those dealing with England's share in the Crusades and the Hundred Years' Anglo-French Wars, there are about twenty pages devoted to the internal history of England, in which the greatest importance is attributed to Magna Carta and the founding of the Parliament. The second part (Modern History) contains about three hundred and twenty pages, over thirty of which, again not including those referring to England's share in the Wars of the Period, are reserved for England. Thus Russian school manuals contain a fifty-page summary of England's internal history, and although a good deal of that may be forgotten, some of it is retained, and forms a basis on which to accumulate new information derived from the numerous popular books on particular individuals, events, or phenomena of English history, and also from articles on contemporary life published in monthly periodicals and newspapers. These articles are read with very great interest, are subsequently collected and bound, and find yet other readers. Take, for example, Mr. Dioneo's[1] (pseudonym) correspondence from London, which was afterwards collected in two volumes. Then the Russian periodical press carefully follows all that happens in England, thus sustaining the interest of the public. By the quantity of

[1] See pp. 132-141 for his contribution to this volume.

material distributed every month, the average Russian reader can follow the inner life of the English nation. This has been going on for some time. It does not merely date from the moment when England became an ally of Russia. Even when Russian public opinion did not approve of England's foreign policy, educated people in Russia were most sympathetically interested in her internal affairs. Besides all this, not only are English books and books on England translated and much information on present-day conditions disseminated, but the past and present English nation is studied independently. In Russian universities and the higher women's courses, which are being more and more transformed into regular universities, the classes for professors and students not infrequently treat of England. Among the professors of history, law, economics, one could name a number of specialists on England who have worked in English libraries and among English archives, and are therefore sometimes known in England if their work—which, alas! happens somewhat rarely—be translated into English. One of these Russian scholars is Professor Paul Vinogradoff,[1] who occupies a chair at Oxford University. His work on the Social History of England in the Middle Ages is well known. Other scholars who have studied independently at various periods of English history are: Petrushevsky, who wrote on the Wat Tyler insurrection; A. Savin, who wrote on English country life under the Tudors and the secularisation of the monasteries in England in the seventeenth century (translated into English); Krusman, who published a great work on the forerunners of Humanism in England; Storojenko, a student of Shakespeare and his predecessors (very well known to English students of Shakespeare); Kuznetsov, who recently published a book about the House of Commons in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; V. Deryujinsky, who wrote on the Habeas Corpus Act; and more especially M. Kovalevsky,[2] who in his books and minor works, covering a period of forty years, very frequently referred to England. There are also a considerable number of

[1] See *post*, Part VIII., for his article on "The Task of Russia."

[2] M. Kovalevsky, before his death in 1916, took a lively interest in this book, to which he had promised a contribution.

Russian economists who quite independently and most methodically have discussed England's attitude towards questions of Irish government, Free Trade, etc. Apart from such erudite researches, many of the above-named writers, as well as other university professors, historians, theologians, lawyers, and economists have contributed to make popular a thorough study of England. Among them I would call attention to several writers not belonging to any university who may be regarded as authorities on English affairs. One of these is Mr. Ostrogorsky, former member of the First Imperial Duma, known in England by his great work in two volumes, published in English and French, on *Democracy and the Organisation of Political Parties in England and the United States of America.* Mr. Mijuev, too, has done a great deal to acquaint Russian readers with the system of teaching in the primary and secondary schools, besides writing a book on Britain's Colonial Empire and a popular review of English history in the nineteenth century. On the whole, all that has been done in Russia with regard to the study of England and in order to acquaint the Russian public with that country would form a voluminous work, filled with the names of authoritative persons.

Moreover, in the Russian higher schools opportunities are afforded to those intending to pursue studies in this direction. There are special lectures in the English language in all the higher schools. Further, in the Historico-Philological Faculties, courses are given and papers are set on English history, literature, constitution, and administration. Finally, we more and more frequently find young men intending to follow a student's career selecting as special subjects various questions connected with past or contemporary England. One must assume that political unity will only draw the two nations together more closely, and that their mutual acquaintance will now proceed more rapidly.

Nevertheless, in spite of all that has been said, we must acknowledge that to the educated classes France and Germany are better known than England. One reason is that Germany is Russia's next-door neighbour, and ever since the time of Peter the Great there have been among us Germans occupying prominent positions. French influence on Russia also dates very

far back; it began in the middle of the eighteenth century. Anglo-Russian relations began very much later, and were not so vigorously maintained. If the English language is more widely known in Russia than Russian in England, it remains, all the same, a long way behind French and German. Russian travellers to England have also been incomparably fewer than to the western continental countries, particularly the nearer ones, viz. Germany, Austria, and other regions, such as Switzerland, the Riviera, Italy, Paris, whither also great numbers of English people have always flocked. One may say that the knowledge of England in vogue among educated Russians has been principally derived from books, which means that it is confined chiefly to the cultured classes, among whom, of course, translators play a prominent part as intermediaries. The geographical inaccessibility of England, the inevitable sea voyage, so alarming to a land-loving people, the comparatively little English we can command, the cost of living in England, exaggerated accounts of its climate, and the political estrangement of the past have been reasons why Russian tourists have not been drawn to England. We must hope that some of these reasons will cease to exist in the future, that both nations will come to understand better and better each other's interests, to have an unprejudiced and sympathetic regard for the spiritual world of each other's national ego, to the benefit of both nations and of all mankind, which sooner or later must learn respect for the right of every people to be itself.

N. I. Karêev.

Translated by Adeline Lister Kaye.

SHAKESPEARE'S INFLUENCE ON THE SOUL OF RUSSIA, BY NESTOR KOTLYAREVSKY, Deputy President of the Academy founded by Nicolas II.

TRANSLATED BY AUGUSTA M. CAMPBELL DAVIDSON

THE influence which a great writer exerts upon human life may manifest itself in very different ways. He may found a school; he may have individual followers; he may help mankind towards the solution of this or that definite problem; or he may make his influence felt throughout the whole extent of our spiritual and intellectual "ego"—that mysterious something which we call the "soul" of man—and it is such an influence as this which has the most value in respect of moral and intellectual development. Nevertheless, to determine accurately the precise degree to which such a writer has modified our mental and spiritual outlook is in the highest degree difficult: such things are matters of intuitive perception and scarcely admit of precise definition.

In the ranks of those poets, native and foreign, who have been our teachers, Shakespeare has long held a place of his own, and certainly in days of old, when our creative achievement was inferior to that of the present time, we were more indebted to him for our intellectual enrichment than we are at the present day.

II

In Russia time moves quickly. Not so long ago there was absent from our national life one of those elements without which it is difficult for any of us even to imagine the life of mankind. We hardly knew the meaning of passion in the inward world of ideas. We were passionless—we, who for the last two decades

have been boiling in the cauldron of all the passions, genuine or artificial. To-day we are bundles of nerves and morbidly irritable ; our speech has acquired an intensity and a bitterness unknown before—our thought has acquired the trenchant sharpness of a keenly tempered blade ; our heart sometimes beats so violently that our neighbour can hear it. And yet there was a time, and that not so very remote from our own, when there was nothing of this.

At that time the Emperor Nicolas Pavlovich[1] sat upon the throne and together with him peace reigned for thirty years in Russia. It is true that on the distant frontiers, on the banks of the Danube, we used to fight with the Turks, waging war against them with primitive strategy ; in the Caucasus also for many a long year the sound of the guns was never silent. There many heroic deeds of reckless valour were done, but the sound of that warfare never echoed beyond those lofty mountain chains, it died into silence in our illimitable forests, our marshes and our valleys, unless perhaps it may have allured and enkindled the imagination of young men who found life dreary and stifling in farmhouses and in towns, or it may have stirred the romantic hearts of young maidens for whom a military uniform was not without attraction. In those days, too, we fought a campaign in Austria and for her sake pacified the Hungarians. For we had much at heart the integrity of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and we were specially anxious to please Francis Joseph, who is showing his gratitude to us at the present time.

But these skirmishings on distant frontiers, which in our day seem no more than mere manœuvres or expeditions, were the only events which, in the course of thirty long years, brought into our silent life any echo of the thunder of the world beyond.

The interior of the country was tranquil ; and the Emperor Nicolas Pavlovich loved tranquillity—except in the matter of military reviews and drilling. These things occurred everywhere and were carried on with great vigour, but they served rather to intimidate the peaceful inhabitants than to overawe the enemy, who, for his part, was watching for a favourable opportunity to pay us back for the curbing of Napoleon, the rescue of

[1] This Emperor reigned from 1825 to 1855.

Prussia, the defence of Austria, and the protection of the peasant population against the brutalities of the Turks.

The period was one of peace. And—if it is possible to describe whole epochs of history by one word—one may say that it was a period of passionlessness.

Placidly and tranquilly, except for some isolated peasant risings, we lived on remote farms lost in the wilds; life flowed peacefully on in the provincial capitals and towns, and quiet reigned over all the limitless expanse of our land, which was still without intercourse with the universe beyond.

III

This tranquillity, this passivity, are celebrated in glowing terms in the literature of the period—a literature which, though very imperfect, is yet a truthful chronicle or, as it were, confession, of a people destined by nature herself for a passionate relation to life.

The names of all the writers of these years awaken peaceful recollections in our minds: Jukovsky, placid and resigned perforce; Pushkin, after outliving a brief access of passion, spontaneous in the stately tranquillity of his works; Gogol, rarely allowing anything like passion to escape from him and hiding his feelings beneath tears and laughter. All the novelists of this period are representatives of what is called the romantic school. They desired to show themselves passionate; but they were cold in their treatment of everything save of the passion of love. That, certainly, has its value in life, but is not by any means a substitute for those greater passions which give to life its colour and its rhythm. The literary artists were calm, and their critics were calm too, for they allowed themselves to be passionate only in their desire to attain to a philosophic or æsthetic passionlessness, in which they might preserve the truth and universality of abstract thought.

There are, however, some other names which are, as it were, in close association with the idea of passion—Lermontov, Bêlinsky, Hertsen, Bakunin. But Hertsen and Bakunin so long as they lived in their native country never gave utterance to passion;

and when they had once discovered that life is impossible without it, they immediately fled from Russia. Finally, Lermontov was a singer of passion, but no less a singer of the longing for the passions and of wrath against those in whom the passions are but feeble. Bêlinsky's too was a passionate nature ; but how he wrestled with his passions and how he strove to convince himself that they were unintelligent !

Exceptions are always possible, indeed inevitable, and it would be useless to point them out in what is only a general discussion of the characteristics of the period.

IV

We are accustomed to look upon the theatre as the arena of the passions ; and dramatic action, which holds the spectators with especial force, is always a truthful index of the general mental attitude of society. But in this case there must be a reservation, for, when we speak of our theatre in its past or in its present, we must not ignore the dramatic censorship, which has always made a point of debasing theatrical representations as much as possible.

But in the time of the Emperor Nicolas the task of the censorship was simplified to the greatest possible extent by the fact that passion, even on the stage, was a thing of extreme rarity.

During that period it was in the drama more than in any other domain of artistic creation that we lived, so to speak, at the expense of others. It is true that we possessed examples of a kind of satire on individuals which was not without literary merit. But all genuine passions—those passions which form at once the setting and the motive power of human life—do not spring from the soil of irony and sarcasm ; comedy and laughter have no part in their development. It is tragedy and the serious drama which arouse passion and sustain it ; but at the time in question we possessed neither the one nor the other as a creation of the national genius ; our historical experience was still all too limited to permit of our voice making itself heard amidst the mighty chorus of the passions of the world. If we wanted to listen to some voice of passion, we must needs lend an ear to the sayings of our neighbours.

From the beginning of the eighteenth century the works of foreign dramatists, in which the universal passions found expression, began to be introduced slowly and cautiously upon our stage. But not a single drama—whether ancient, French, or German—was able to give us any conception of the nature of strong, deep, wholesome passion, or what is essentially the place of this passion in human life. The first to unfold this mystery to us was Shakespeare, and the huge multitudes who thronged to listen to his plays found in him, as it were, an individual guide and teacher.

V

It had been the endeavour of all dramatists to give advice, either openly or covertly, to the spectator. The adaptations of ancient Greek and of French tragedy, of sentimental comedy, of personal satire, the German drama of the " Sturm und Drang " period, the bourgeois melodrama, and even the frivolous vaudeville, were all didactic ; they invariably strove to point out to us how we should behave under similar circumstances, what to shun and what to strive for. Only from Shakespeare's plays was the didactic element absent ; he alone abstained alike from exhortation and from warning. In his plays there was nothing to prevent even so poorly equipped a spectator as was the Russian of those days from soothing himself with some moral maxim or another. Yet it is unlikely that even in these days any one coming out of a theatre after seeing *Hamlet*, *Lear*, *Othello*, or any other play of Shakespeare ever said to himself, " Do not hesitate long, but act," " Avoid ambition," " Do not allow yourself to judge your neighbour," " Do not be jealous without cause." Shakespeare did not teach a man how he should act under given circumstances, but what should be his attitude towards life in general. It is impossible to extract from his plays any philosophy of life, although his tragedies are full to overflowing of wise sayings. Always and everywhere the omnipotence of passion was dear to Shakespeare. We are accustomed to wonder at the number of characters and types which he has created, but not less amazing is the skill with which he represents passion in its victorious duel with

the soul of man. There is no dramatist who is such a master in the realm of the passions, be they never so diverse—none who can make the passions kindle and blaze and burn themselves out before our eyes as he does. To the dramatist of the ancient world a mighty and fatal passion seemed so alien to humanity that he represents it almost always as some spell or curse from the gods. At their command man is seized upon by passion, and afterwards it is they who release him from it if such be their will. In the Spanish drama many violent feelings were also attributed to the Divine interposition, and the sphere of action of these plays was accordingly more restricted ; they were narrower and less intense. In French classical tragedy also the passions were not allowed free play. Now and again in the German drama of the " Sturm und Drang " period, and in the romantic drama of France, the passions kindled brightly into flame, but for this they were for the most part indebted to Shakespeare.

VI

Then came a day when this anatomist, this physiologist, this delineator of the passions, displayed to his passionless Russian audience the living page of the history of the human soul. He showed them that man is the sport of his passions, not by any decree from above, but by the free action of his own heart and mind.

Characters wholly new to us appeared on the stage. They were consumed by the flames of passions which were not in themselves unknown to us—only we could not understand how they could burn so fiercely. Before our eyes love ascended the pyre and was consumed by torments and delights ; malice and hatred in their delirium revealed their secrets ; pride, vanity, and ambition whispered their hidden designs ; they triumphed or perished. We saw how the weak made themselves strong because their feelings and desires were strong ; how the strong became weak because passion had robbed them of their strength ; and, finally, we saw the man, who, longing to be strong and full of passion, nevertheless succumbed in the struggle with his own nature, attaining only in the moment of death to the satisfaction

of that longing. And that victim of the search for his own "ego," that unhappy Danish prince, was specially dear to our hearts.

Passion great and deep, definite and strong, was something quite remote from us. Yet all of us knew well that innate irresistible tendency, that longing to burn with passion, that tormenting desire to be done with the nightmare of doubt and hesitation! Night after night in those days we would go to the theatre to listen to the question "To be, or not to be?" And each of us could see himself in that tragedy of human life.

VII

But the curtain fell; we dispersed, we went home and knew that there there awaited us the same workaday stagnation. In dwellings splendid or poor, amidst callings humble or distinguished, in narrow circles or in wide, there awaited us a life of monotonous impassivity.

And we reflected: "This life which has just flashed by us on the stage certainly never was and never will be, but in it there is something which might exist and might beautify our lives. This something is free and powerful passion. For great and deep passions do exist—they have just been speaking to us from the stage; we know of them also from books, the great books of the world's literature, we know of them from the records of history—from *Plutarch's Lives* down to the *Memoirs of St. Helena*. Why is it, then, that in all that we see around us we can never feel them? Because round us are stirring only shallow passions, and of these there are so many in ourselves. And there are so many, perhaps, precisely because the great and vivifying passions have no place in our souls.

VIII

The years went by; and into our life came the knowledge of passion. Deep and strong, rushing, as it were, like a flood, making up for the time lost and growing ever stronger and stronger, it carried us away in its whirl.

How often in the last ten or fifteen years, when confronted by some unwonted situation in our individual, family, social, or political life, we would say, "What a dramatic situation! worthy of the pen of Shakespeare!" In these words was not a mere æsthetic appraisement of the fact which called them forth, but in them might be heard the note of grateful remembrance, seeing that for many long years the genius of Shakespeare had been closely associated in our memories with a lofty and tragic ideal of life. And the road to the secret of this ideal lay through the kingdom of the passions.

IX

How does our life respond to this call of the passions raging in the world of ideas? Have they any direct, immediate influence upon it? They have, incontestably, but it is indefinable even for those who have fallen under it, and another's eye, be it ever so keen, can never behold that mysterious "change of substance" in the human soul. Mighty is the world of ideas which teaches us how to bear ourselves towards the world of external facts. And there was a time in our lives when the tragedies of Shakespeare, like a book or like a spectacle, revealed to us that with which our souls had never reckoned, and foreshadowed with pictorial vividness that change which was inevitably to come upon us.

NESTOR KOTLYAREVSKY.

Translated by AUGUSTA M. CAMPBELL DAVIDSON.

IV

FOLK-LORE

THE GATES OF KITEJ, BY ZOE BUKHAROVA

TRANSLATED BY SUSETTE M. TAYLOR

IN the long tension of the sombre year
Neither to work nor even breathe is light . . .
That which arises from our people dear,
That only in these days of gloom is bright.
For prayer and tears and the funereal taper,
The woe and stress of war—all these, I trow,
Are tokens sent by Him, th' almighty Shaper :—
Near are the gates of Kitej city, know !
After the hurricane there follows calm ;
But not in vain the flight of each pure soul,
For not one life that grasped the martyr's palm
Will ever be erased from Time's long roll.
Beside the soldier's ever-radiant grave
The grateful flowers, in their nearness new
To righteousness, and strength and candour brave,
Will blow with sweeter scent and vivid hue.
By the brave spirit of our champions meek
For us, too, life and healing will be won.
And, in the coming, joyful world we seek,
We and our people, we shall be as one.

ZOE BUKHAROVA.

TRANSLATION OF THE RUSSIAN LEGEND OF ALEXANDER STELLETSKY'S PICTURES

She was like a river running on a bed of sugar,
Flowing as on muscat,
With banks of crystal,
And sands of pearls,
And stones of diamonds.

She was a clever maiden,
Clever and sensible,
Quiet and modest.
She was her Father's only daughter
And her Mother's only one—
Pelagèïa Fedorovna.

She paced her bright little parlour,
Went through the joyful hall to the tent—
Thus Pelageiushka joined, thus Fedorovna joined
Her promised swain, her elected one.

She awakened him and awakened him again :
" Arise, dear soul of mine,
Wake up, Father's son :
I come here not to eat nor drink
But to play with thee
All games of this village
And of other countries."

AFTER A PAINTING BY D. S. STELLETSKY

AFTER A PAINTING BY D. S. STELLETSKY

AFTER A PAINTING BY D. S. STELLETSKY

AFTER A PAINTING BY D. S. STELLETSKY

The game was lost by the white swan :
The dear and lovely maiden lost
The Italian scarf from her white neck
And gave it to her promised swain,
To her elected one.
The valiant youth was a loser too :
And gave from his right hand a golden ring
To his promised bride, to his elected one.

ANON

DUROCHKA

OR

THE TALE OF THE SILVER PLATE AND THE ROSY APPLE

TRANSLATED BY Z. SHKLOVSKY AND I. PEVNY

ONCE upon a time there lived a peasant and his wife. They had three daughters; the two eldest were gay, vain, and fond of dress, but the third was quiet and modest. She would work all day long for others, therefore every one called her Durochka, or "little fool," and nagged at her. But she never complained, and patiently obeyed all who ordered her about. The whole day long she heard nothing but "Do this, stupid girl," or, "Come here, little fool." One day her father was going to the fair. Before he went he promised to bring his daughters a present, and asked them what they would like. The eldest said: "Dear father, bring me some red stuff for a *sarafan*."[1] "And I should like some yellow stuff," said the second. But Durochka remained silent. Yet she too was a daughter; so, taking pity on her, her father said: "And what shall I bring you?" Then she replied: "Dear father, buy me a silver plate and a rosy-cheeked apple." "What are you going to do with them?" asked her sisters. "I shall spin the apple on the plate and say some words an old woman taught me when I gave her some bread."

Her father promised to bring the gifts, and went away. When he returned from the fair, he brought back what his daughters had asked for; for the eldest the red stuff for a *sarafan*,

[1] A *sarafan* is a special dress worn by the Russian peasant women. It is a long loose robe held by shoulder straps.

for the second the yellow stuff, and for the third, for Durochka, her silver plate with a rosy apple on it. The eldest daughters made themselves some beautiful *sarafans*, and, laughing at the youngest one, waited to see what she would do with her plate and apple. Durochka did not eat the apple, but sat in a corner, turned it round on its plate, and muttering to herself: "Turn, turn, little apple, on the silver plate. Show me towns, fields, forests, seas, high mountains, and the beautiful sky." And the little apple began to turn on the plate, rosy pink on silver. Then there appeared on the plate towns, ships on the seas, soldiers in the field, mountain tops, and beautiful sky. The glory of it all no pen can describe; it was more beautiful than any fairy tale you have ever heard.

Meanwhile the sisters were looking on and growing very jealous. They asked Durochka to exchange her silver plate and rosy apple for something else; but, as she refused, the sisters made up their minds to take them by force.

So they asked their sister to go with them to pick berries in the forest. Durochka gave her plate and apple into her father's keeping and followed her sisters. While she was wandering in the wood gathering berries, she saw a spade lying in the grass. Suddenly the sisters took the spade and killed her with it. Then they buried her under a birch tree, and went home and said: "Our sister ran away from us and was lost. We searched the forest for her, but could not find her; probably the wolves have eaten her."

The father mourned for Durochka, for she was his daughter, although every one thought her so stupid; and he locked the rosy apple and the silver plate safely away in a casket. This made the sisters so angry that they shed bitter tears.

One day a young shepherd lost his sheep, and he went into the forest to find them. A long time he wandered about till he came to a little birch tree, and under this tree he saw a mound with tiny flowers, red, yellow, and blue, growing on it. And among the flowers grew a hollow cane, which the shepherd cut and fashioned into a flute. Then he blew it, and straightway it began to sing these words. "Play, play, my little flute," it sang, "give joy to my dear father, my darling mother, and my

dear sisters. They have killed poor little Durochka in the dark forest for the sake of the silver plate and rosy apple." The shepherd went to the village with the flute, repeating the same song all the way. Many people gathered together to listen to it, and, full of wonder, they asked the shepherd why he made it sing like that. "My good people," he answered, "I know nothing about it. When I was looking for my sheep in the forest I saw a mound, and on this mound flowers, and above the flowers grew a cane, which I cut and made into a flute. The flute plays and sings by itself as soon as I blow it." Now Durochka's father happened to hear these words, and taking the flute from the shepherd, blew it, and it began to sing its old song. "Take us there, shepherd, and show us where you cut this cane," said the father. And they all followed the shepherd to the forest, to the mound covered with flowers. Then they dug up the mound and found poor dead Durochka. When the father recognised her he began to weep, and everybody asked: "Who has killed the girl?" Then answered the flute: "Dearest father, it was my sisters who asked me to go to the forest with them. They killed me. You can only wake me out of this heavy sleep when you have found the water of life from the Tsar's well."

At these words the sisters were so frightened that they turned as white as snow, and confessed everything. They were at once seized, bound, and shut up in a dark cellar. Then the father went to the Tsar himself to ask for the water from his well. He reached the town and made his way to the palace. The Tsar came out majestically on to the golden steps of his doorway.

Bowing to the ground, the old man craved the water of life from the Tsar; and the latter in his goodness, when he had heard the request, said: "Take the water from my well, old man, and when your daughter has returned to life, bring her to me with her silver plate and apple, and her jealous sisters." The old man was filled with joy, bowed low, and departed. He went to the forest, found the flowery grave, and dug up the ground.

Then he sprinkled his dear child's body with the water; and, coming to life again, she fell on her father's neck, hugging

DUROCHKA'S GRAVE

AFTER A PAINTING BY MARTIN TRAVERS

and kissing him. All the people came and wept at this moving sight. Then, taking his three daughters with him, the old man went once more to the capital, and waited in front of the palace.

The Tsar came out to them. He saw the old man with his daughters. Two of them were bound with cords, but the third was standing beautiful as a flower of spring, with the tears like pearls falling from her eyes. The Tsar looked on this beauty, unable to take his eyes off her, but never a glance did he give the other two. "Where is your plate and rosy apple?" he asked Durochka. Then she took the little apple and the plate from the casket, and said: "What do you, my Tsar, wish to see? Your strong towns, or your brave soldiers, the ships on the sea, or the bright stars in the sky?" The pink apple began to turn round and round on the silver plate, and on it there appeared one town after another; big regiments going to the war; then followed the firing and shooting, and the smoke, rising to the sky, covered the clouds and hid everything from view. Still the little apple turned round—the pink apple on the silver plate. Then the sea appeared, with ships sailing on it, and gay flags flying in the breeze; and again the smoke from the firing and shooting covered the clouds and hid everything from view. Still the apple turned round—the pink apple on the silver plate. Of a sudden the beautiful sky appeared; suns rose and set, and multitudes of stars gathered in constellations all over the firmament.

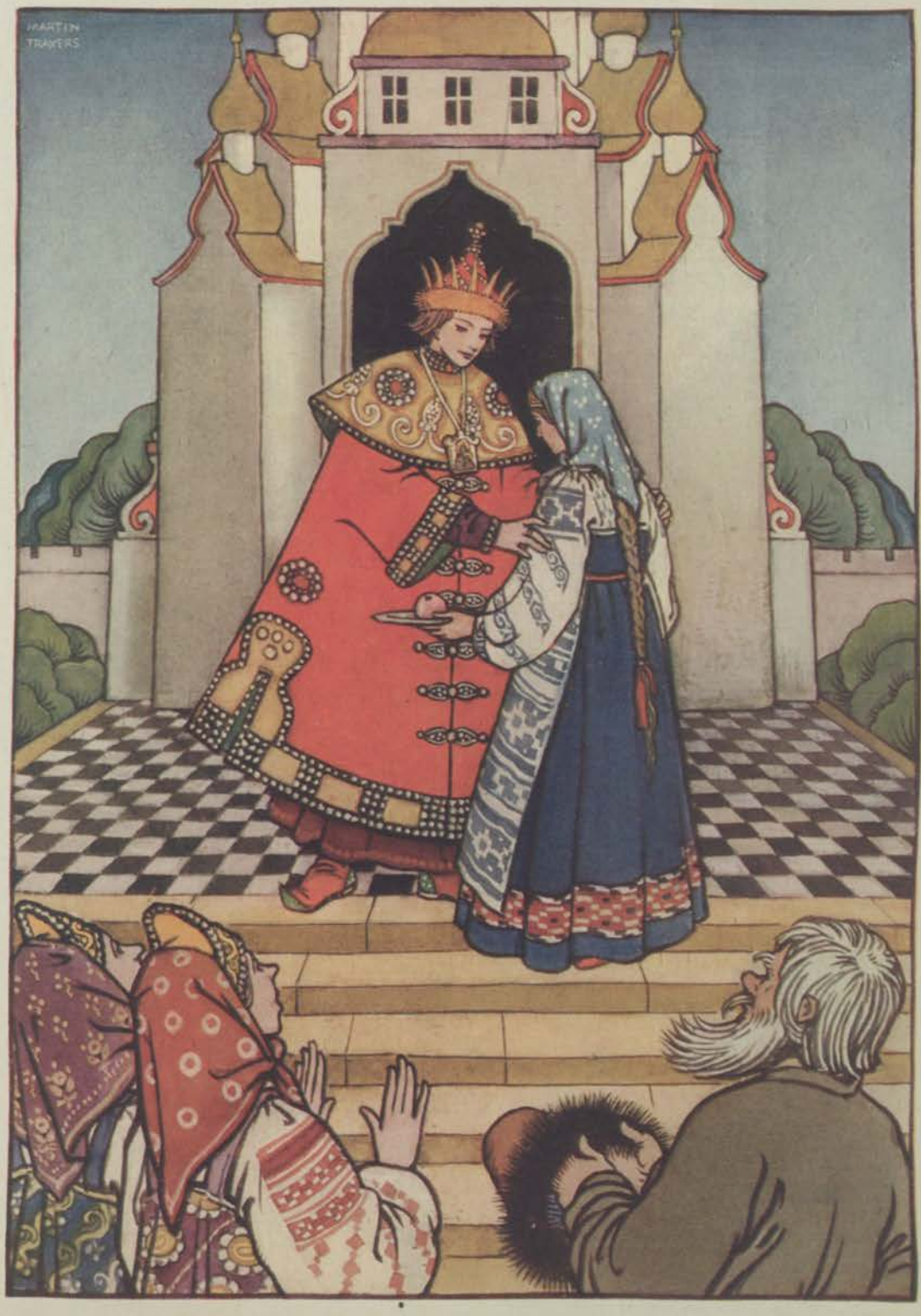
The Tsar watched it all with delight. Durochka, with tears in her eyes, asked the Tsar to have mercy on her sisters. "My Tsar," said she, "take the pink apple on the silver plate, but forgive my sisters; do not punish them for the wrong they have done me." Moved by her entreaties, the Tsar decided to forgive the sisters, who immediately fell at his feet, thanking him. Then, drawing the youngest towards him, he asked her: "Will you be my wife, and a kind Tsaritza to the people?" "My Tsar," said she, "I will ask my parents to decide, and do as they bid me." The father, bowing to the ground, thanked the Tsar for this great honour, and sent for his wife, who came to give her consent and blessing to her daughter.

One more request Durochka begged the Tsar to grant her,

that she might not be parted from her parents and sisters, but that they might remain with her.

There were great rejoicings in the palace, which was ablaze with illuminations. The Tsar and Durochka were married. They rode at the head of a great triumphal procession in a beautiful chariot, and everywhere the crowd greeted them with lusty shouts : " Long live the Tsar and Tsaritza."

Translated by Z. SHKLOVSKY and I. PEVNY.



DUROCHKA SHOWS THE TZAR HER APPLE ON THE SILVER PLATE

AFTER A PAINTING BY MARTIN TRAVERS

V

SOCIAL LIFE

THE SIBERIAN COLONIST OR SIBIRIAK, BY M. A. CZAPLICKA, Mary Ewart Lecturer in Ethnology to the School of Anthropology of the University of Oxford

IN summer you can see him in his little canoe (*vêtka*) on the waters of the Yenisei or the Lena. He is obviously returning from shooting or fishing, for the little *vêtka* is laden with spoil. His paddle cuts through the fierce waves of these gigantic northern rivers. He battles resolutely against them, for he is determined not to part with his canoe, since he is too superstitious and fatalistic even to learn to swim. Indeed, swimming would in any case avail little in the stormy waters of the Lena and the Yenisei, or of the Balkan Lake. Better fight and not give in, that life and spoil may both be saved.

In winter you may find him with his dog teams hidden in a hole in the snow, sheltering from the Siberian blizzard (*purga*). It is on record that he can remain there as long as five days. He is hardier even than his dogs. Half of his team of six or eight may die, but the man will be the last to perish. Most probably he will survive, and return to his log-hut home somewhere near the Arctic Circle as soon as the blizzard is over.

Or, again, you may see two of them fighting furiously with their fists over a girl, for girls are scarce in these northern regions, and, especially when alcohol is accessible, these combats often become very ferocious.

In all these and many other scenes in his life you may recognise the tall, burly fellow, with bushy hair. He is the Russian colonist or Sibiriak. His head is quadrangular, his eyes slightly more Asiatic than those of his brother in the heart of European Russia, his face open, decidedly intelligent, its contours sharp, sometimes even pointed.

The Sibiriak from the north, while quite as energetic and bold, is more venturesome, more unsettled, than his brother from the southern and more colonised parts of Siberia. The latter might be called a southerner, if it were not that even southern Siberia is a decidedly northern country. The Sibiriak from the south takes his risk more cautiously; he does not, for instance, care to meet a bear unless sure of his rifle and the ability of his fellow-huntsmen. Nor does he go fishing too far north, where the river is so wide that he loses sight of land.

But if the southern Sibiriak is less romantic than the northern, he is also more cultured, and more patient too, when it is a question of prolonged labour. He puts much hard work into the tilling of his fields, and he will spend his last penny for artificial fertilisers. He is surprisingly up-to-date in his methods. You will find him using means of cultivation which were unknown to his brother in Russia when he crossed the Urals so recently as three or four years ago. Then, too, he reads. You will find one or more papers in his home, always a "Siberian" paper amongst them, since the papers printed in Russia for the peasant class no longer satisfy him. On a Saturday afternoon he will discuss with fervour, but in the moderate, tempered voice of the real Sibiriak, the question of the new co-operative scheme to be introduced into the new immigrants' colony. At the end of the discussion the company will be divided for and against the introduction of *zemstvo* into Siberia.

Perhaps the brother of this second type of village Sibiriak lives in town. He may be a doctor or a barrister, or he may be a Government official, though this is less probable, since the officials are usually from European Russia. But it makes no difference to the Sibiriak that his brother or son has a professional post in town. Nor does it exercise any influence on his imagination that his grandfather made a colossal fortune in a gold mine, which his father had the bad luck—or, as they say rather in Siberia, the "good luck"—to spend. It does not discourage him from starting life anew. You may be sure of one thing, that where there were fortunes, they have not been spent without leaving some trace behind them, for there is never a millionaire in Siberia who is not willing to do something or

other for his country, such as starting a school, a church, a museum, a village circus (that is, a lawn for sports, games, and dances). If he cannot afford more he will at least present a luxurious *banya* (bath house) to his village or townsfolk. Sometimes the one man will give all these things and more.

If you travel from north to south, you will have the good luck to meet all varieties of Sibiriak. At the one extreme is the rough adventurer who fishes in summer in Nova Zembla or Dickson Island, and hunts in winter in the *taiga* or primeval forest of the Antarctic, whilst between times he does the most extraordinary deeds—deeds which may be classified either as crimes or acts of heroism, according to the light in which they are viewed. At the other extreme, in the cultivated villages of the south, or in towns with old traditions such as Tomsk, is the most highly educated Sibiriak. You will find that not only does he know languages, and practise some profession or other as well as any Westerner, but that he actually reads daily, weekly, or at least monthly, English and American papers; that he types more than he writes by hand; that he goes for week-ends to his country or river-side house like any London city man. Yet you will find at the same time that he has no class prejudices such as those born in European or even American countries almost invariably have.

Since these people form an integral part of the Russian Empire, they have, like all the other people in the Empire, passports in which it is indicated whether the person was born in the class of the peasants, burghers, gentry, or is "His Excellency." In the other parts of the Empire one who knows something of Russia can often guess a man's social status without examining his passport. But this is not the case in Siberia. You cannot guess from a man's appearance whether he has much or little education, whether he has money or no money, or whether his genealogical tree is long or short. "Why call him a peasant?" said the Sibiriak captain of the little fast steamer running between Krasnoyarsk and Minusinsk, "he is a Sibiriak," and then he added, by way of interesting explanation, "We are all peasants, and none of us is a peasant." I do not think any sentence could give a better picture of the Sibiriak social structure—"All of them are peasants, and none is a peasant."

Of course one must remember that not all the thirty to thirty-two million people living in Siberia are to be classified as Sibiriaks. Let us consider whom the old settlers, the *starojily* or hereditary Sibiriaks, would call by this name. The new immigrants are called *novosely* (*novo*, new; *selo*, village, or *sêl*, he sat down). Sometimes in the Siberian dialect they are said to be simply *Rossiyane* (Russians). There is an old Sibiriak tradition according to which the old settler should welcome the new-comer by bringing him presents, shaking hands with him, and wishing him the best of fortune on his arrival, "*S novoselem.*" In practice, however, this custom has disappeared within the last ten years, especially since the opening of the Trans-Siberian Railway has brought in too many settlers for the old to welcome the new with presents and handshaking. Indeed, the new settlers have ceased to be entirely welcome to the *starojil*, for his fields are now smaller than they were, and they are controlled by the Government Colonisation Committee. And for this reason, too, since he does not like to limit his demands for large fields, nor his energy for great enterprise, the *starojil* is to an ever greater extent leaving the cultivated lands to the new-comer and taking possession of fresh lands, emigrating to the Far East, as well as to the north and south of the agricultural belt of Southern Siberia.

This is so much the better for the country. Yet at the same time one can understand that however broad, democratic, and hospitable the *starojil* may be, his old motto "*S novoselem*" is less frequently used. In the neighbourhood of the railway branches it has entirely died out.

The Sibiriak will not call the hordes of *novosely* by the name he gives himself. They must first get accustomed, not so much to the work (for they had as much as they could bear in their old homes), but to the new fields, wide horizon, large enterprises, creative work, and the inventive spirit which stimulates both the inventor and his neighbour.

There is much truth in the saying that the colonies shelter the bravest, strongest, and most enterprising men of the metropolis. But more than this may be said of Siberia. We shall be far from exaggerating if we give to Siberia a unique place in the

history of European colonies. The *starojily* have a history as long as that of the Russians in Novgorod and Moscow. In the first place, they consisted of individuals, small groups of adventurers, hunters, traders, trader-conquerors. To these people was added the unsettled element of Cossacks, who then belonged to the free military nation of the Dnieper. Some of the Dnieper Cossacks, bolder and more restless than their fellows, grew discontented in their islands and the steppe country of Little Russia and went farther east looking for new opportunities for robbery or conquest.

Yet it is not strictly correct to regard these few groups of Cossacks as the forefathers of the *starojily*. It has often been said that the chief of the Cossacks, Yermak Timofeevich, was the originator of Russia in Siberia, but the true Sibiriak resents this. In their eyes Yermak remains what he was most of his life, a bandit and a robber, who did not clear his name by asking pardon from the Moscow Government, and presenting to the Tzar the part of Siberia he had explored. His memory is still held in slight esteem, so, when the tale is told of his death by drowning—how, as he was trying to swim across the River Irtish, his horse was dragged to the bottom by the weight of the rich armour which he had received as a present from the Moscow Government,—the superstitious peasant generally adds that the manner of his death was a Divine judgment on the manner of his life. History shows that the Sibiriak is right in minimising the importance of Yermak, for his rôle was but incidental. For a couple of centuries before Yermak's time the movement of people from Russia to Siberia was going on slowly but surely, like the progress of a river forcing for itself a new outlet. Whatever may have been the route of the Slavs into Europe, that branch of the Eastern Slavs now called Russian came to the Volga from the west, and here amalgamated with the local Finnish elements. Naturally this process of amalgamation spread towards the east, wherever the Finns, particularly those called Ugra, were settled along the Volga and the Ob and in the Urals.

We know of other centres of Eurasian mixture, such as Asia Minor, the Balkans, Turkestan, and we know that they were the

result of waves of conquest coming one after another and, in consequence, bringing what conquest always brings—circles within circles, unassimilated nations within nations, and thus creating mosaic, not fusion. But this is not the case with Siberia. It is the same Volga country, only—if we may be permitted the figure—at an earlier geological stage, and thus with all the characteristics of the Volga country in an exaggerated form. The steppes are wider, the forests are denser, the minerals are richer, the winds are sharper, the sun more burning, the bears fiercer, and the men wilder, though more easily guided than any natives of Central and Southern Asia. Thus from the very beginning of the Russians in Russia, some of them were always moving farther east to a place more open but otherwise rather similar to their own home. The conquests of Yermak and his successors played no important rôle in the history of colonisation, for the waves of colonists were rolling on independently. The Cossack fortresses in Siberia (*ostrogs*) were to enable the Cossacks to collect the taxes (*yassak*) from the natives with more success, but the colonists' villages were rising simultaneously and independently, because the colonists wanted to get furs, minerals, and grain from this rich land, and often because they wanted to be free and independent. The natives feared the Cossacks, and there were fights between them no less severe than those described by Longfellow and others who have chronicled the desperate resistance of the Red Man. But there is this curious difference between this conquest and other colonial conquests—that the natives did not on the whole rise against or struggle with the peaceful colonists. The southern Turko-Mongol natives lived side by side with the *starojily* and mixed with them. Most of the northern natives migrated to the wilderness to such a distance that it was hard for a European to follow them.

Curiously enough the Turko-Mongol conquest of Jinghis Khan and others only helped the Slavonic blood to penetrate along the northern steppes—firstly, because it disturbed the order of the Siberian native states and weakened them; secondly, because it woke in the Russians the feeling that the only way to overthrow the Tatar domination was by assimilation. So that geographical and historical conditions have helped the Sibiriak

to become the ideal Eurasian—ideal, because he has grown up independently of conquest.

The observer cannot help being struck by the fact that in spite of there being so little Aryan blood in the veins of the Siberian people, they all, even the rough types of the north, are so European in mentality. Here again history, this time more recent history, explains the fact. Siberia, especially since the time of Peter the Great, has been used as a penal colony. The difference, however, between Siberia and any other penal colony, for example French Guiana, is enormous. For one thing, Siberia, when exiles first settled there, was sparsely but evenly populated by emigrants from Russia. Hence the exiles did not find themselves alone with none but aborigines. The result was that the exiles exercised a great influence over the local population through their contact with them. Of course had these exiles been only common thieves and bandits like those sent to other colonies, the effect would have been deplorable, more especially since the vastness of Siberia made any control difficult, and the great distance from the seat of government made control over the controllers still more difficult. Fortunately for this new country, though it sounds rather cruel to say so, there was an element among the exiles which created the spirit of the country. The political exiles, though always in a great minority amongst the exiles themselves, and still more amongst the population as a whole, nevertheless originated all that knowledge and all that moral and intellectual character that perplexes us in the Siberia of to-day.

In these modern times, when the wireless telegraph, numerous railways and steamers bring Siberia into direct communication with the centres of culture, the influence of her former teachers is dwindling. But the fact that the Sibiriak finds his way around the world, is revolutionising his country with American mining machinery and English ploughs, that he has in his Siberian papers the latest telegrams from all over the world, that he reads and thinks more than one would suppose considering that in his blood there is less of the Aryan element than in that of any other colonials in the world—all this is due to his teachers.

In view of such a history we cannot wonder that during the

centuries of the *starojil's* struggles and evolution he has lost the characteristics of his prototype. He no longer wears the picturesque dress of his brother in European Russia. Many of the old ceremonies are forgotten. His dances have been simplified; he is even much less religious. Yet he belongs to such a new and progressive nation that he is a splendid proof that European culture can triumph in a Eurasian mixture. He may look less picturesque to the poets who specialise in mould and cobweb, but for those who like a new and vital organism let us hope there is something better to be found in the place of the old forms, and that the new forms of society, the new forms of dress, and of words, of work and of play, mark a real advance.

Even his music has changed. Instead of the melodious, but sometimes monotonously plaintive, folk-songs of Great or Little Russia, there are powerful new songs. These are all choral; they use the whole gamut of tones; they make the storm a companion, the steppe a friend; they drown hunger and pain in a feeling of communal understanding. Perhaps we can get a truer picture of the Sibiriak from the study of his songs than from any article such as this. They show that the Sibiriak knows no classes and no races, that he sympathises with the yellow labourer, and does not shut his heart and imagination when he meets with the convict train. They may be political exiles, they may be criminals; the Sibiriak does not inquire about the crime, he sees only the awful punishment.

THE CONVOY SONG

Translated by Rosa Newmarch[1]

The sun o'er the wide steppe is sinking,
And gilding the tall waving grass:
The chains of the convicts are clinking,
And raising the dust as they pass.
They march with slow footsteps, way-weary,
Their close-shaven heads hanging low,
With faces grown sullen and dreary,
And hearts that are burdened with woe.
They move, and their shadows grow with them,
While drawn by a pair of old hacks,

[1] By arrangement with the publishers, J. & W. Chester, 11 Great Marlborough Street, London, W.

Two light, creaking waggons keep with them,
The escort rides close at their backs.

Now, brothers, we'll strike up a chorus,
And lose half our troubles in song!
Forget the hard fate that's before us,
And sing as we're marching along.
Their song sets the silence aquiver,
Their voices ring clear o'er the plain,
They sing of the broad Volga river,
Or freedom that ne'er comes again;
They sing of a freedom as boundless
As the steppes, ripple-marked by each gust.
The darkness has fallen—
Still faintly I hear their chains clink in the dust.

M. A. CZAPLICKA.

THE EXTINCTION OF THE KANGIENICI,[1]

BY I. W. SHKLOVSKY (DIONEO)

My Chukcha friend, Nuta Nukhva, and I went in canoes up the Annui River, which district is characterised by a desolation remarkable even in the Kolymsk region. During a week's journey we did not see one human habitation. My companion was much stronger than I, and more accustomed to these canoes, which require much care and dexterity in management to avoid capsizing. I became terribly fatigued, and lagged behind more and more. Nouta several times turned his boat round (a dangerous thing to do), and shouted to me, "Pull harder!" At last he took pity on me, and, turning his canoe towards the shore, said, "Let us have a sleep." Nothing could give me greater pleasure, for my hands were very painful, my back aching terribly, and my feet were benumbed. The bank was hilly, and from it a steep, mountainous cliff rose perpendicularly, its rusty sides scantily covered with bushes and heath. Close by was a great pile of driftwood, and while my companion made a fire, I wandered along the bank of a little stream in search of wild red currants. My Chukcha companion could not understand my passion for these "sour herbs," as he called them. In his opinion, a man must like meat, deer's flesh, fish, yukala, and perhaps the flesh of young seal, but how a man could possibly suck herbs like a bear was more than he could understand.

The river wound through many reaches of the rocky bank, and the echo was so clear and distinct that a word spoken in a

[1] A race now extinct, which lived by the Annui River, and also, probably, by the Kolyma. I believe this is the first article which has ever been written giving any information about this now extinct race. Billings' secretary, Mr. Sower, barely mentions the existence at one time of such a race.

whisper was repeated in a stentorian bass. The stream by which I was walking was also very winding in its course, and the banks were soft and swampy. I jumped from one little hillock to another, grasping the bushes for support, but once or twice I fell into the stagnant water, to the great fright of some young grebe, who cried out, flapping their unfledged wings. Following a sharp turn of the bank round the rocky cliff, I beheld a sight which startled me into an involuntary exclamation. There were rows of Arangas[1] all over the side of the cliff. The beams were grey and bent with age. Could it be that these were the graves of the Kangienici, and that I was now at the foot of the Mountain of the Dead of which I had so often heard at Sredny Kolymsk, but which I had always considered to be a fairy tale? There was something especially solemn and awe-inspiring in the sight of these strange, long-forgotten graves, lit up by the red light of the midnight sun. The sharp cry of the grebe, repeated by the echo, made me start nervously. It seemed as though from above the beams came a cry warning the dead that a Russian had come to disturb their rest. When I returned to the spot where we had left the boat, a large fire was burning, the kettle was singing, and *yukala* was being cooked. I spoke to Nuta of the graves I had seen, and he said that the Kangienici would "melt" at the appearance of a Russian. Then he told me the story of the Kangienici.

Long, long ago, so long ago that the grandfathers of our oldest men—men so old that their faces are bearded—were not yet born, there were many more people living by the Kolyma than there are now, for in those days there were no Russians there, nor those Russian diseases[2] which not even the most powerful Shaman can cure. On the banks of the Annui there lived seven tribes of the Kangienici. What grand men they were! In the spring they went to the ocean and fought and struggled with the white bear, but with each other they never fought. Why, indeed, should they fall upon each other with knives when there were plenty of fish in the rivers and enough wild animals in the woods for all? Every year, when, after his

[1] The ancient graves or biers of polar savages. Each body lies on two beams.
[2] Smallpox and syphilis.

two months' sleep the red eye of the sun looked from behind the mountain, the Kangienici assembled here. Here lived the oldest Shaman, Ilighin, who had seen more often than any one living the snow in autumn and the first ice of the year on the rivers. His word was law to all, and at the general assembly he it was who made offerings to the gods, who forecast the future and foretold if the fishing would be good, and if they would have many wild deer, and whether the trappers on the ocean shore would be overtaken by the blizzard.

It was early in January, and the beginning of the short polar day. The sun which had been hidden for so long now appeared, and flooded the snow-covered toondra with his rays. Godlike was the sun, with his glowing aureole of rays, on which smaller suns sparkled like diamonds. Around the hut of old Ilighin were several hundred conical tents of leather, each having for greater warmth an inner lining of deer skins, with the fur side to the interior of the hut. The Kangienici had come from all the camps on this festive occasion, and even from the Far East came the hunters from the shore of the Pacific Ocean. The young girls were in holiday dress, and wore large breastplates, made of rounded discs of metal linked together, over tunics embroidered with deer sinews dyed in various colours. The girls walked about hand-in-hand, exchanging remarks about the young hunters. The old women, mostly blind (because the evil spirit had eaten away their eyes), sang improvised songs of the years to come, when the young people would gather together again at holiday times, and see the sun, but the old would be lying out on the Mountain of the Dead. Several young hunters were engaged in rubbing a large heavy walrus skin with bear's fat, in order to make it more supple and elastic, for use in their favourite holiday game which was played thus: A youth lay down on the skin, which was firmly held by eight hunters; he was then tossed up, and his skill consisted in so turning in the air as to come to the ground on his feet.

The sun had already risen, but the solemnities had not yet begun. All were waiting for the arrival of Ilighin's grandsons, the brave hunters who had travelled on the last ice of spring to

the distant source of the Kolyma, and were now expected to return.

"Here they come!" "They are coming!" cried joyous voices on all sides. And on the slope of the hill appeared a file of sledges, on which the riders were seated astride, the harnessed dogs barking in joyful greeting of their native place. The newcomers were quickly surrounded, for they must have much to tell. They had seen Lamuts and Yukagir. But sad and worn were the frost-bitten faces of the hunters.

"Why have so few returned? Seven went away and only three are here! Where are the others?"

Silently, without replying to these anxious questions, the hunters unharnessed the dogs, unloaded the sledges, and went into the hut, where a bright fire was burning.

"What have you to tell us?" said old Ilighin.

"We have nothing to tell you."

"What have you heard?"

"We have heard nothing."

"What have you seen?"

"We have seen nothing."

This was the usual formula. Then, having removed their fur coats and sat down by the fire, the eldest grandson began the tale.

"Our journey brought us misfortune, grandfather. The Lamuts now have a new illness, of which no one has ever heard before. Because of it the body is covered with blisters, and it burns and rots away in three days. A strange tribe from the west had come and brought this illness with them. No one could understand their language, no Lamut, no Yukagir, no Chukcha; but they called themselves Sakha (Yakuts). What is this tribe we do not know. The Lamuts said that these people were in great fear, and had told terrible tales of the horrors that had happened in the west, beyond the mountain of Tass-Hayata.

"The new illness killed our four comrades. And also, grandfather, there was a strange tree in the mountains such as none of us had ever seen before. Its bark was grey, and bitter as gall, and its leaves continually trembled,[1] as did the fugitive

[1] The aspen tree. There is a legend among the savages that this tree only makes its appearance before the coming of Russians.

Sakha. Here, grandfather, is some of the bark; we brought it for you."

Ilighin was greatly troubled as he listened to this story. Then he attentively examined the bark of the unknown tree, and became lost in meditation. A terrible new illness which burns and destroys men in three days; an unknown tribe flying in fear from a terrible conqueror; and, finally, this strange, bitter bark! All these were signs of the will of the Spirit of the Mountain. But what did it all portend? Silence fell upon all in the hut; silent even were the little ones, who crawled on the floor, clutching pieces of frozen fish in their tiny fists. No sound was heard but the crackling of the fire in the chimney corner. At last Ilighin spoke.

"Friends, there will soon be a great change, whether for good or evil I do not know. I shall call upon my guardian spirit, and ask him to take me on high in the western heavens, and there I shall inquire of the gods." Ilighin spoke thus, and then lay down in the corner on a white bearskin, and spoke no more that evening. All were very quiet and downcast; the girls especially were sorry that this bad news had come on the holiday, for the festivities, perhaps, would be abandoned. The oldest women, the Shaman's usual assistants, now began to put everything in readiness for the mystic service—the drum, the sacred robe covered with symbolic signs and tokens, the most important among which were a disc of mammoth ivory on the breast, and a figure whose hands were joined together, as were also the feet; also a fish made of bone hanging by a strap from the back of the robe; this last was the bait for the guardian spirit.

Meanwhile the last sun-rays of the two hours' polar day were dying. The girls and the young hunters wandered about dejectedly.

"Good-bye to holidays! Good-bye to merry games! Good-bye to races! Good-bye to tossing! Good-bye to everything! And what more will Ilighin say?"

The fire on the hearth was dying; the flames flickered up for an instant, then died out, and the logs fell apart into embers, on which shone a faint blue flame. Darkness gradually closed

in from the curved walls of the hut, and enveloped all save a narrowing ring round the fireplace. When all the embers were dead some one raked them out, and scattered cinders over them ; the ring closed and complete darkness filled the hut. So darkens the sky when the north wind blows from the ocean. From a faint rustling sound it was evident that Ilighin had moved from his position to the middle of the floor. The occasional cry of the mountain-hawk sounded outside the hut, the plaintive call of the seagull was heard, and some strange bird uttered a hoarse cry. Then, like lightning flashing from a dark cloud, like sudden thunder, came the sound of the drum, and, as though heralding a tempest, waves of sound filled the hut—sound that expressed the cries of a thousand birds fluttering through the dark, cloudy sky, in terror of the approaching tempest. Louder and louder rolled the thunder of the drum, and convulsive shudders ran through the nerves of those who listened ; while, above the mingled sounds of the tempest and cries of terrified birds, the voice of the Shaman chanted :

" Mighty master, fulfil all my desires ! Grant all my requests ! " And faint, scarcely audible sounds came from somewhere afar off, for in the hut was the body of the Shaman, but his spirit had " gone forth on the sound of the drum to the western heavens, to the top of the mountain where there is no day, but continual night, where there is always mist, and where the moon is but a thin crescent." There dwells the terrible god Chapak, the spirit of all diseases. Suddenly a terrifying sound struck like a knife into the breast of each one present. There was the clash of iron, and the sound of a body falling heavily to the floor. The Shaman's assistants quickly threw fresh logs on the fire, and soon a crackling river of flame filled the low chimney corner. In the light that filled the hut the Shaman was seen lying unconscious on the floor. That was a bad sign, and all hearts sank. The assistants began to rattle bone castanets as they pronounced the sacred formula !

" The heavy clouds roll. Chapak is coming, terrible as a homeless bear roaming in winter. Awake, Shaman ! "

Ilighin arose, pale and dull-eyed, and began to turn round and round slowly before the fire, his long matted hair falling

on his shoulders. Faster and faster he revolved, the onlookers gasping and holding their breath, their heads becoming giddy as they watched the rapid twisting movements of the old man. His eyes were bloodshot, and his lips were flecked with foam. With wonderful agility, considering his age, the Shaman leaped more than a yard into the air, the bone disc on his robe clattering with his wild movements. At last the climax of his exaltation came, and he began to utter incomprehensible words, "speaking *khorro* language," as the savages call it. All those in the hut listened terror-struck to the harsh sounds which seemed to tear the throat of the Shaman as he uttered them. Suddenly he was silent and stood motionless, holding his hand to his ear as though listening; then he sank slowly to the floor. All hearts sank at the anticipation of evil. Ilighin sobbed bitterly. "Oh, friends," he said at last, "slavery and death await us in the future! Soon, from the west, to the shores of our river will come the mighty conquerors, who will make our lives hard and bitter as the bark of that strange tree which the hunters brought to-day. None will be spared. Those of us who do not fall at the hands of the conquerors will be destroyed by this strange illness which is burning the people of Kolyma."

Even the bravest of the hunters paled and bent their heads as they listened; the women wept aloud; and despair, born in this tent, quickly spread throughout the camp.

Winter passed. The sun no longer set. The bushes put forth their new green leaves, and the mosquitoes forced the deer from the marshy shore of the river to the rocky shore. At this season the shores of the Annui teem with life: long guttural chants are heard from the fishermen seated in their boats; and the young hunters light wood fires on the beach to drive away the mosquitoes, and then, to the sound of music, they dance in pairs round the fires, imitating the young deer in spring. But now no sounds of song and dance were heard, no laughter and merry voices, and even the fishing was abandoned.

"Why think about next winter when no one knows what will happen to-morrow?"

Once more the Kangienici assembled in the hut of Ilighin, but not for merry-making. The conquerors were near. Already

they were on the Kolyma, and each day brought news, more and more terrible.

"Their faces are covered with hair."

"The people from the west carry in their hands thick sticks, which send thunder and death far and near."

"Their knives are made of a strange shining substance which goes of itself into the body."

"The hearts of the conquerors are as hard as their knives; they have no mercy or pity for any one."

"They torture the people to make them tell where they have hidden their rare furs, and to tell them where are the 'glittering sands' of which the Kangienici have never heard."

So had spoken the people who had fled from the shores of the Kolyma, and now the unhappy hunters who had returned asked the Shaman what they should do.

"Friends," began the Shaman, when all were assembled. He wore his sacred robes and held his tambourine in his hands. "Friends, our gods cannot help us now. The conquerors have come from the west to find their gods, which they esteem more than anything else in the world, and nothing will stop them. And, alas for us, their gods are here among us!"

And the Shaman took from under his robes a beautiful and rare black fox skin, through whose long, untrimmed fur grey threads showed here and there.

"Let us, then, ask the gods of the conquerors not to allow them to kill our hunters, nor torture our old people and children; therefore, let those who have these gods in their huts bring them here. And think not to hide them, for the people from the west will certainly find them, though you should swallow them."

All the people brought skins of various animals: sable, grey beaver, coal-black fox, and the fur of the fire-fox, from which, when shaken, showers of sparks fall. This skin is the most valuable of all, and is worth a hundred beaver skins, for such a fox can be found perhaps only once in a hundred years. All these furs were placed in a huge wicker basket, and taken to the hill, where a festival was held in honour of the gods of the conquerors. The basket was smeared with the blood of a newly

killed snow-white doe, and upon the basket were placed cakes of deer's flesh and fat. The Kangienici mingled joyous laughter with rivers of tears. The hunters' voices arose in merry song, then suddenly trembled and broke in grief. The sun had gone from the north to the east, and the cargoose were fluttering about the river when the sad ceremony ended.

"Let us now prepare the place of honour for the gods of the conquerors," said Ilighin.

To the east of the camp was a large lake, always frozen over, and even in hot weather the ice only melted a little at the edges, and there the pike came to play in the sun. In this lake dwelt Ah-i-sit, the "Mother Protectress," the beneficent goddess of the Kangienici. Clothed in a rich coat of striped sable, bordered with wolverine, and with beaver hood and knee-pads of wolf skin, Ah-i-sit often came from the lake to help women in difficult childbirth. Also she often came to help them to take the deer across the river and to assist the hunters in the chase. The basket of furs was lowered into an ice-hole in the lake, and doubtless Ah-i-sit, being so good, would make the conquerors' gods kinder, now that they had been brought to her as guests.

"But what was that?" Every one started. "Was it thunder?" No; the sky was quite clear. "Is it possible?" Shrieks of deadly fear came from the camp where the women and children had been left. There was no doubt. The indefinable horror had come! No one thought of resistance. Can one stop the blizzard, or the north wind in autumn? A wild, panic-stricken flight ensued, and the people fled like a herd of deer pursued by wolves. The prophecy of Ilighin was fulfilled. There are no dwellings now on the Annui. Death reigns now where once life was like a bubbling spring, and of the Kangienici are left only the graves on the mountain-side. Those whom the conquerors spared were destroyed by the deadly disease which they had brought with them. The "little old red woman" was drunk with the blood of the people; and now every five years she comes to intoxicate herself again, but it is to the conquerors themselves that she comes, and Ilighin sometimes comes out of the earth to show her a small hamlet where she can find much blood to drink. She drives madly through the country,

in her sledge drawn by dogs with blood-red fur, and so she will continue to do until the shores of the Kolyma shall be as desolate as the shores of the Annui.

This was the story told to me by Nuta Nukhva.

I. W. Shklovsky (Dioneo).

A RUSSIAN IN ENGLAND, BY MME. N. JARINTSOV

THERE is much in England that I appreciate. The cosy green little island with its fascinating, fresh, rain-washed, dainty landscape appeals to me. I like English people: I admire their capacity to "make time" and their true kindness, touched with a business-like spirit. I have often enjoyed the restfulness of English life in times of peace: it used to lend itself so beautifully to psychological observation; and I admire the awakening of England to-day—an awakening shown not only in war work, but in the general attitude of men and women, and especially of the younger generation of the educated classes, with its rapidly growing free mind, with its searching analysis of the old "proper ways to do it" (whatever the *it* may be!), and with its breezy, humorous vein.

All these aspects of England I love. Even the famous English reserve and lack of temperament—as they contribute to steadiness in the war—I have come to appreciate. Yet . . . why is it my heart gives a leap when I catch a fragment of a Russian phrase somewhere in Oxford Street? . . . Why is it that so many sides of English life instantly suggest to my heart and memory contrasts in the land of my birth? . . .

Sleet and rain mingled in one unpleasant wetness drive me along the London streets. But my mind is not in London. I can see myself and other students of the Petrograd Conservatoire emerge from a lovely blizzard at the entrance porch on a December morning. We are hurrying to our orchestra class. We crowd into the spacious vestibule. The snow shaken by the porter off all our fur coats makes a slippery mess on the floor, but no one pays heed to it. We wipe the wet from our fiddle boxes—and the day of student life begins. What student life!

. . . With Anton Rubinstein tearing the baton out of the hands of our conductor, who is still under the influence of his sweet morning dreams (the time is only 9 A.M.), and turning us into inspired musicians before the first line is played ! . . . With Chaikovsky coming to the rehearsal of his opera produced by our boys and girls. . . . A day saturated with art, comradeship, work, subtle flirting, and fine ambition !

A party of us at a theatre or at a concert does not wind the day up finally. After that, about midnight, we proceed to the dwelling-place of some one of us— his or her " digs," consisting of one room—and we have more fine music, throbbing with all the impressions of our young life, more whole-hearted singing, more discussions about everything under the sun or moon, and more interesting love-making. . . .

Now that I watch the women's movements in England I feel involuntarily surprised at the intensity of nerve force wasted by the English woman in her efforts to assert herself : at her attitude towards men, her exclusively women's clubs, women's magazines, women's meetings.[1] . . . I listen to the ever-present talk about woman's rights, and my mind flies back to Russia, where we have finished with that talk some fifty years ago, and where woman's life has been ever since so naturally interlaced with that of man, both in study and in practical social work. We do not trouble much about political representation.

Especially in the practice of medicine are woman's work and man's work closely associated in Russia. Our women doctors have been in the ranks of their men colleagues for many a year. These women doctors are often mere girls, not more than twenty-two or twenty-three, or younger still. Nevertheless, they flew by the hundred to cholera- or famine-stricken districts, snatching the victims from the hands of Death, and themselves not infrequently dying from the infection. Sex had little chance to be remembered in the midst of the struggle with those scourges ! And now, in the War, it would be impossible to draw a line anywhere between the activities of men and those of women doctors.

[1] There exist some unpretentious " women's clubs " in Russia—but they accept *men* as their members !

There they are, all together at the dressing-stations and hospitals at the very front—equally well educated, equally efficient, equally throbbing with compassion, equally strong to work through endless days and nights, without showing any sign of exhaustion which might take them away from their posts.

This natural, matter-of-course equality is felt amongst the peasantry too. Sixty years ago our serf-owners used to flog the "souls," *i.e.* the peasants belonging to them, and the embittered men, in their turn, used to beat their womenfolk. In those days girls and women worked on the fields belonging to their masters side by side with their men, tortured alike by both their "owners." Nowadays all traces of serfdom, of flogging, and of the resultant numbness of the woman's mind have disappeared, but her work on the fields remains, more efficient than ever. Through centuries she has learned her work—often making a real art of it,—and it has always been shoulder to shoulder with the men of her village. And those men, their intellect no longer darkened by the knout or vodka, can now appreciate the help with which they could not dispense, and without which the agricultural world of the vast land would have suffered an indescribable blow in the course of this War.

Women form no class apart in Russia as they appear to form in this country. When I come across a woman worker or a woman social leader in England, I know that I shall immediately see a group of other women round her, "pushing through together," as it were, and looking out sharp that no man should turn up and spoil their achievements (I do not refer to the present Government work of the women, of course). I used to watch them in some Women's Clubs, appearing so busy, so independent, so deeply interested in their special women's plans and revelations, and I would instinctively look around the crowded rooms . . . to rest my eyes on some man !

This isolation of English women always makes my Russian heart ache : I want to see men fellow-workers in their midst ! I fail to grasp how it is that in England neither men nor women seem to understand how much happier it feels to work everywhere together. The Englishman's attitude in this respect is as strange to us as is the Englishwoman's. Instead of sharing the joy of

work in common, they preserve an attitude of reserve towards each other, and each side keenly watches the opposite one, with condescension, envy, disdain, or at least irony—sometimes even with enmity—and always in the spirit of rivalry.

I shall never forget how confused (for England !) I felt when faced one day by a simple question naïvely asked by a party of sixty Russian village school-teachers, men and women, whom I was showing round Oxford. . . . I was carefully avoiding the subject of the precise position of women students, when a phrase escaped me, something about their not sharing in all the privileges of student life, as known to us. . . . I shall really never forget the tone of guileless, deep seriousness and the expression of grave interest on the faces pressing round me in the High Street, and the brief query, "Why?" put with perfect assurance that my answer would disclose some mystery of the high wisdom of the West which would completely explain such an extraordinary situation ! . . . "Why?" . . . Nor shall I ever forget the torrent of indignation poured forth on my avowal that neither in the work nor in the fun of their bachelor lives did girl students freely mix with their men colleagues.

And again and again my mind flies back to Russia ! No standing apart there, and no one dreaming of drawing a line by regulations. The great common work for the native land is not hindered either by the spirit of rivalry, which is replaced by comradeship, or by the atmosphere of romanticism, which, of course, often exists.

Quite a dreadful impression lurks in my brain, namely, that the English woman social worker fears and despises the romantic element. Am I right there, I wonder ! . . . If I am, then only the individualism of nationalities can account for quite a different attitude with us Russians : we neither dread nor seek romance as we work side by side with our men. Both things are equally natural to us—the delight of comradeship and of romance.

Russia loves the natural. And our best friends over here must understand this by now, for they so amiably excuse our very Russian passions and longings.

N. JARINTSOV.

AFTER-DINNER MEMORIES, BY HAROLD BEGBIE

BETWEEN ten and eleven o'clock in the evening your hostess looks at the clock. This is not a hint that you have stayed too long. "I think, perhaps," she remarks, getting up from her chair, "that we ought to be going. I want you to come with me and see a charming friend of mine, whom I feel sure you will like." And she leads the way from the room.

In the hall you put on your wrap, your fur coat, your goloshes, and your thick gloves. A sledge stands at the door. Snow is falling, and the blanket or sheepskin which protects the seat where you will sit is as damp as a napkin in a cheap restaurant. An icy wind blows up the long Petrograd street, which is almost as dark as the streets of London.

The lady gets into the sledge (the seat is sodden with wet), you squeeze yourself in beside her, and then the *izvozchik* clucks to his lean horse, and away you go "through the darkness and the dance of snowflakes" with a wind cutting at your cheeks like a razor's edge. The sledge is like the stern of such a row-boat as you see on the Serpentine, and it is mounted on a construction of iron which resembles a door-scraper.

After ten or fifteen minutes of a difficult conversation, which fills your mouth with snow, you stop before a palace on the Quay, and your hostess, who is a Princess, pays the *izvozchik*, refusing to allow you to do so, and approaches the door of the palace which is already open.

Three servants, one of whom is bearded and none of whom is clean shaven, receive you and take your outer garments. You leave them to put these things away, and ascend the beautiful staircase alone with your hostess. On the first floor another servant bows before you, and indicates by a gesture the open

door of an apartment. You enter to find yourself in a very impressive but uninhabited room. You cross it to a door on the other side, open the door yourself, and your hostess, who is fast becoming your late hostess, goes before you unannounced into a room which is dim with shaded lights and animated with a number of people.

On a table, which is crowded with dishes of the softest sugar cakes, mixed up with tea-cups and plates, is an enormous samovar, whose silver catches the scarlet flicker from a curious and enormous fire, half open-grate and half stove, in which logs are burning. Beside this table is a woman who becomes your new hostess, and who rises with open arms to receive your late hostess. "Ah, my sweet Sophie, how delighted I am to see you."

There are other people in the big room drinking tea and eating cakes. They glance at the Englishman with a frank and charming interest, as he waits to be presented to his new hostess. The men have risen, and there are signs that the little groups will now break up and reconstitute themselves afresh.

Your hostess, who is a Countess famous for her beauty, makes you welcome in a very delightful manner, and in English so perfect that you find it difficult to think of her as a Russian. Your late hostess, the Princess, is a most lovable woman, who wears a high black dress, elastic-sided boots with flat heels, and her hair in a walnut on the top. Your new hostess is the finished product of contemporary fashion.

You are introduced to the most distinguished guest in the room, a brilliant professor of history. He speaks of the War, and although he is the most loyal of Russians and would be the first to denounce a premature peace, he laments to you the fall of Germany as a clearing-house of culture. "I write my books in German as well as in Russian," he explains; "and I know that the German edition will be translated into many other languages, in fact that I shall have the world for my auditorium. But now all that is passed. It will never come again in my time. One must regret it. I am very sad when I think of it." You drink your tea, eat your cakes, and then, still drinking more tea, light your cigarette and give yourself up to conversation. It seems that the night is only just beginning. You are enchanted

by the beautiful room, interested in the very engaging people, and when you leave at two o'clock in the morning you feel that it is rather unreasonable for so delightful a party to disrupt. "It will never come again. . . . One must regret it. I am very sad when I think of it."

An English friend of mine in Petrograd was taken after dinner one night to such a reception as I have attempted to sketch. At twelve o'clock one of the Russians said to him, "Would you care to see some jumping? You are fond of horses, and I can show you some particularly good jumping." "I shall be delighted," said the Englishman, "when is it to be?" "If you will come now, I will drive you there in my car," answered the Russian. And they drove away to a *manège*, where, under very bright electric lights, a jumping exhibition was in progress.

Readers of Mr. Rothay Reynolds' delightful books on Russia, perhaps the best books in English on the social life of that great people, will know that these after-dinner receptions, these charming salons of the samovar are a settled habit of polite society. The Russian, like the German, makes a good deal of the night; but unlike the German, his nights are intellectual, or athletic, rather than bacchanal. I remember very well my experiences in Berlin, when I seldom got to bed before five or six in the morning, and then disgusted. But when I look back on my visit to Russia, I am almost inclined to say that my after-dinner memories are among the happiest of my recollections.

The best Russian society is intellectual, not intellectual in the tiresome sense of the new-cultured, but pleasantly, naturally, and charmingly intellectual. Men and women in Russia are not merely interested in literature and art, but literature and art for them are movements in the great stream of thought which is the evolution of the human race. I never met a single pedant in Petrograd or Moscow. But I never met a dolt. Whether one is talking to a lady with elastic-sided boots and almost a provincial appearance of dowdiness, or to a very wonderful creature, whose every detail of dress is an expression of beauty, always one encounters intelligence, sympathy, and a genuine interest in the affairs of mankind.

It was at one of these after-dinner receptions that a drawing-room full of people listened to a prince who told us that when he regarded Russian culture from the footstool of God he could not assure himself that its triumph, at the cost of such a hideous War, was part of the divine plan. He entered a plea for modesty, for humility, even for national contrition. It was also at one of these receptions that a Russian lady answered my admiration for the tenderness in Russian religion by a vigorous analysis of the shortcomings in that religion and an almost passionate eulogy of the moral foundations in the Anglican system. All these conversations deeply interested rooms full of fashionable people. I recall with particular interest the conversation of a Russian gentleman who is a very earnest member of the Duma. He had so lugubrious a face that he might have sat for a portrait of Don Quixote. He was tall and lean, hairy and untidy. His eyebrows were high in his wrinkled forehead, his little points of eyes peeped out of the slits formed by the lids with a melancholy which was like a funeral, his nose spread across his face as though to express the desolation of depression, and the end of his ragged beard curved upwards in a fashion which emphasized the turned-down melancholy of his mouth.

He sat on a little upright chair in the middle of the drawing-room, cutting up a pear on a plate in his lap, and eating it with a thoroughness of mastication which was not entirely soundless. The length of his neck and the size of his boots would have jumped to the eyes of a caricaturist. All of a sudden he looked up and directed his gaze to me—I was sitting on a sofa against the wall—and began to speak to me across the intervening space.

"It is very easy," he said, "to form wrong impressions of Russia. Allow me to hope that you will be careful. Allow me also to remind you of Puskhin's saying that Russia has two faces, a European and an Asian face, and that she turns the European face to Asia and the Asian face to Europe."

He then proceeded to give me his own views of Russia, and I think he spoke for nearly an hour in a manner which was as thoughtful as it was interesting. Certainly he held the attention of the room. He told me among other things that Russia's danger is political. He fears absorption into political excite-

ments. What she needs more than anything else, and certainly as a preparation for political change, is a social conscience. She must feel the passion of sympathy. She must desire for herself a more beautiful existence. She must be aware in herself of a horror for what is unæsthetic and unscientific in her domestic life. There is in Russian character, he said, a fatal passivity, an almost unshakable acquiescence. The real work of the reformer is to make Russia ashamed of present conditions, and to rouse her to the fact that such a dull thing as sanitary science is one way of escape to conditions which would be more civilised.

Such conversations as these remain in the mind. And I conclude from my experience that the Russians are not only the most charming people in the world (I feel they are nearer to the English than any other nation), but that they are singularly modest, earnest, and intelligent.

It is quite certain that after the War there will be a great opportunity for developing our trade relations with Russia. I pray with all my heart that the representatives of English trade may be men of some culture and of great sympathy, and that they may feel in their souls—for the least of bagmen has a soul—that their business is not to exploit Russia, after the fashion of the Germans, but to establish an exchange of merchandise which shall be of real service to both countries.

Our best friends among the statesmen of Russia are interested in this great matter, and a little anxious that England should not make mistakes.

Let it be taught in all our schools and proclaimed in all our newspapers, that Russia is a highly civilised, deeply religious, and essentially democratic nation. (We in England have democratic forms, but we have not even begun to get, what Russia has received as a first truth of existence, the democratic spirit.) To capture the markets of such a people is a small matter ; to win their confidence and affection would be not only a masterstroke in politics—a stroke which may ensure, as Mr. Sazonov hopes, the peace of the world—but an assurance to ourselves that we are in truth a great and an honourable nation.

HAROLD BEGBIE.

AFTER A PAINTING (IN THE COLLECTION OF M. ZETLIN, PARIS), BY N. GONCHAROVA. DESIGN FOR THE COSTUME WORN BY SADKO IN THE RUSSIAN BALLET, PERFORMED IN THE UNITED STATES, 1916

VI

WAR IN GENERAL

HORSES, BY K. BALMONT
TRANSLATED BY ZABELLE C. BOYAJIAN

I dedicate this poem to my friends ALEXANDRA VASILEVNA HOLSTEIN and VLADIMIR AVGUSTOVICH HOLSTEIN.

Five nails flame in the horse-shoe through
the running of the swift horse.
YASSEN.

I

BEFORE steel chains were thought of, in that prime
When whips and bridles were not yet invented,
Star unto star sent forth its voice contented
Through the vast silences of age-long Time.

On endless meadows, stretching far away,
Horses of flaming loveliness were grazing,
Their unshod hoofs a gentle murmur raising,
As when the cloud falls on the lake in spray.

The hunters with their flinty arrows ran
Pursuing them. Though youth seemed all to sweeten,
Those horses were in thousands shot and eaten.

Yet ever glorified will be the man
Who first sprang on their backs ; all will admire
Him who first caught and tamed those waves of fire.

2

Was it some wily youth to whom the lot
Was given, long ages since, of surely knowing

How best to aim the noose? the lasso throwing
So that the rearing colt fell in its knot?

The beast's young voice rose high against the ravage;
The youthful beast was stunned, and all perplexed.
His stalwart body by the youth was vexed
And fitted for long years of thraldom savage.

Or did an older man first do the deed?
Stretching himself along some sloping boulder,
Screened from the horse's eyes by its great shoulder,

He glided on its back with snake-like speed;
And like a wraith, grasping the mane and flying,
Stopped breathless at the verge before them lying.

3

Ten thousand stallions pastured on those plains,
And thirteen thousand mares, with beauty glowing;
While from the steppes and from the meadows blowing
The wind would whistle through their wayward manes.

All raven-black the fiery stallions there
And red the mares. Around, on cliff-tops hoary,
Great eagles sat. The cornfield's wealth of glory
In the mind's darkness roused no thought or care.

But was it dark? 'Twas but the dawning red
For every heart; those ages now are ended.
From other herds its way a white horse wended [1]

Towards this land of burning passions led;
When sudden all the horses started neighing
Like thunder, or the rush of waves dismaying.

[1] And I saw, and behold a white horse: and he that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given unto him: and he went forth conquering and to conquer.—Revelation vi. 2.

4

Before those faces all assembled there,
Before the red-black river of those horses,
Where night and endless fires pursued their courses
Through Time's unrusted ages, fresh and fair ;

Where love was so intense that it was pain,
And heated pleasures warmed the blood to fire,
And glorious freedom waited on desire
—An age that never shall return again ;—

Where, chasing one another as in play,
Black eyes were on each other sidelong glancing,
With quivering, smoking nostrils all advancing,

Whence came that horse that filled them with dismay ?
Was it dread news he brought them ? Fear, or wonder
That parted them and made them rush asunder ?

5

How blows the wind still, with its rhythm lame !
How bends above the steppe the arch of heaven !
But the old dream is to death's silence given ;
Earth soon forgot the bright mirage's flame.

How the wind whispers, raising up the dust !
But the chain's golden links we break and scatter ;
The soul has grown to love its den of matter,
The limits of each field it would adjust.

And in that land of passion, where the white
With red and black its colour interlaces,
The roads grow silent ; altered are the faces.

Only the hour of danger and the fight
When neighing steeds and flaming fires assemble,
Earth's ancient glory faintly can resemble.

K. BALMONT.

WAR IN THE WORKS OF PUSHKIN

By A. F. Koni, Academician and Member of the Russian Council of State

Translated by Augusta M. Campbell Davidson

Compassion and pity for mankind run like a crimson thread through the whole range of the works of Pushkin ; it may even be said that understanding of and sympathy with human suffering distinguish the best of his works. This may perhaps seem inconsistent with his praise of "the glories of war." But the representation of Pushkin as the bard of this "sombre glory" is only one of the many misrepresentations of this great author. Never was he an admirer of war as an instrument for the attainment of glory or for the satisfaction of personal vanity. His heart and his intellect protested against those intellects whose lack of a certain moral element has sometimes cost humanity so dear. Almost all of his poems dedicated to war belong to the twenties of the last century, a period when all around him was still full of the holy memories of 1812 and of the glamour of the struggle just waged in the cause of national independence, and of the position won by the age-long efforts enabling the Russian nation to prove its lofty destiny. His later writings were evoked by the impression produced by the revolt of the Greeks against the Turkish yoke, and by the succeeding conflict which had taken so strong a hold upon the hearts of nations and of governments. And in neither of these cases did the issues at stake concern the acquisition of empty military glory ; on them hung the essential conditions of two nations' lives—in the one case the fate of the Fatherland, in the other that of the "land

of heroes and of gods." "Arise, O Greece," cries Pushkin, "rend the fetters of thy slavery to the strains of the fiery songs of Tyrtaeus and of Byron." Nor can the pictures of battles painted by Pushkin be taken as evidence of a taste on his part for what the famous physician Pirogov calls "the traumatic epidemic."

Dispassionately and impartially, with the cold exactness of a practised battle-painter, he paints the tragic picture of the carnage of Poltava, "where mingled together on every side shouts and the gnashing of teeth, the neighing of horses—groans and death and hell." Herein he sees a sacrifice indispensable to the fulfilment of Russia's destiny—"the Northern Empire's grim path to European citizenship," through a victory over a neighbour enviously and arrogantly hindering her peaceful development, even as another at the present time, and carrying war into her interior provinces. "The tattered shreds of these victorious standards" were dear to him as the tokens of the bounds set imperiously to him who should wish to limit the political independence of Russia or to take possession of her territory; dear too as having waved over the Russian soldier, in whose unbounded valour Pushkin noted with delight the absence of rancour against the foe and of boastfulness in victory. Glory, in his own words, did not allure him, "threatening with blood-stained finger," nor did "the sport of war" which "it is impossible to love" captivate him in any wise. If in the year 1821 the desire to sally forth to the war did show itself in him, it was only because he thought "that in the grim waiting for death he might dull the anguish of the thoughts that beset him," thoughts which were shrivelling him up as if he were "the victim of some cruel poison."

Yet he felt too that thus, perchance, there might be born in him the "blind passion for glory, the wild gift of heroes." A courageous waiting for death and the longing to die for the Fatherland—qualities which may cause us to envy him "who passes by on his way to death"—these, rather than thirst for the destruction of others, for the capture of their territory, or their direct or indirect enslavement, appeal to Pushkin as the indispensable conditions of war.

Napoleon, in the guise of an "Emperor enthroned on sepulchres," was hateful to him. In his reflections upon the

"heavy doom of war" are heard not the sounds of frenzied rapture over the victory which has ended an ancient quarrel, but the strains of reconciliation. "In wrestling, the fallen is safe"; he felt no need to scan the wrathful countenance of the national Nemesis or to lend an ear to the songs of injury from the lyre of Russian bards. As mature age came upon him, only pictures of peace and of the inward life of man could engross his mind, and he listened eagerly to the words of Mitskevich, telling of the time to come "when nations shall forget their strife and join in one great family." It is significant that the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Pushkin, held in 1899, took place at the time when, on the other side of Europe, in the quiet capital of Holland, was appearing the faint dawn of the realisation of that lofty hope. It matters not if the sky above these dawning rays be now covered by the thunder-clouds of an unheard-of war, that clouds of self-interest and cruelty, of obstinacy, misunderstanding, insincerity and guile still hide it as with a mourning veil from mankind's wistful eyes. Enough that these rays have shone, for when the light of dawn has once appeared the sun will surely rise. Such is the law of physical nature, and such too is the law of nature in the moral world.

A. F. Koni.

Translated by Augusta M. Campbell Davidson.

WAR IN THE FUTURE, BY N. A. MOROZOV

TRANSLATED BY AUGUSTA M. CAMPBELL DAVIDSON

(From *Summer Impressions on Returning from the War*)

THE broad blue ribbon of our Russian Volga streams forth beneath the dark-blue summer sky. The July sun, still high above the cloudless horizon, darts its burning rays straight into my face. They gild the yellow, sandy banks, and a dazzling pathway of light stretches from the sun straight towards me over the surface of the water.

At this sight, the words of some Japanese sage come into my mind—that, be there few or many on the banks, it will seem clear to each one that to himself alone the sun sends this ray, that he alone is chosen out of all the rest . . . and that nevertheless such an impression is due to a profound psychic error.

"Yes, a profound mistake," I mentally agree with him, and moreover it is the primary mistake, the most ancient and the greatest of all mistakes. All others rest upon it, as upon a foundation, and crumble away of themselves as soon as science has convinced us and brought it home to our hearts that we are all of equal value in the common life of the universe.

I am driving along the bank of the Volga, having come back from the War on account of severe bronchitis contracted at the Front. My object is to get cement and lime for the repair of my house from the Koprinska wharf, already visible yonder on the bank of the river. A crowd of bare-legged country boys come running up.

They are playing at "war." All have walking-sticks by way of guns hanging from their shoulders, and one of them, cleaner in his dress than the others, and not bare-footed but

wearing high boots, is their officer, and is armed with a sword made out of a crooked stick.

"Forward! Hurrah! Take their machine-gun!" cries he, waving his sword, and the whole boyish troop throws itself valiantly upon a sandy hillock, and seizing upon some stump lying there, drags it down with warlike shouts. "The enemy" bursts out of his trenches, the machine-gun repulses him, and the breathless warriors return to the road as heroes crowned with laurels. There are no vanquished; nobody wants to play the part of the defeated or the wounded, still less of the fugitive.

They have long ago noticed my presence.

"Why do you drive in an *odr*?" cries the officer to me, astonished because I am not in the usual country tarantass, but in a waggon of my own, with high bars before and behind—the kind of vehicle called an *odr* in these parts, and used in our central Russian villages for the conveyance of loads of hay.

"Because I am going to buy some things at the wharf."

"Take us to the gates. We will open them for you."

"Get in!"

Three of the children jump up behind the back of my *odr* and come with me, clinging with their hands to its high rear bar, saving themselves with difficulty from being thrown out by the lurching and jolting of the clumsy vehicle as the horses trot along the deeply rutted road.

"Look out!" they shout to a young girl who approaches us, "we are just going to fire shrapnel."

Soon we arrive at the gates in the rustic fence. They are opened in the twinkling of an eye by the boys, who have rushed on ahead of me to guard the fence, which I am to imagine the barrier of some great city. The waggon is allowed to pass through on my duly giving the password, and then all the boyish army runs back again to capture more machine-guns.

And now, from watching these children, there comes to me an answer to the burning question, "Why is war possible on this earth to-day?"

First, because its inhabitants, taking them as a whole, look upon it just as these children do. And why do they do so? Because there is not yet innate in man's soul a love of his

neighbour; and it is not there because every individual and every nation still thinks that that bright path of light stretches between the sun and himself alone, passing all others by.

Then what can be done to put an end for ever to such a mental attitude?

Many things. But first of all give to each nation just conceptions of the other nations, so that every human being shall see in his fellowmen children of the human race working out their historical evolution, each one necessary to the proper development of humanity in all its fulness. In this process of evolution every nation and every tongue clearly plays a certain part—indispensable, though not as yet fully revealed to us.

But just ideas about all nations can be derived only from a wide knowledge of the world around, and by the removal of those causes which induce people to think of other nations as their enemies and their rivals.

Then the "war games," which the reader may be assured are being played now, not only on the banks of the Volga, but on the banks of the Elbe, of the Rhine, of the Danube, and in almost every European or Asiatic country, will lose their hold on the imagination of childhood, and consequently on that of youth, especially if in earliest childhood neither the Germans nor the Austrians nor any other nation feed the awakening intelligence on tales of legendary heroes cutting people's heads off right and left with their enormous swords.

And this is quite possible. Even now in all countries the ancient warlike legends are being replaced by new children's tales, which impress more peaceful images on the awakening mind, and accustom the new generations to see that true heroism does not consist in the conflict of man with man, but in the common struggle of all mankind against those hostile forces of elemental nature which are continually revealing themselves, now here and now there.

Yes—even apart from war—the conquest of new knowledge, new truths and new benefits for life on earth, affords only too large a field for heroism and self-sacrifice.

N. A. Morozov.

Translated by Augusta M. Campbell Davidson.

VII

THE PRESENT WAR

PIERRE[1]

KILLED IN ACTION, RUSSIAN THEATRE OF WAR, 1915

I saw you starting for another war,
The emblem of adventure and of youth,
So that men trembled, saying : " He forsooth
Has gone, has gone, and shall return no more."
And then out there, they told me you were dead,
Taken and killed ; how was it that I knew,
Whatever else was true, that was not true ?
And then I saw you pale upon your bed,
Scarcely a year ago, when you were sent
Back from the margin of the dim abyss ;
For Death had sealed you with a warning kiss
And let you go to meet a nobler fate :
To fight in fellowship, O fortunate :
To die in battle with your regiment.

MAURICE BARING.

[1] Inserted by kind permission of *The Times* newspaper.

FACE TO FACE WITH WAR

From the French of Olga Metchnikoff

"All happy families are alike. Every unhappy family is unhappy in its own peculiar way," wrote Tolstoi. And may this not also be true of nations!

War is for all a terrible calamity. Every belligerent nation has felt it to be so; but on the souls of the various peoples war has reacted in various ways.

Our great Russian writers, especially Tolstoi and Dostoevsky, have revealed to Western nations the soul of Russia, so that in these tragic moments it may without difficulty be understood.

The following notes may perhaps convey some of the impressions which have come to me from my own country.

. . . . . .

Through the vast spaces of Russia the news of the declaration of war spread like a whirlwind. Dark clouds, grim and menacing, like the nymphs of Valhalla, overcast the horizon. And on this sinister background there hovered a voracious vulture, Austria-Germany, ready to pounce upon Serbia, its poor defenceless prey.

The storm-cloud suddenly burst. With bewildering rapidity events followed swiftly one upon the other: Belgium invaded, France attacked, Holy Russia—our own country—threatened!

Then, with one breath, the whole nation resolved to protect itself and to conquer.

The War went on. A wave of enthusiasm swept through the country, not a passion for war, but a deep consciousness of a duty to be fulfilled.

Seriousness had taken hold of the people. Anxiety expressed

itself on every countenance. Smiles there were few, voices were hushed even at the beginning.

When, obedient to command, soldiers went by singing, those who watched them shed silent tears. It was not death they feared, but rather the frenzy of war that terrified them and filled their souls with pity. Even over victories they could not really rejoice.

The desire for self-sacrifice was universal. It possessed not men alone, but women and children. Boys of thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen enlisted as volunteers, and rendered valuable service, winning often the cross of war or dying a hero's death.

Women were not satisfied with nursing the wounded at the base; they longed to run greater risks. Under the enemy's fire they pursued their work of mercy. Many served as scouts. Some became aviators or even soldiers. No sacrifice seemed great enough.

Despite all the horrors of war, hatred did not mar the Russian soul. It continued to overflow with that pity which is the heart's most precious treasure.

Thus the soldiers returned from the Front as from a purifying fire. I would not dare to say that in the battle's heat pity may not have sometimes failed. But, when the battle ended and the soul awoke, hatred of the enemy vanished, giving place to compassion deep and heart-piercing.

With amazing fairness, deep comprehension, and unerring intuition these simple, unlettered folk judged the behaviour of the Germans, the heroism of the Belgians and of the Allies. Between them and their officers there was real friendly intercourse, totally unlike anything during the Russo-Japanese War. Then it was merely to discipline and sometimes to constraint that the soldiers answered. Not understanding the reason for the war, they were stirred by no enthusiasm for it. Now, as brethren, they pursue an object manifest to every intelligence and dear to every heart; consequently the tie of affection binds together soldiers and officers.

"Like children round a father we press round our officer if he falls wounded. Every one of us would sooner be killed than abandon him." "Our officers are always with us. Often

when we have satisfied our hunger, they have not yet eaten; we offer them our platter, and they willingly share our repast." Thus write the Russian soldiers. All are bound together in a common desire for sacrifice in a common resolution to conquer.

In the first months of the War the Government made itself one with the people. . . . All divisions of class, party, and nationality disappeared. The whole country had but one thought, one desire, one object.

Morals were reformed. Alcoholism vanished. The people themselves demanded the closing of public-houses. Drunkenness with its attendant brutality and coarseness disappeared.

To the mystic soul of the people it seemed that in war-time, as before the Holy Communion, one ought to be in a state of grace. And in those days we realised of what infinite goodness and moral force the Russian people are capable.

War, bloodthirsty, cruel, barbarous, had come, and the people had met it with a symphony of courage, sacrifice, energy, and pity.

This I found to be the soul of the Russian people when face to face with war.

OLGA METCHNIKOFF.

PARIS, 1916.

AFTER A PAINTING BY M. LARIONOV

DESIGN FOR THE "SOLEIL DE NUIT" BALLET, PERFORMED DECEMBER, 1915, AT THE NATIONAL OPERA HOUSE, PARIS, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY

THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER, BY COLONEL PERETTS, A RUSSIAN STAFF OFFICER

TRANSLATED BY SUSETTE M. TAYLOR

THE colossal growth of war technique has considerably modified methods of warfare, has even modified war itself, but, nevertheless, in the living power—the soldier—the main and decisive factor still remains.

No cannon balls and bullets, no monsters of artillery are terrible unless inspired by the spirit of man. That is why the soldier with his individual capacity will ever continue to gain preponderance now on one, now on another fighting area. As in ancient times, so now, war is rather a wrestling between peoples than a conflict of mechanical strength. The unusual scale of the armies contending in the world's theatre of the war confirms this view. If technique has in this war reached its apogee, the growth of the army has also reached dimensions hitherto unknown. It may be said that not armies but armed nations are fighting, whole nations organised into separate war units, corps, divisions, and so on. And as, even in past times, each nation possessed an army distinguished by individual particularities, or, to be more exact, distinguished by the peculiarities inherent in the said nation, so now, when almost every nation forms an army, this shows itself in a still greater degree. The study of an army apart from a nation is unthinkable. All the characteristic features of a given people lie at the base of its army and form its most distinguishing features.

It was in the year 1874 that universal military service was introduced into Russia. Now, therefore, after more than forty years, the Russian army is fed from all parts of its vast Empire by the life-stream of its population, consisting of every stratum

of Russian society, of all the various nationalities that form the combined Russian nation. For this reason the Russian army can be boldly styled the National Army, for it reflects all the features of the Russian nation in the widest sense of the word.

Even the most superficial acquaintance with the history of the Russian nation presents a picture of the character of those early wars which tempered its warlike spirit and trained its heroism.

Russia had in ancient times to protect herself from aggressive neighbours on all sides. Nomad Tartars fell upon her from the East, she had in the South to defend her frontiers from both Tartars and Turks, she was threatened in the West by Poles and Swedes. The wars with these various nations were defensive; and if Russia extended her boundaries it was not by a carefully-thought-out offensive, but entirely as the result of a successful defence, in which the beaten enemy in his flight abandoned part of his territory to pursuing Russian troops.

This circumstance has influenced the whole military science of Russia. That is, our military science invariably originates in a defensive. Herein is expressed the soul of the Russian people, ever deeply convinced that God is not with aggressors. This idea is at the root of our national theory of life, and generations of Russian citizens have been reared on the principle of antipathy to aggression, though ever ready to defend their Motherland with the last drop of their blood.

Yes, the Russian soldier when on the defensive shows extraordinary stoicism; and he is capable, when defending his mother-earth—the nurse at whose breast he has fed—of inflicting incalculable losses upon the enemy. It is enough to remember the war of 1812, when the whole population, to oppose the army of Napoleon, voluntarily formed itself into regiments; when even peasant women, pitchforks in hand, went, all of their own accord, into the forests and there fell upon isolated detachments of the great army. They were protecting their country, they were the personification of the defensive idea that is so deeply engrained in the consciousness of the Russian people, and consequently in the Russian soldier. In the present war, the Russian troops retreating in 1915 before the pressure of the attacking enemy in Galicia and Poland, though lacking war material to such a

degree that their artillery was utterly without ammunition, yet throughout three whole months tenaciously held back superior enemy forces, who were abundantly supplied with munitions and who were availing themselves of the latest discoveries in war technique. German officers, taken prisoner, while expressing their lively admiration of the Russian soldier's grit, confessed their inability to understand his heroic resistance under such disadvantageous conditions.

The Russian army, when on the defensive, purposely wears the enemy out; then, when his adversary is at his last gasp, choosing the moment when he is least expected, the Russian falls upon him and drives his foe before him with ever-increasing losses. So it was on the occasion of the Mongol invasion, of Napoleon's invasion, and so it will be in Kaiser Wilhelm's invasion. The Russian soldier now firmly believes in his own invincibility and in the righteousness of his cause.

A defensive followed up by an offensive—we have here the base of Russian strategy, the peculiar characteristic of the Russian nation and of its history.

Russia is a country of agricultural labourers, a country in which town life only began to develop in recent times; the Russian people therefore is not weakened by the luxuries of over-civilization. Our soldier is very near to nature, he is able to endure hardships, he is ever ready to take his bearings and adapt himself to all kinds of surroundings; forest and field are his native element; the horse is his friend. Hence, as a natural consequence, the love of the Russian soldiers for the perils of scouting, for night assaults, for the bold attacks of our flying cavalry. Minor tactics are our soldiers' favourite diversion. There are always plenty of volunteers for any risky raid or sally. Our soldier does not, like the German, hide himself behind the barbed wire; he even regards the methods proper to modern warfare as too colourless and as not yielding sufficiently rapid results.

It is in view of this that our tactics chiefly consist of a bold reconnaissance followed by a bayonet charge. From the earliest times the Russian soldier hoped more from his physical strength than from machinery. The *bogatyrs*, or legendary heroes,

sallying out in single fight with the enemy, took with them no arquebus but simply a cudgel or a sword. The great Field-Marshal Suvorov was continually telling his heroic soldiers, "The bullet is a fool, the bayonet a fine fellow." And to the present day, notwithstanding the colossal importance of fire-arms in warfare, the Russian soldier prefers a hand-to-hand fray and puts more trust in his bayonet than in powder and shot. He falls upon his enemy with shouts and thrusts, and is in most cases successful in driving him away from his position, whereupon panic is followed by flight.

A bayonet charge is, to use an idiomatic expression, the red thread running through our tactics both in military instructions and in the natural instinct of the Russian soldier.

We shall not linger over any description of the operations of our Russian Cossacks; the work of their cavalry is well known all over the world. The bold mounted Cossack, armed with a spear and Circassian sabre, rushes on absolutely oblivious to danger. Sitting his horse like a centaur, he, in the same way as the foot-soldier, endeavours to meet the foe face to face and to measure his strength with him in hand-to-hand fighting.

We are now therefore acquainted with the main characteristics of the Russian soldier, and we also know that these form the elements of our Russian strategy and tactics.

We shall next endeavour to acquaint ourselves further with the characteristics of his life in war-time, with those features of the Russian soldier that distinguish him from the soldier of other contemporary armies of civilised nations.

The Russian manual for privates contains these words: "A soldier is the defender of the Tsar and of his Fatherland from enemies within and without." In these words are defined those general duties that devolve upon every Russian citizen when he enters the ranks of the army.

Firstly, it is the duty and obligation of every soldier to protect his Tsar. Russian history is throughout penetrated with Tsarism. Decades of generations of the Russian people have been reared up deeply imbued with love for their Tsar, God's anointed, whose dominion therefore has ever in their minds been connected with the benevolence of God. Consequently,

from childhood the Russian peasant learns to look upon the Tsar as chosen by God to carry out His will. This is why, when the Russian is called to the ranks, by responding to the call he accepts the defence of his lawful Tsar as his primary duty. In the defence of God's anointed, for the sake of his Tsar, the head of all the Russian army, the Russian soldier, himself a member of Christ's army, will boldly march into the greatest danger.

Russian warriors have in all ages died with amazing tranquillity in the defence of Tsar and country. They are ready for everything, will stop at nothing. Here is an example. A private of the Tenginsk regiment, by name Arkhip Osipov, threw himself with a blazing torch into an enemy's powder magazine, and blew it up, sacrificing his own life but annihilating at the same time a regiment of the foe. Again, in the Russo-Japanese War, two Russian sailors in the Russian mine-layer, the *Steregusch*, finding themselves about to be taken prisoner, opened the valves and, in order not to surrender their ship to the enemy, perished together with the mine-layer, in the depths of the sea.

The present war has also been distinguished by much heroism. Russian soldiers, when taken prisoner, patiently bear all tortures inflicted upon them by the enemy in the hope of obliging them to communicate desired information. Cases have been officially confirmed of Russian soldiers whose tongues and ears had been cut off by the Austrians, and who had even been burned at the stake, and who yet refused to make any disclosure.

Up to the end of the last century the Russian people lived in serfdom. The peasants were in complete dependence on the landowners, for these exercised unlimited power over them. Such age-long conditions of life could not but have had some effect, and the result is another characteristic of our army, the capacity of unquestioningly submitting itself to authority. This submission is not based on any fear, it rests exclusively on the recognition of the leader's right to command. In his superior officer the soldier sees a figure who is the possessor of superior knowledge and of superior information, and he therefore submits to his command in absolute obedience. Moreover, he esteems all officials as the Tsar's representatives.

As to the relations between the leaders and their subordinates, these were peculiar even centuries ago. In the present regulations for home service the relations between officers and men are formularised in the following expression : " The officer must care for his subordinates like a father." In other words, the relations that exist between the leaders and the subordinates are parental. Upon the officer is laid the obligation of caring for his soldiers as for his own children. And this frequently meets with a reciprocal feeling. Among the Cossack troops one will often hear a simple Cossack affectionately thee-and-thouing an officer at the same moment that he addresses him with the greatest respect. And the officers, following the tradition of the army, do actually show paternal care for their men, especially now, in war time, when the soldier is in closer proximity to the officer and the officer necessarily lives the same life as the soldier. The officer sees to it that the soldiers are well fed, that they are clean and barbered, that they are warmly clothed, and he himself inspects their linen. More than once, even officials of high rank visiting the army have been known to make the soldiers take off their boots, that they might inspect their feet.

The soldier values his leader's care for him, and is in his turn eager to carry out his every wish, however arduous be the task required of him. In the moment of danger he will willingly sacrifice his life for such a leader. I personally know of an example of this in the case of one of my brother officers, Colonel Lukashevich. Lukashevich was, in 1877, in command of a company of the Irkutsk regiment. His company was one day despatched on a scouting expedition. Having reached a Turkish village, Lukashevich together with a non-commissioned officer walked on, his company remaining about fifty paces in the rear. They were already approaching the first building, when Lukashevich suddenly received on his back so violent a blow that he was unable to save himself from falling to the ground. A volley at that moment resounded from behind a fence, and his companion, who stood just behind him, fell with eleven wounds in his chest, while Lukashevich remained whole and unhurt. The non-commissioned officer, having suddenly remarked some Turks behind the fence, anticipating their shots,

had thrown his officer to the ground and himself received the bullets intended for his leader. The company, hearing the volley and seeing their leader prone upon the ground, hereupon ran up with a shout and quickly routed the Turks and took the village.

This and other examples show the soldier's love for his chief. The soldier is ready to risk his life for him. Love for his neighbour and benevolence in general are strong characteristics of the Russian. See how he treats his foe when a prisoner! I myself have witnessed remarkable scenes, such as a soldier giving his last crust of bread or the last drop of water in his water-bottle to a wounded Austrian, and then carefully bandaging his prisoner's wounds, this, too, despite the fact that the enemy is more like a wild beast in the way he treats his prisoners.

So long as the enemy, gun in hand, stands in opposing ranks, he is treated as a foe, but once he is a prisoner his Russian captor quickly changes into a friend. "We must not kick a man when he is down," says the Russian soldier, and, not content with this, he treats his prisoner as his comrade. He even ceases to entertain any ill-feeling for his former enemy.

The conditions both of Russian service and of Russian home-life have hardened the peasant, like tempered steel; he is astonishingly enduring, and is satisfied with very little. He will march for miles along the terrible Russian roads without a murmur, while sinking in mud up to his knees. He has from childhood been accustomed to our lack of roads, and to him the marshy swamp of byways offers no impediment. The boundless space of immense Russia, the absence of railways, highroads and all other civilised ways and means of communication, early inure the Russian peasant to long journeys afoot. When in military service he is therefore able to cover tremendous ground with astonishing speed and the minimum of fatigue, and over what roads!

In the present war there have been instances of Russian infantry marching some 70 versts (46 to 47 miles) in twenty-four hours. During such marches the baggage waggons perforce remain behind and there is not even a transport kitchen to provide hot meals; but the men are on these occasions quite content with

a hunk of black bread. The soldier when at home in his village is, during the busy harvest time, also accustomed to meagre fare, and he does not feel it a privation to be without hot food for two or three days.

Unspoiled by participation in the luxuries of modern civilisation, strong and enduring, devoted to duty, a believer in God, a lover of Russia, brave, undaunted, prodigal of his life—such is the Russian soldier.

With such fighters and with an improved technique we cannot fail to win great victories. England, thanks to her advanced civilisation, thanks to her industrial development, is able to contribute all that modern warfare demands in machinery. But Russia supplies war material no less splendid—she contributes the best soldier in the world, led by officers no less richly endowed. The union of Russia with England means for the civilised world victory over the barbarians of the twentieth century.

COLONEL PERETTS.
Translated by SUSETTE M. TAYLOR.

THE MOTHER, BY I. GRINEVSKAYA

TRANSLATED BY SUSETTE M. TAYLOR

O SON of mine, forgive these tears,
The tears that from my heart are wrung !
E'en birch-trees for their reft boughs weep,
The wild beasts for their young.

And, dearest, how should I not weep ?
Nor dolorous grief o'er me prevail ?
Where strength and calm endurance draw
To choke . . . a mother's wail ?

In offering to our native land
We needs must of our own will part
With what is lovelier than life,
E'en though it break our heart.

And so I freely offer thee
To deadly battle with the foe.
Though dearer to me than my life . . .
Farewell ! God with thee ! Go !

I. GRINEVSKAYA.

WHAT DMITRO SAW AT THE WAR,

BY I. N. POTAPENKO

TRANSLATED BY AUGUSTA M. CAMPBELL DAVIDSON

IN the afternoon, when dinner was over in the cottage of Marika Kovalchuka, and Marika, after clearing away the bowls and spoons from the table, was just going to the shed to see if the cow had anything to eat, in came Khariton Tkachenko, and sat down at the table beside the little window and began to read aloud the newspaper which he had got from the village letter-writer.

The newspaper could be obtained at the office of the district government, but in all the district only two people ever read it—the letter-writer himself and Tkachenko. The letter-writer could do so—that one could understand—because he was a letter-writer, that is to say, a learned man who could read and understand any document. But Tkachenko was an ordinary peasant, who possessed a cottage, a wife, three children, a horse, a cow, a sow with a litter of young ones, and a peasant's allotment of land—as much as was given at that place. He could read and write, however, and was eager for news. The last was chiefly because Arkhip Kovalchuk, his bosom friend and companion from childhood, who was his partner in holding a lease of twenty acres of church land from the village priest, and also the husband of Marika and the father of eight-year-old Dmitro and six-year-old Fedoska, had gone to the War as a reservist. And everything about the War was in the newspaper, so Tkachenko followed all the news and never missed anything.

Of course he could have read the paper at home, where he would have been in greater quiet; but he knew that Marika

would ply him with questions, and then he would have to tell her the whole contents of the paper in his own words. So he thought it was better to read it once for all for the benefit of both of them. And besides, he could never forget that Arkhip, when he was leaving for the War, had charged him to look after Marika and the children; and although Marika had sniffed protestingly, declaring that she had a head on her own shoulders and knew very well how to look after herself, he considered it his duty to do it all the same.

And still Marika did not go to see to the cow. No matter, nothing would happen to the beast even if it did wait another hour without a feed. Her mind was so utterly absorbed in the news, that when Tkachenko was reading she never missed a single word. And he was reading for a long time, for the whole newspaper was about the War, and he was not a very expert master of the art: he would drag, and hesitate, and stop short. If a peasant goes into the town, driving not horses but oxen, and stops at every little hummock and every little ditch, is he likely to get there quickly? But both Tkachenko himself and Marika were wholly and entirely wrapped up in the reading, utterly forgetful, for the time, of everything else in the universe. Of course they were interested in the War, like all the rest of their fellow-countrymen, and they both longed for our side to be victorious and not a single trace of the Germans to be left behind. But if that had been all, they, like the rest of the village, would ask the letter-writer how the War was getting on, and if he answered that it was getting on splendidly, they would have been quite satisfied. But the thing was that Arkhip was at the War, and therefore they felt just as though they were fighting themselves. And since they did not know exactly where Arkhip was—in what regiment or in what country—they looked for him in all; and wherever a battle or a skirmish had taken place, there, so it seemed to them, had been Arkhip. Arkhip was nowhere and everywhere; he retreated from the enemy and pursued him at one and the same time; he fought in Galicia and in Prussia, not to mention the possibility that he might be performing great deeds on the shores of the North Sea. In a word, wheresoever was the thunder of the guns, there too was Arkhip.

And seeing that he not only conquered cities and marched into them to the roll of the drum, but also exposed himself to attack, figured in the list of the wounded in the hospitals, was taken prisoner, was picked up a lifeless corpse from the field of battle, one can understand that Marika lived through the most fearful mental agonies and suffered all the tumultuous emotions of which the human heart alone is capable. Her cheeks would now be suffused with crimson, now a deathly pallor would spread over them ; one moment her eyes would sparkle joyously, and the next would fill with tears. " O Lord, O Lord," she would whisper in terror, as Tkachenko read the description of some battle where men had fallen in hundreds, " perhaps Arkhip was just there ! " And then she would cross herself and offer up her prayer for the well-being of Arkhip, dreading at the same time lest unawares she might be praying for the repose of his soul.

The children would be here too, sitting on the bench. Both of them would fix their big eyes on Tkachenko and look straight in his face. But Fedoska did not hold out, and would very soon give up. Her eyes would close, her head sink to one side, and she would stretch herself out on the bench and go to sleep. But Dmitro, who was himself able to read, though of course he was a long way behind Tkachenko, would greedily swallow every word, and, seeing that this had been going on nearly every day for three months, his head had got quite full of the strangest words, of which he understood perhaps a dozen, and that in his own fashion. Here were " positions " and " trenches " and " attacks " and " shrapnel " and " contributions " and all that, so that sometimes he would jump up in the night and cry out frantically, for all these words appeared before him in his sleep in the form of frightful monsters. His brain was continually on fire with warlike imaginings. He loved his father Arkhip dearly, and he never ceased for a moment to think of him, wondering how he was fighting and, more especially, how he was living.

Many times the idea came into his head to be off to the War without a word, so as to be near his father. Only two things held him back : the first was, where was this War ? in what direction must he go to look for it ? Usually when people do

not know their way they ask the passers-by whom they meet and they point it out to them, and, even though it may be a long way to go, still they get there in the long-run. But in his case it was impossible to ask anybody, for then they would just take him, seeing he was but a little boy, and turn him back to the village. And the second was, that although he longed very much to be with his father, yet at the same time he could not imagine himself without his mother.

But this day, when Tkachenko had gone away home after reading out all that was in the paper, other thoughts were beginning to stir in Dmitro's brain. He kept thinking all the time that in two days the Christmas feast would be upon them, and father not at home! And he could not imagine how they were to welcome the festival without father. For all the years he had lived in the world, never once had such a thing happened.

It must always be like this, that on the eve of the festival everybody would sit in the cottage—father, and mother, and Fedoska, and he himself, Dmitro—and, when he was alive, grandfather, that is to say, father's father, too—they would all sit and eat boiled rice with raisins in it and stewed fruit, and all the various things that were customary. And on the feast-day itself, after coming from Mass, they would eat fat bacon the first thing—roasted, and boiled, and salted—every sort of dish of bacon—and sausages. It was for this that at the proper time they had killed the wild boar, and before that had fattened him in the dark shed. All these things together made up the festival, and he could not possibly imagine it otherwise. But alas, poor father! how sorry he was for him! So sorry that he was ready to cry. And the worst thing was that nothing could be done about it. Of course, if only one could know where this same War was, one could stuff a sack full of a lot of bacon and sausages, put it on one's back, and take it there and put it before father. And then father would have something to break his fast on, and have a feast-day like everybody else.

When night came Dmitro went to bed on top of the stove. From below the heat came pleasantly, and toasted him nicely as though he had been a little sucking-pig that was to be roasted for the feast-day. His eyes were shut, but he was not asleep;

he kept thinking, "If I could but get to the War—right to headquarters! Straight to the General and then on to the Colonel, . . . Oh, what a pity that I am still little. If only I were a big lad, I could slip quietly down from the stove, then into the storeroom; then I would take bacon and sausages in a sack and run off ever so fast, straight to father."

II

It sometimes happens in this world that a person may be planning something earnestly and yet never notice that the thing is coming gradually to pass and has happened of itself. All things happen in life, only it does not fall to every one to experience everything. And so it was with Dmitro. For even though he was not yet a big lad, but only eight years old, he nevertheless got down from the stove, put his boots on his feet, and on his shoulders a pelisse given to him by his father before he went to the War, from which there came a nice pungent smell of sheepskin, and went out of the cottage into the entry, and from the entry into the storeroom.

Here it was dark, though he almost put his eyes out with straining them, but he knew that there, just by the door, stood the tub, filled to the very brim with fresh, newly-cured bacon, and that on the shelf above the tub there were sausages coiled up in rings.

He seized a small sack, or rather wallet, of the kind that beggars use, stuffed it to the top with bacon and sausages, and was off to the War.

And the most surprising thing about it was that he succeeded in doing all this so cleverly that neither mother nor little Fedoska heard anything. But how was that? They slept soundly, and that was why they did not hear.

And this too was surprising, that he, who hitherto could never imagine where this same War was, now knew perfectly well. Suppose some one should ask him, "Where is the War?" perhaps he would not know how to answer, though he himself knew sure enough that he was going to the War, that he would certainly get there, and even that it was not at all far off.

Out in front a little river was to be seen, flowing through the midst of the valley and winding several times like a huge snake, the ice upon it glittering like scales. And there, just beyond this river, would be the War.

So Dmitro went gaily on his way, and there was a joyful feeling in his heart because he was carrying on his back the wallet stuffed with bacon and sausages, and that not for any chance person, but for father. Father, you see, was a hero. He was there, at the War, fighting the Germans. There were pressing on him on all sides " positions," and " contributions," and " trenches," and " shrapnel," and whatever else they call them there—in a word, all sorts of horrors—and it must be that he was feeling hungry there, as hungry as a wolf. What did he get to eat there? Dry biscuits of some sort soaked in water, and anything else that God might send. And perhaps he might chew these same " positions " and " contributions " and spit them out. But as for bacon there, or sausages, or, in short, any sort of really Christian victuals, there was no use even thinking of them. And on the German side—but everybody knows what the Germans eat,—cats, and rats, and mice, and black beetles—faugh!

But he was lost in thought and never noticed that the snow was getting deeper and deeper. Already his boots, which reached to the knee, were sinking into the snow right up to their tops, and it was only with an effort that he could drag his feet out of the snow. Ah, and now the snow was up to his waist, and he could only just manage to scramble out of it. Up to his shoulders! Phew! To his very cheeks! And at last, there he was, lying with his head in the snow, and he gave himself up for lost. But something happened which would not be believed if it were told. No, indeed, for there are people who live in their own village in the country, even to old age, and till their beards are white, and never understand anything properly. But he, Dmitro, when he fell with his head in the snow, fell into the exact place where he wanted to be, that is evident, for it was into the War he fell. There it was, in front of him, all quite clear and distinct. And what was not going on there! It was terrible even to look at it. Guns were firing, cannons thundering, drums beating, trumpets blowing, horses neighing and stamping

their feet and pawing the ground. It was as if there was no air at all, but instead of it a kind of yellow fog, and in it bullets and bombs were flying about like bees. On all sides fires were breaking out with a roar like thunderbolts, and everything was trembling, tottering, falling. Was this day or night? Well, you could take your choice. Then Dmitro sees that some sort of cloud is moving upon him. It is still far away, but is getting nearer and nearer, and it grows in breadth and height, and becomes so enormous that it takes up half the earth. He stares with all his eyes, now opening them wide, now screwing them up. He watches it, and, quite suddenly, he sees distinctly that it is the Germans—the whole army of the enemy.

Of course it is they. Had they been Russians he would have known them at once, and seen his father first of all. But there was no sign of father there, and God be praised that he was not there, for, if he had been such as they were, it would be so dreadful that he, Dmitro, would have been obliged to renounce him. And so this was what they were like, these Germans! Now one could understand why our men were fighting them. What ungodly looking brutes they were, as though they had been chosen for their ugliness, and as though some one had taken and twisted them all crooked. Their noses were red like rowan-berries, and long and sharp like those of the black storks who had built a big nest on the roof of the priest's cottage, and fly there every summer and rear their long-beaked young. Their eyes were round and large as good-sized cart-wheels, and their mouths such that one could quite well drive into them in a water-butt, and there stuck out of them above and below spikes yards and yards long. And they themselves were hunch-backed, crooked, lame, with withered hands, and among them there was not one man such as a man ought to be. Evidently God had punished them for being Germans.

And now they were coming upon him, coming, coming, one riding on a horse, another on a dog, another on a cow, another on a cat, and one even on a rat. Each one had a gun in his hand, and these guns all pointed their muzzles at Dmitro, and out of them with a roar flew bombs: one, two, three—a thousand—a million bombs flew out, and what became of them God only knows.

Dmitro understands that he ought to be terrified and tremble like an aspen leaf, because all this is so terrible. Nevertheless, he stands in the midst of it all as though there is nothing the matter. He takes his wallet off his back and puts it in front of him as a shield, and the bullets all fall off him like water off a goose's back. "Oh," thinks Dmitro, "so that's what it means! It was not for nothing that I brought the wallet with me: it means there is great strength in the wallet, for bombs do not get through it. See how they rebound from it like tennis balls. Oh, how glad I should be if I could get to father and hand the wallet over to him! Then for certain no German devil would take it from him." He keeps on thinking, and holds the wallet in front of him, stretching his hands forward. Out of the wallet is sticking a piece of bacon and whole sausages rolled in rings. His hands grow numb with the strain and are ready to drop under the weight, but he holds on with his last remaining strength. But the cloud moves on towards him, and there are the Germans before his very nose.

"Stop!" cries the leader of the Germans in an awful voice, "what is this he has in his hands? Eh, you boy, what is that you've got?"

"Ah, you try, you beast of a German, and then you will know what it is."

The German leader pulls a piece of bacon out of the wallet, puts it into his mouth, sticks his nail-like teeth into it, bites a piece off, and chews it.

"Yes, that is bacon," he says, and suddenly through all the army there resounds the cry, "Bacon, bacon, bacon." And millions of hands stretch out to the German leader that he may give them bacon.

"So that is an army," thinks Dmitro, "and they cannot have eaten for two or three days."

But now such a strange thing happened that Dmitro gazed at it, and did not know whether to believe his eyes. The German leader chewed the bacon, swallowed it, and fell heavily to the ground, and at the same moment another tore with his teeth a morsel from the same piece, chewed it, swallowed it, and fell down likewise. The piece of bacon went for a walk through

the whole army. The Germans gnawed it, their eyes blazing with greed, but it never grew any smaller. They gnawed it and fell down dead, and their horses, and dogs, and cows, and cats, and rats after them, from having merely smelt the odour of it. And they lay in thousands—nay, there must have been a whole million there. In short, not one single German was left in the land of the living. They were all quite dead, so that there was not one left even to take prisoner.

Dmitro stands before them and thinks: "How did I do this to them? With a single scrap of bacon. Why, the wallet is as full as it was before: it contains only one piece less. However did it come to pass? They had guns, and I had only a piece of bacon."

He thinks and thinks, and suddenly he claps his hand to his head.

"Ah, yes, that's it. I understand. The bacon was Orthodox, and so, of course, the Germans were not able to bear it. Why, only yesterday morning the priest came to us and said prayers, and sprinkled everything with holy water, in the cottage and in the shed and in the storeroom, so it must be that the bacon also was hallowed. Yes, and I remember too that all Orthodox folks break their fast on bacon on Christmas Day, so why should it not have power against the Germans?"

Dmitro understood all this and made up his mind that he must go on all the same so as to find his father somewhere or other at last. But whither could he turn? To the right, to the left, forward or backward, everywhere dead bodies of Germans were heaped up, whole mountains of them before him, and he could not move in any direction. What was he to do? Could he possibly stay in the midst of this German graveyard? No, indeed, he was not that sort. A boy who goes straight from his bed on the stove and with a single piece of bacon slays a whole army on the spot, is it likely that he would not find out what to do? What! Was he a heathen? He had simply to put up his hand and cross himself and then all these German devils would vanish. And so he did. He crossed himself once. All things that were round about him began to move away, somewhere farther and farther away. Then immediately he

made the sign of the cross for the second time, and everything became grey as though changing into mist, just like a sort of smoke rising up from the earth. And Dmitro crossed himself the third time, and, when he looked up and turned his head first to one side and then to another, he stood as if frozen to the spot in amazement.

III

But really there was no reason why anybody should be amazed. For, if this was the War, then, of course, not only the Germans would be here, but our soldiers too. So there was nothing surprising about it when a dense and tall forest opened out before him, nor, moreover, that, though it was winter, the forest was all green and blooming, and round him was a valley all covered with fresh young grass and sprinkled over with all sorts of flowers. From beyond the wood the ringing tones of the trumpet came forth, sweet and harmonious, mingled with the deep roll of the drum.

Then out from the wood dashed horsemen in red and blue coats and wearing high fur caps, and amidst them, on a white horse, rode the General, grave and majestic, with a long flowing grey beard. It was easy to see that he was the General, for his coat was all embroidered with gold. And after him an innumerable army came riding on horses, waving banners of many colours.

Dmitro never doubted for a moment that these were our soldiers. It was quite evident. They were all such tall fine men, and their clothes were beautiful. And, besides, to whom could such a splendid army belong? Not to the Germans, certainly. Impossible—he had just seen himself what ugly monsters they were. But these were splendid young men, one just like another, as though they had been matched on purpose.

"Well," thinks Dmitro, "if our army is coming here, that means that father is here too. For of course where else could he be?"

"Why! so this is what it is like at the War. And I, like a silly, thought that father was sitting somewhere in a ditch keeping watch upon the Germans, and that he would be sad

and hungry. And now see what fine fellows they are, prancing about on horses, and nothing of that sort at all. And he began to look eagerly at the faces of the innumerable horsemen who were riding behind the General, but he could not see father anywhere among them. And now they rode up close to him and halted.

"Tru-tu-tu. . . . Tru-tu-tu. . . . Tru-tu-tu-tu-tu-tu-tu." The trumpeters blew their trumpets, pointing the wide mouths of their instruments straight at him, and after that the General rode up to him on his white charger. "Why," said the General, looking down at him, "here is some boy or other. And we thought there was a mighty army here. But where has the army gone? Come, boy, tell me, where has the army gone?"

"I have not seen any army," answered Dmitro, not a bit frightened. "There were some German devils here, but I killed them all on the spot, and now there is not a trace of them left."

"So you killed them—is that it?"

"Yes, who else? Of course, I . . ."

"But how did you do it? You have not even a gun!"

"What should I do with a gun? I don't even know how to fire one. I did not do it with a gun. I did it with bacon."

"Oh! with bacon. H'm. Well, tell us how you did it."

"I did not do it at all. That frightful German who was in the middle of them . . ."

"The General?" somebody prompted him.

"N-no, that's too much! How do you think Germans could have a General? He was riding on a cow. Do you think Generals ride on cows? Everybody knows that Generals always ride on white horses. Well, he took a piece of bacon and began to gnaw it, and he chewed and chewed and fell down dead. And then they all began to chew—they must have been hungry—and they all fell dead. And I looked up and there was a whole mountain of them, and I thought to myself, 'Where can I put them?' And then I started to cross myself—one, two, three times—and they all disappeared through the earth. And just then you came up."

"A brave boy!" said the General. "Now, then, blow the trumpets in his honour."

The trumpeters sounded something uncommon and majestic.

"Now, bring him a horse and put him on it. But perhaps, as he is a little fellow, he may fall off."

"I fall off! Why, in summer when the horses go into the meadows I jump right on to their backs with a run."

Then, taking his wallet in the left hand, with the right Dmitro seized the mane of the horse, which was already standing before him, put his foot in the stirrup, and in the twinkling of an eye was in the saddle.

"Forward, boys!" commanded the General, and set spurs to his white charger. And all the army dashed through the valley, and he, Dmitro, with them, and he galloped so that sparks flew on all sides from his horse's feet. And all the time he was beside the General. They galloped and galloped, and when they had galloped a hundred versts, Dmitro at last got tired. And what was the meaning of it all? His wallet flapped against his sides, and when he looked at it he saw all the contents were dropping out of it. And what was this wallet for? Was he some beggar? Why, see, all the soldiers had guns or lances, and the General had an enormous cannon on his back—and he, Dmitro, had a wallet! And he could not by any means understand what he had that wallet for, and what necessity there had been for him to bring such a quantity of bacon and sausages. He racked his brains, he rubbed his forehead, but try as he would, he could not remember. It must be that frenzied gallop which had addled his brains and set his head in a whirl.

He did not remember how he had got here into this perfectly strange place, galloping on a horse among millions of horsemen, nor really what it was that had happened. He felt only one thing, and that was that the saddle he was sitting on was burning hot and was roasting him unbearably, roasting him so that he could not sit still. "No," said he. "I had rather get down and go along somehow on foot, for I am being broiled like a sucking-pig in a frying-pan." No sooner said than done. He stopped the horse, dismounted, and went on foot along the blazing hot road all alone, and he went so far—perhaps for more than a day—that his feet were fairly dropping off with fatigue, and his throat was parched with thirst. He was longing so for

something to drink, that if he had met with a river, he would have drunk up all the water that was in it.

His wallet was hanging at his back, and in it were bacon and sausages, but these were salt, and the mere sight of them made his thirst so violent that it was quite unbearable. "O Lord, my God," said Dmitro in a whisper with lips parched and cracked, "what have I come here for, and where am I going to?"

He lay down with his face on the ground and wept. But the ground was so hot that it was as though somebody was heating it from underneath.

"Eh, boy, what are you crying about? Now, then, lift up your head and look this way."

Above him there sounded an old man's voice, harsh and somehow familiar. He raised his head and sat on the grass. Beside him was sitting a little old man, bent and shrivelled, with a bald head, and on his face, wrinkled with age, there grew, instead of hair, as it were a sort of white feathers. He recognised the old man, and he recognised him as if he had known him long, long ago, only he could not remember what his name was.

"Well, don't cry. Oh, silly boy! Don't you know me?"

"I know you," says Dmitro, "only I——"

"Ah! 'only!' Oh, silly! Can it be that I am grandfather Anikei?"

"Yes, yes—that's it. Grandfather Anikei—only—only——"

"He, he, he!" laughed the old man, and from his mouth projected his one and only tooth, all alone in his mouth, as if it had been put there on guard. "And perhaps I used to be watchman at the pumpkin plot your father and Khariton Tkachenko had—you know they always used to share the working of it."

"That is it," cried out Dmitro joyfully. "Grandfather Anikei—he used to mind the pumpkin plot. And where can I find father? See, I am longing and longing to find him, and I can't anyhow. And I am so thirsty, and the sun is scorching me, and I want a drink, and my lips are cracked, and I have no strength to go on any farther."

"That is because you are a stupid fellow, though you are a brave boy, and have killed the whole German army with a

single piece of bacon. All the same, you are a stupid donkey. You turn your head a bit and look round you, my boy."

Dmitro looked round and cried out for joy. Under his very nose there ran a stream, its transparent water flowing over a soft sandy bottom, and on its brink were bending down to it young green willow-trees, and their branches hung down to the very water, and they dipped their tips in it. Dmitro jumped to his feet with one quick movement, took off his clothes, boots, shirt and all, and threw them down under the willows, rushed down, and, plunging his parched lips into the river, drank the fresh, cool, clean water as though he could never stop. Then, when he had bathed, he swam about and plunged and turned somersaults, and it seemed to him that never in his life had he ever felt so delightful a sensation.

"Now, that's enough," said his grandfather. "The time is getting on; see, the sun is sinking down in the west, and you have got to search for your father."

Dmitro sprang out of the river at once, dried himself in the sun, and dressed himself. His wallet was lying there, he felt it all over; everything was all right, the sausages and bacon all in their place.

"Now, I'm ready," he said, "my feet don't feel any more as if they would drop off, and I can go on again as long as you like. But do tell me, grandfather Anikei, in what direction I must go to look for father."

Grandfather Anikei laughed good-naturedly, and his solitary tooth moved about strangely in his mouth. "Why should you go very far?" he said. "Don't you see the people moving about over there across the river? Those are our valiant soldiers. Wherever you look it is all heads—heads on every side. Right to the edge of the earth where it joins itself to the sky, it is all in possession of our brave army. So go you thither, for certainly your father is there, he can be nowhere else."

"But, grandfather Anikei, couldn't you come with me? Though you are an old man, people will respect you."

"I . . . yes, I might go. Why shouldn't I go too and help the little chap? only, you see, I . . . h'm . . . h'm."

Dmitro looked round, but in the place where grandfather

Anikei had been there was only the trodden grass ; he had simply vanished through the ground. As he had appeared, so he disappeared.

Dmitro slung the wallet over his back and went to the river, stepping over it as though it were only some little ditch or other, and then was off straight towards the army.

When he arrived there the soldiers stared at him. What sort of young dare-devil was this ? Where did he come from ? Dmitro bowed to the soldiers and took off his cap and said, " Are you good people ? are you our brave army ? " They answered, " Yes, we are. But where do you come from, boy, and what do you want here ? "

" I was born at the village of Merschilov," said Dmitro, " and my Christian name is Dmitro, and my surname is Kovalchuk. I got down off the stove and came here to the War to see my father, Arkhip Kovalchuk, who is serving among the soldiers. And I have brought him a wallet with bacon and sausages, so that he may have something for breakfast on Christmas Day."

" What ! is it possible ? Bacon and sausages ! Yes, so it is, actually bacon and sausages. Only," said the Colonel, " we have no soldier of that name. Ho, somebody over there, look in the list and see if we have a man called Arkhip Kovalchuk."

" There is nobody of that name," answered some one from a distance.

" But how is there not when father is at the War ? Why—God forbid !—can he have been killed ? "

" Ho, you over there, look in the list of the killed and see if there is a man there called Arkhip Kovalchuk."

" No such name."

" Thank God ! " cried Dmitro, and crossed himself. " That means he is still alive. But then, what has become of him ? He is neither in the list of the living nor of the dead. So where is he to be found ? "

" Ho, you over there, look in the third list and see whether Arkhip Kovalchuk is not there."

" Yes, he is there. Arkhip Kovalchuk is in the list of heroes."

" Oh, how grand. How delightful that my father is a hero.

But all the same, I must see him and hand over the wallet to him. So please let me do so."

"Very well, you shall see him."

Dmitro sees his father in the distance and he waves his hand to him joyfully, and runs towards him. On his breast dangle a great many medals, and beside them a cross. Father was now only about a hundred paces away from him, but Dmitro all at once began to feel very hot, his side was being scorched as if with red-hot iron. And as it grew still worse he could not bear it, and cried out, "Oh! Oh! Oh!" And suddenly father disappeared in a cloud, and the whole army disappeared after him.

* * * * * * *

"There, thank God, he's awake at last. I thought he never would wake up," said Marika from down beside the stove. "Come, get down from the stove and read out this letter; it has only just this minute been brought from the government district office; it is from your father at the War. Come, come, now, Dmitro, move."

Dmitro got down from the stove, holding himself with both hands away from the excessively hot part of it, and looked in a dazed way at his mother and could not understand anything. Then Marika poured some cold water into a basin and washed his face well, and at last he came back to his senses.

"So I was dreaming," he said, terribly downcast, "and I thought . . ."

And he told Marika everything he had gone through in his dream. And then he sat down at the table, tore open the envelope, and began with great pains to spell out the scrawl written by Arkhip's own hand. But Arkhip had written not from the War but from Kiev, where he was lying in hospital, having been wounded in the foot. He told them that he was now better, and that very soon, perhaps even before the holidays were over, he was coming to his own village on leave.

"There now," said Marika, when she had heard the letter, "your dream was not for nothing. Only, O Lord, my God, he is wounded. It may be seriously—he may be in a bad way—God only knows what has happened to his foot."

" Yes, mother, that is why father is a hero, because he has been wounded," said Dmitro, unconsciously confusing dream and reality. " You see, that is what the Colonel said. ' Your father, Arkhip Kovalchuk,' says he, ' is a hero.' It was the Colonel himself who said it."

On the fourth day of the festival Arkhip arrived at the village. He undoubtedly was a hero—that was shown by the cross upon his breast. And he limped a little. He had come to the village to enjoy a little fresh air after the hospital, but not for long—only two weeks in all.

And when Dmitro saw father in that grey cloak and high boots and fur cap, it seemed to him that he was just exactly in the cloak and boots and cap and had the same cross as when he, Dmitro, had run towards him in the presence of the whole army and the Colonel himself. Run towards him, but never reached him. Oh, why at that very minute must his place on the stove have got so dreadfully hot that he could not bear it any longer ?

I. N. Potapenko.
Translated by Augusta M. Campbell Davidson.

A VISION OF THE WAR, BY T. SCHEPKINA-KUPERNIK

TRANSLATED BY SUSETTE M. TAYLOR

BEFORE the awful vision of this war
Our prayerful knees we bend in silent dread . .
And, tearless, watch the long procession pass,
The dear shades of our dead.
No need of tears, the gall of our great grief
To tears our eyelids will for ever close ;
What need is there to us of trickling tears
When blood in torrents flows ?

Like a wild element the rider Death,
In fury ravaging our native land,
Seizes, to bear away on rapid steed,
Our youths, with his grim hand.
Shall we with murmurs cry to Him above,
Whose ways mysterious are known to none ?
Will victory march at last in honour's wake,
Right come into its own ?

Let it to us be manifest that the earth
Purification needs by cleansing fire,
So that our pitiful poor natal fields
May rise to something higher ;
Believing that our soldiers' sacred blood,
Sinking, and vivifying depths below,
To new and vernal freshness will give birth
In glorious overflow ;
And that this cruel, sanguinary stream
Is opening a pathway to the dawn . . .

—How should we else live through the long dark night,
But to await the morn ?

T. SCHEPKINA-KUPERNIK.

THE WESTERN FRONT, BY VALERY BRYUSOV

AN ENGLISH RENDERING BY LOUISE MAUDE

A LINE from the Alps to the Pas de Calais,
It runs like a path all the long dismal way,
A colourless ribbon it slashes and cuts
The fair land of France with its terrible ruts.
And dead's all beside it, no homestead, no tree,
Perhaps here and there a few crosses you see,
Or ruins and dust that were buildings of old,
And corpses and corpses, all lifeless and cold.

A line from the Alps to the Pas de Calais,
It runs like a path all the long dreary way,
To right and to left it's hemmed in miles and miles
With trenches, embankments, and sandbags in piles.
And rolling like thunder by night and by day
The guns from those trenches prolong the affray,
And thence keeping time with the roar and the clashes,
Burst clouds of white vapour and rosy-red flashes.

A line from the Alps to the Pas de Calais,
It runs like a path all the long dreary way,
And parting two peoples that lie there in wait,
It turns to a pathway of curses and hate.
Day follows day, but unyielding again
The bayonets flash, flows the blood of the slain,
The millions assembled where bullets are flying
Hear the clatter of swords and groans of the dying.

VALERY BRYUSOV.

BORCHKHA, FROM "A TRIP TO THE CAUCASIAN FRONT"

BY JERONIM YASINSKY

TRANSLATED BY AUGUSTA M. CAMPBELL DAVIDSON

EARLY one morning in the beginning of February I received an invitation by telephone from General L. to join him at once at his quarters.

I found him, a young man, well built and confident-looking, already dressed for travelling, wearing a silver-braided Caucasian tunic and a Caucasian cap and cowl.

"Ready? Let us be off. Take a seat in the motor."

The morning is beautiful. I am in a light summer overcoat. A very warm wind blows strongly in our faces. Beside the General—I am beside the chauffeur—is a soldier with a rifle. The car flies like an arrow along the straight, wide, clean streets of Batum. It glides easily over the bridges—it swims—it flies.

"Good morning, brother!" shouts the General to a passing soldier. "Good morning, Excellency!" "Good morning, policeman! Good morning, sailor!" The General is courteous to all of lower rank. In his intercourse with them one may divine in a moment the presence of a very close bond of union. The voice of its commander welds the various parts of the army into one homogeneous body, capable at any given moment of translating words into action with the precision of a machine. The car flies on—the white one-storeyed houses of the suburbs fly backwards, the government buildings outside the town flash past.

"Good morning! Good morning!"

The grey ribbon of the highway streams down towards us from the mass of dark blue mountains flecked with white and

gold and rosy lights—the mountains rush to meet us—on flies the car with breathless speed. The wind blows with redoubled force, yet hot still, almost burning.

Buffalo carts pull clumsily to the side to let the car pass by, town phaetons give way hurriedly, saddle horses shy, tearing up the stones from the roadway with their stamping hoofs. Their riders, fully armed and wearing the Caucasian tunic and high fur cap, can scarcely control them.

"Keep to the right! Keep to the right!"

The horsemen draw aside, they leap over ditches into the fields of maize and rice, and then the whole scene disappears behind the flying car, bound to do almost forty versts to get the General to Borchkha in time to allow of his inspecting the positions there and taking me back in the evening to Batum.

II

The road—smooth as a mirror—projected and constructed by the energy of the General, begins to climb up the mountains in zigzag curves. Mountains to the right, mountains to the left. A ravine. At the bottom of it roars the turbid yellow Chorokh, its foaming, irresistible current challenging the speed of the car.

The General is one of those people who do not love questioning. His mind is strongly concentrated—his answers are brief and to the point. Enormous power is in his hands, but his responsibilities are enormous too.

"Here in these heights, within five versts of Batum, they used to be all Turks," he says. "But now they are only at Borchkha. They have been driven back a distance of forty or fifty versts. As far as you can see along the gorge our men have advanced victoriously."

The General had taken over an arduous task.

"The Ajarts, who inhabit the far end, have been crushed. But they had been in open revolt, and even now, in spite of all their declarations and deputations, it is very possible that serious trouble may arise from that quarter. Upper Ajaria requires to be carefully watched. We had to clear the district from Turkish

usurpations, and recover possession inch by inch of territory which for half a century has belonged to us. On the land we have the powerful enemy resting on Ajaria — on the sea the *Goeben* and the *Breslau*. But the valour of Russia has come forth with honour from the trial. The end is still far off, of course, but a beginning is made and we can foresee what the conclusion of it all will be. Just see what sort of places these are! How grievous it would be if they were not to be ours. But we are just coming to a waterfall, on the left, so beautiful that one might look at it for a lifetime," says the General. And indeed the waterfall is striking. Its wonder lies not so much in its majesty as in the enchanting beauty of its perfect proportions, its crystal transparency and brightness, and the impression they give of a certain intimate charm. It is like the airy structure of some wondrous vision—a towering castle of crystal.

Swiftly the waterfall flashes by. The car rushes up the zigzags—now right, now left—now up, now down.

III

We shoot past various bodies of troops, large and small, with their baggage trains. Now and again the General stops the car, summons commanders of the various units and others of lower rank as well, gives orders, makes remarks. He enters into every trifling detail—it is details which compose the whole.

"I am a commander, but still more I am a human being," says the General to me. "I am sorry for a soldier who is suffering from a boil. But—you yourself will agree with me—is it possible, in a position where every single man is valuable, to send him to the hospital at Batum? And dozens of such cases arise. I have put a stop to it. If a man is seriously ill he goes; but if it is something slight he remains at his post."

Here and there native buildings appear, mostly uninhabited, sometimes with marks of bullets on them—huts like swallows' nests clinging to the cliffs—two-storeyed houses with red-tiled roofs and walls of white tiles or bricks, windows on the upper storey and fragile little verandahs—villages occupied by troops.

In the wooded meadows along the Chorokh tents glisten

white, horses stand ready saddled, and men are drawn up in line.

"Good morning, brothers!"

"Good morning, Excellency!" they shout in reply.

"Fine fellows! I am pleased with you!"

The car flies on like a car on a cinematograph film, which dashes furiously as though right on to the spectator, vanishes, and in the next picture has gone from him, and changed with instantaneous rapidity into a little cloud of dust, a mere point in the distance. Zigzag after zigzag. And everywhere cliffs, precipices, mountains, like masses of cloud, and everywhere the Chorokh, turbid, foaming, uncontrollable.

"Look, I am going to show you some typical Turkish entrenchments—there they are, on that hill!" says the General. But at such a speed as ours it is hard to see them—the General himself cannot point them out. On we rush—flying like shot or shell—we leap over plank bridges by the side of blown-up iron ones, and, still making our way by half a hundred zigzags, we fly at last into Borchkha.

IV

To meet us out come the Commandant of the Division—General M., the Staff Commander, officers, doctors. General L. shakes hands with all, and introduces me. It is a thoroughly typical camp. Tents in the meadow, soldiers, cases of ammunition, horses, piles of timber. Borchkha is divided by the river Chorokh into two halves—the Russian and the Turkish. It is a pretty little town of small white houses in the ordinary local style of architecture, and standing very close together. On the whole, a very picturesque place.

The Generals talk together. I look through a field-glass at the Turkish positions, and fail to see a single Turk. High blue-green rugged mountains tower on the horizon. Afterwards General L. (he is both Commandant and Governor-General) goes to inspect a building destined for a hospital, and finds it satisfactory. In one part of this house soldiers lie sleeping in hammocks—scouts, who have spent the whole night in the perilous

duty of despatch-carrying. We do not disturb them. The Commandant, well known for the strictness of his discipline, even lowers his voice as he comes in. Let them rest.

"What about the Turks?"

"They have been shelling us a little."

"Do they let you get a sight of them?"

"Yesterday a detachment of about two hundred strong was to be seen."

"And how many of our men were there?"

"About a hundred, Excellency."

"About a hundred? The Turks should have been wiped out. There must be no Turks left, brothers," says the General, turning to the rank and file. "There must be none left," he says in another tone to the officers.

"How can one explain this curious circumstance, Excellency?" begins General M. when we are out on the road and about to turn round the cliff. "How is it that you no sooner give an indication or an order for a movement to any place than we find the enemy is already there and we come into collision with him? Does not this lead one to suspect some secret information given to the Turks?"

"Given to the Turks? I doubt it, your Excellency. I rather think that in such a case you should, on the contrary, suspect your commander of being well aware of what he is doing," said the General, and the shadow of a smile played over his face.

"Your Excellency," says a captain, rushing up, "I venture to warn you the place whither you are just going is being shelled by the Turks."

"Let us separate, gentlemen," orders the General.

He goes on ahead; three paces behind him the commander of the division, then myself and the officers.

"Well, can we sit here?" asks the General, going behind a deserted shop, on whose floor were yet lying shreds of leaf tobacco.

"It is safer here."

"Sit down."

The General and I sit down upon a flat stone parapet on the edge of the cliff, and General M. offers us a luncheon straight

from the soldiers' kitchen. It is served in wooden bowls, and we are given a piece of bread and two wooden spoons. The cabbage soup, brought to us by a soldier, is excellent and savoury, and we eat it with relish.

The sound of the guns grows more frequent.

"The Turks have grown insolent—we must put them in their place!" says the General. And after thanking our host for his kind entertainment, we make our way back.

We go to where the howitzers are, and stay there.

"Give the Turks a good fright!"

The howitzers stand upon the river bank. There lie the six-inch shells. The gunners load them into the breech, the aiming is done—whether correctly or not must be learned from the observing point.

I stand two paces away. All close their ears and open their mouths.

"Fire!"

The guns roar, discharge a cloud of smoke, deafen us.

"Five points more to the right," signals the observing station.

Again the gun is aimed, again its thunder crashes forth.

"Capital."

After this another battery discharges some shells.

"That will do," says the General. "They will be quiet for to-day. Now then, let us have some kvass and go back again."

We sit in the shade below the cliff, a small table is brought to us, and some kvass. We quench our thirst whilst talking about current affairs.

"In short, gentlemen, there ought to be fewer Turks," says the General as he takes leave of the officers.

The zigzags again—up, down, ascents, descents—the Chorokh creeping like a yellow snake through the narrow windings of the Chkhalsky gorge—dissolving views of camp life, and camp welcome. In the evening the thunder of the guns reaches us at Batum.

JERONIM YASINSKY.

Translated by AUGUSTA M. CAMPBELL DAVIDSON.

THE LENGTHENING CHAIN,

A Story by Fedor Sologub

Translated by Susette M. Taylor

It was a holiday at the close of a temperate summer, and it was warm and slightly foggy. The mist, which was penetrated with the pungent smell of burning, had lasted five days. But it had now begun to disperse, the sky above shone blue, and high overhead could be seen the fairy outline of clouds.

Beneath the veil of the thinning fog the fields, the as yet untinted trees, and the motionless river of a joyous blue, all seemed ethereal and blissful; there was, moreover, no one to be seen. Losing oneself in thoughts, in dreams, in oblivion, one might have imagined oneself transported to Paradise.

The river had but just resounded with the whistling of two or three steamers, and its broad bosom still rang with faint echoes from the noiseless banks.

Leaning his back against a birch tree, on the moss-clad earth of the lofty bank, sat a dark, bronzed, bare-legged boy, in a short light suit. He looked about fifteen years old, which was in fact his age.

He was eagerly reading a book, rapidly turning over the pages, often looking back to what he had already read. Then he would meditate for a moment, and a line showing mental concentration contracted his black brow into two rigid curves.

The rustling of approaching steps was heard. The boy looked vexed, turned round, and then broke into a smile. A girl was approaching, barefoot, in a red *sarafan*,[1] a bunch of fine

[1] This peasant frock (with shoulder straps) of former times is often affected by girls of the upper classes in their country summer life.

rowan berries in her hand. He gazed at her admiringly ; it always gave him pleasure that she was so merry and pretty and well-built. She was just a year younger than he, and a very great friend of his.

They greeted one another. The boy, observing a narrow white bandage wound around instep and tread of her sunburnt foot, asked :

" What is this, Kitty ? Have you cut your foot ? "

Katya laughed, and, sitting down by the boy's side, replied :

" Yesterday in the field I flourished a reaping-hook carelessly. Will you have some rowan berries ? I plucked them on purpose for you. They are nice and ripe already." [1]

" Thank you, Kitty. Yes, we are both of us still clumsy and awkward. But we went, all the same, to help. Well, never mind, next year things will perhaps go better."

Katya leaned her shoulder against his and said :

" But I, Laurie, am quite satisfied with this summer."

" Is it better than the last ? " asked the boy.

" Oh yes ! " replied Katya with conviction. " I could not even conceive then that, however hard it was—and it was almost unbearable—it was at the same time such a joy."

Laurence smilingly looked at her and said :

" Five hundred years ago a boy just like me came to the river, and with ringing voice sang :

In the fields the flowrets
Flower away,
In the meadows maidens
Merrily stray.

But a thousand years ago only wolves trotted about here, and a dense forest murmured. Everything in the world becomes better from year to year, from century to century. Nature herself learns from us, and now she is more refined, more spiritual, she knows more, and is better disposed to us than she was when our prehistoric ancestors walked the earth."

Katya smiled, and, shaking her head, said :

" You are just a little pretentious over this, Laurie. Do you really think we are better than our fathers ? "

[1] The rowan or mountain ash berries are much relished by Russians.

"Not better, but happier," said Laurence confidently; "more fortunate."

"To listen to mother," said Katya, "we are much worse. We tread the earth instead of using our wings."

Laurie flamed up and said hotly:

"Well, yes, I know our elders talked a lot of superfluous stuff about their usefulness to the world, their nearness to life, their aversion to everything that was obscure. But that is not the question—anything but. The chief thing is that we simply came into the world more fortunate."

The children often discussed such subjects. They frequently met, both during the winter and in the summer. They lived next door to one another in the town, and now in their *datchas*.[1] Their parents were intimate friends. The boy and the girl were for that reason convinced that they were born for one another, and they loved each other with an innocent, rarely spoken love.

The course of their lives had run smoothly and peacefully, though the stormy year had touched their families with its scorching breath. Katya's father, an artillery officer in the reserve, was wounded and taken prisoner; Laurence's father, Alexis Nicolaevich, captain in the infantry, long lay in the hospital, where they amputated his left leg at the knee. They gave him a fine artificial limb, discharged him, and sent him home. Now he was spending the whole summer learning to control his leg. Until quite recently he could never make up his mind to discard his crutch,—this not so much because the leg was hard to manage, as that he had lost his nerve in the terrible shocks of war.

"For example," pursued Laurence, getting redder and more excited, "consider how far from being steadfast and true our fathers were in their loves."

Katya lowered her eyes. She knew that her father had children by another woman. She also knew that Lyudmila Pavlovna, Laurence's mother, married Alexis Nicolaevich after a divorce from her first husband. Yes, she knew that their parents had been fickle, both in their sentiments and in their belief.

"And we?" she softly asked.

[1] Rural residences.

" We shall never cease loving one another, shall never change, and you know it yourself," replied Laurence with conviction.

Katya raised her eyelids, and their eyes met. For a moment they looked at one another, with crossed, scrutinising gaze, as though challenging Fate. And then both suddenly smiled, confidently and tenderly. A bitter sweetness pierced their hearts, and they once again understood that their two lives were intermingled for all eternity. And they had the joy of feeling within themselves the loyal beating of valiant hearts, ready to answer every call of fleeting life.

The fantastic contours of light shadows were lying on the lofty bank, on the humid grass, and dewdrops merrily sparkled, just as at daybreak. No longer bright, but still high in the sky, the sun, flaming through the fog's curtain, smiled benevolently on the children, without blinding the youthful glances raised towards him. Everything around was happy, silent, and pure, as in the abode of the saints. And Katya looked at her lover with naïve rapture.

The ringing of a neighbouring house-bell was heard. Laurie frowningly smiled, and a shade of vexation was audible in his voice as he said :

" It is the summons to dinner. We shall sit down to table. Dasha and Nadya will wait upon us, and there will be masters and slaves, and nobody thinks this strange."

" Not masters and slaves, but rich and poor," said Katya.

" In a perfect society this will not be possible," said Laurence. " We shall only be rich collectively, and all, every single person, must live free from care in a happy, humble way. Let there be splendour, magnificence, and gaiety in the people's palaces, but in our homes—cosiness, quiet, simplicity."

" It's not like that now," said Katya.

" We, Katya, shall change all this when we are masters of our own house."

Katya smiled, and, without saying anything, looked into the sky. Laurie thereupon reflected that it would be a long time before they were masters of their own house. " But, what matter ? " thought he. " We shall wait ; we have not even built the house yet."

"We shall learn how to, shall build a new one," said he aloud.

Katya understood. It was not for the first time that they were talking of their house—of an as yet unconstructed temple for Russian life.

"Are you coming to us in the evening?" she asked.

"Yes; to-day at home; to-morrow again at work in the fields."

"Why is there such a fog?" asked Katya in an injured tone.

Laurence smiled.

"I read in the little local paper that it is caused by a burning forest in Siberia."

"What? From so far?" asked Katya with a smile.

"It may be true," said Laurence. "In this world everything is connected. But the peasants of the district say that somewhere on the other side of the Volga a whole peat-marsh is burning. Do you know, I love this fog, Katya dear. Everything seen through it is so beautiful, like a holiday-dream. Something even better than life."

"There is nothing better than life," said Katya stoutly.

Laurence looked at her severely. She shrugged a slender shoulder and said:

"In any necessity I shall give up my life for others; I shall not spare it; but all the same it's the best thing we have."

They climbed up to the road by a narrow path, and separated, each to their own home.

Laurie stepped on to the terrace, where they dined in the open. His father, in a military grey-green linen suit, was standing in the drawing-room doorway, leaning against a jamb of the door, and was smiling. The smile entirely transformed his stern, emaciated face; he appeared kind, simple, and so handsome, it was easy to understand why women fell in love with this man.

"But where is your crutch?" asked Laurie apprehensively.

"What do I want with a crutch, my boy? I have left it in the house. I am learning to use my artificial leg. It is not so bad; I can walk a little. I rested for a while, and my nerves grew stronger. The minutes now no longer drag, grasping the crutch tightly so as not to fall."

So saying, Alexis Nicolaevich walked almost naturally to the table and sat down next to his wife. Lyudmila Pavlovna was visibly worried about something, and her face, under the slight tan of a northern summer, appeared to Laurence to have grown paler and more drawn. She looked at her husband with a vague expression. Laurie wondered, wanted to ask something, but restrained himself. His mother softly sighed, looked at Laurence with her wonted keen and anxious eyes, and, noticing in his hand, together with the book, the now ragged bunch of rowan berries, asked :

" Have you been with Katya ? "

" Yes, mother dear."

The father was animated, pugnacious. He wanted to talk, to argue. Pointing to Laurence, he said to his wife :

" If you let him, he'll expound his theories to you. Why, he already has his own theory as to the new generation. He already looks down upon us just a little."

Laurence slightly reddened.

" God forbid, father dear ; you are heroes."

" Yes, yes, heroes, *but*. . . . Where is your *but* ? " said the father banteringly. " In this *but* lies the whole gist of the matter. Well, speak up, there's nothing to be embarrassed about."

Laurence slightly shrugged his shoulders and said :

" You are heroes, but not soldiers. You are capable of exploits which would have frightened the most famous heroes of ancient times, but, all the same, you are too heroic. You are ready for doughty deeds, for self-sacrifice, your goal—glory, and if you are victorious it is by chance. But we shall be soldiers. Not heroes, but machines for victory. Nobody will conquer us. Through us Russia will be strong and invincible. And nobody will ever betray us,—we shall see to that."

Alexis Nicolaevich laughed.

" What magnificent self-confidence ! Well, and what will you do if your Katya changes ? "

Laurie smiled confidently.

" I know that this will never happen," he said quietly. " For we shall not be true to one another simply because I attract her and she me."

"Love without attraction? What kind of love is that?" asked Lyudmila Pavlovna, a little annoyed.

"Pure love," again blushing, replied Laurence. "With us everything will be bondless: morality without constraint, duty without compulsion, love without madness."

"And wine without alcohol?" asked the father.

"We shall never drink," replied Laurence. "We shall live simply and faithfully, Kitty for me, I for her,—we shall need nothing else. We shall not fall in love with beautiful women and handsome men. Beauty is not necessary to us."

The father sighed and said:

"What is to be, nobody knows. It is enough to know what we ourselves want. Look you, they have taken off one of my legs, have put on an artificial one, but I want to walk, and I walk. I want to help in the fight, and I shall. 'I want to' means that I can. Duty without compulsion,—this, Laurie, was not your invention; you learned this from us."

The mother looked reproachfully at Laurie. He reddened and dropped his eyes to his plate.

The fog on the river was growing denser. On its waters a big passenger boat swiftly steamed along, panting heavily in measured beat through the steel lungs of her machinery, her bright lights flashing. When she had passed by, the shadows in the garden grew deeper, and suddenly on the white stems of the birch trees there fell a quivering glow of purple reflections.

Dasha, the maid, screamed out: "Lord have mercy, there's a fire somewhere!"

And at the same moment the summoning clang of the alarm bell on the neighbouring church began to sound.

Laurie jumped up from the table, and, with the swiftness of a beast of the wilds, rushed to his room to dress. Within a minute he ran out again, on to the terrace, awkwardly endeavouring, as he ran, to adjust his grey stocking at the right knee.

"Ready so soon?" enquired Alexis Nicolaevich.

"Always ready!" shouted Laurie.

He started to run along a side walk to the road leading to the village.

"Always ready," softly repeated the father.

He turned round to his wife, took her hand, pressed it firmly. Lyudmila Pavlovna looked at him in silence with a strained smile. She shivered slightly.

"Are you cold, Lyudmila?" he asked tenderly.

"No," she replied tenderly too.

They were silent. And again, with set bronzed face, the officer softly spoke:

"Well, Lyudmila, the leg does splendidly. I think they'll accept me. I shall be useful in some way or other. But, Lyudmila, what do you say? Will you let me go?"

She bent her head and began to weep. Then she looked up at her husband. Though there was suffering in its lines, her face was radiant.

Alexis Nicolaevich put his arms round her, drew her to him, and looked at her sternly, yet tenderly.

"When will all this end, Alexis?". . . said she. "But don't think I am murmuring. Good God, if it is so necessary, what am I? I know I am only one of millions of soldiers' and officers' wives. We took our share of happiness, from God, from the world, from our country; we must also take our portion of sorrow and of work."

"We cannot help it, Lyudmila," said Alexis Nicolaevich, gently caressing his wife. "Let us be patient to the end, Lyudmila, so that things may be easier for our children."

"Alexis," asked she, looking at her husband with tired, sorrowful eyes, "is it possible that things may be even harder for our children?"

"May be, Lyudmila," he quietly replied. "That is why we must bring them up to be able to bear every burden of life."

FEDOR SOLOGUB.

THE STEEL BIRDS, BY VALERY BRYUSOV

AN ENGLISH RENDERING BY LOUISE MAUDE

WHEN first those birds of steel took flight
And rose to their propeller's sound,
I sung the praise of gallant Wright,
Who flew up to those realms of light
That can by frontiers ne'er be bound.

Though weak perhaps the words may seem
In which the Northern poet spoke,
They mark for him a deep esteem
Who real made Leonardo's dream,
Soared up and earth's dull fetters broke.

It seemed the wall which nations sever
Would fall and henceforth state with state,
United in one vast endeavour,
Would live and work in peace, and never
Would discord rule again and hate.

Yet now these conquerors of the air,
Those pilots with their birds of steel,
More dangerous than lightning's flare,
The frenzy of the Furies share
And death to harmless infants deal.

They speed not to an honest fight
Through Heaven's azure, frank and bold,
But, secret foes at dead of night,
They hurl destruction from their height
Upon the feeble and the old.

Was it for this (Oh, bitter thought)
Men reached the azure skies above,
Those marvels of the air were wrought
That birds should fly with peril fraught
Like " Albatros " and German " Dove " ?

VALERY BRYUSOV.

A RUSSIAN FACTORY IN WAR-TIME, BY A. KUPRIN

TRANSLATED BY AUGUSTA M. CAMPBELL DAVIDSON

I WAS summoned to the local section of the " Russian Union of Zemstvos," in which I was anxious to serve to the best of my strength and intelligence. But, alas, it was not my lot to do so, for a number of reasons, of which, perhaps, the chief was my utter incapacity for office-work—regular, continuous, persevering. In short, I soon perceived that my place would be filled far more profitably and with greater advantage to business by a zealous worker of the ordinary type than by myself, accustomed as I was by more than twenty years passed in the fantastic realms of fiction to live without accountability to any one, and without being under any control except that of the paternal solicitude of a vigilant police.

Neither did it fall to my lot to pay a visit to the Front : at one time there would be no opportunity of doing so, at another no motor-car available for the purpose. And, in the long run, I myself came to the conclusion that in going there out of idle curiosity, in comfort and perfect safety, there would be a certain unseemliness . . . well, like the unseemliness of going to observe some scene of suffering, like death or child-bearing. But no matter. For never by transient pictures, fugitive sketches, nor fragmentary stories can one hope to catch even the shadow of that great and awful and simple thing which is happening out there at the Front. And I am persuaded, moreover, that the most skilful narrator, were he the most gifted master of the art of words, could never attain to the portrayal of it.

Thanks, however, to the kindly interest and cordial hospitality of the various delegates and their assistants, I was able to

obtain a very clear view of many things—in fact, if I may so express myself, to touch and taste and handle them.

Several days in succession I visited the establishments of the Union, which have risen up so recently or are rising up still—mills, garages, workshops, clothing and other factories and the like. And if one considers that the district of Kiev is only a single small cell in the common hive, one cannot help realising what a vigorous and strongly-beating pulse it is which marks the productive energy of the All Russian Union of Zemstvos.

In this world-wide, unspeakably tremendous War, side by side with our political Allies abroad, this Union is truly our ally from within—untiring, busy, ardent, transmuting the living word into the living deed, without procrastination or useless discussion, without red tape delays. Take, for example, a manufactory of tanning fluid, requisitioned for the necessities of war-time from a private company.

Probably this factory is the only one of its kind in Russia, for hitherto we have either imported our hides ready tanned from abroad, or tanned them in vats, using primitive appliances and soured and heated bark. The process employed in this factory is a long and complicated one, but it is remarkable how rapid and dexterous the Russian workpeople and mechanics are over it. And not only have they familiarised themselves with the process, but they have reduced the price of the precious liquor from twelve to six roubles the pood.

I wandered all over this factory, from top to bottom, from cellar to garret, now by shaky spiral staircases, now by bridges high in the air, now making my way on all fours under low roofs, now melting under unendurable heat, now freezing in the piercing draughts of the drying-rooms in the midst of sickening sulphur fumes and overwhelming odours of sour bark. My guides were Mr. D., the manager of the works, and the representative of the Union. The first was a man sparing of movement and gesture, of few words, tranquil, confident, and precise, a Russian to his finger-tips, whom from his appearance and manner I took at first for an Englishman (an impression not seldom made by Russian engineers of the present day who have been trained in England). The second was all zeal, boiling over

with headlong impulsiveness, small of stature, swarthy, figurative in speech, with a voice of vivacious and piercing intonation. So decided and vigorous was he that he seemed one of those people who possess a double portion of vitality, who love work, and are able to toil without fatigue and without sleep for several days and nights in succession.

I saw with a feeling of profound respect that to this day, after many months of daily toil, every detail and every trifle was as near and dear to both as if it were a part of themselves. The representative of the Union showed me, with a slight touch of pride, how the huge, massive, sharp-toothed steel cylinder, in its unceasing revolutions, draws in under itself the formless masses of century-old bark, crushes, flattens, crumbles them in its mighty jaws, tears them into morsels and chips, and at last grinds them into soft crumbs. The machine trembles, the hand-rail round it trembles, the floor trembles beneath our feet, the long-handled feeding-rod of the attendant trembles. We shout into one another's very ears, but hear nothing—we only see the strained expression of each other's faces and the movements of mouth and lips.

The crushed bark is taken up to the floor above in semi-oval buckets attached to an endless band, and is there put into large cylindrical vessels, much taller than a man, and heated by a system of coils, where it stews and sweats in a vacuum. One can go up by a ladder and look through a thick round pane of glass, through which one can see by the dim light of a small electric lamp how the seething, gruel-like mass moves to and fro, rises up and bubbles amidst the dense fumes inside. The liquor is drawn off in the form of vapour, passes into another vessel, and from it into the next, and so on until from the last the thick pungent fluid flows into clean new casks of white aspen wood. The residue of spent and drained bark goes up in an elevator to the drying-room, where it undergoes desiccation, and afterwards goes down again into the boiler furnace of the engine which serves the entire factory. A magnificent engine this, of five hundred horse-power, the heart and soul of the factory. It occupies in lordly fashion the whole of the immense brilliantly lighted hall. The floor of this hall is paved with a mosaic of

black and white squares, and through its enormous windows pours a great flood of light. Silently revolves the fourteen-foot wheel, silently move the mighty pistons, expanding and contracting their muscles of steel, while glittering levers work sliding valves, now quickly, now slowly. And a little man in a black blouse, with a black face and black hands, thrusts in, now here, now there, the long spout of an oil-can, or touches some screw. But a midge in comparison with this iron monster, he is nevertheless its absolute master . . . and I am seized with respectful admiration.

After they had shown me the machinery for making the casks and putting the bungs into them, they showed me the department where sulphur, intended for the preparation of the sulphate, was boiling amidst lightning flashes of blue light, and giving forth a suffocating odour.

Finally, I was conducted to the laboratory. There we heard a disagreeable piece of news. The tanning solution of the colour of yellow beer had not become clear as it should have done when the sulphate was added to it in the testing-glass, but, on the contrary, had grown gradually dark like tar. A young woman, the laboratory assistant, was screwing up her narrow dark eyes as she exhibited the test-glass in the light, and whispered something with an air of mystery and alarm. The manager frowned and shook his head disapprovingly. But the fiery representative at once boiled over. "I said long ago that the engineer ought not to be retained in the service. He is purposely discrediting the business in the interests of his own patrons, so that afterwards all the blame may fall upon us. I shall insist on his dismissal this very day." And, wringing his hands in profound bitterness, he said passionately, "The directors of this factory are petitioning for but a million roubles, and in the hands of the Exchequer lies the future of a huge, lucrative, and perfectly novel enterprise—one which is already in full swing. But there is no money! No money! What is to be done?"

We went out into the courtyard of the factory. The dinner-bell rang. The workpeople went into the kitchen and came out again. Some took their places in groups of two and three in the deserted workshops, there to eat their thick cabbage soup

with minced beef and Little-Russian bacon, greasy buckwheat gruel, and excellent black bread.

Amongst the workmen were many prisoners of war—Styrians, Carinthians, Slovaks, and Dalmatians. They were all tall and ugly, with unkempt black beards and frowning looks. In passing by us they slightly touched their uniform caps with their hands, and sulkily muttered "Good morning."

"How do they work?" I asked.

"Indifferently," answered the manager vaguely. "Lazily in any case, and unwillingly. They feign illnesses, and at the same time gobble till their cheeks are ready to burst. And then, you see"—and his face shone with animation—"our soldiers are such splendid workers. They apprehend everything with inconceivable quickness, they set to work gaily, cheerfully, always in good spirits, unwearied, ready-witted, inventive. With a squad of Russian soldiers it is possible to build a house or a yacht, to construct a bridge or to copy an aeroplane. And how pleasant it is to work with them!"

We had to wait a long time for our motor; something had happened to the thing they call the magneto, and the chauffeur was busy an extraordinarily long time about the engine, now driving it headlong as though to certain destruction, now crawling under the wheels.

"A remarkably skilful chauffeur," said Mr. D. "There is only one thing about him, and really I don't know whether to call it a merit or a fault. The most ardent of bridegrooms was never so much in love with his bride as he is with his engine. He will spend whole days attending to it, putting it in order, taking it down, cleaning it, and unscrewing it. Well . . . are you ready, eh?"

"Just half a minute more, sir. Directly!"

Mr. D. might have boldly added to what he had said that every member of the Union of Zemstvos, from the highest to the lowest, is just as zealously in love with his work, and by this affection they sustain and animate one another.

The following day I was kindly shown a soap factory, a motor garage with its repair shops, trains of waggons, bake-houses, stores of ambulance materials, clothing factories, where several

hundreds of men and women bend from morning till night over sewing-machines, making uniforms and underclothing for the soldiers. And most welcome of all it was to me to see and hear that the Russian Union of Zemstvos never pauses when it has attained to a certain point, but presses on ever farther and higher on its career of uninterrupted creative energy. And in this fact lies the surest pledge of its vitality.

The soap factory was built by the industrious members of the Union themselves. The motor section began with just one single car, and now there stand in the garage hundreds of steel automobiles, express, passenger, and freight cars, Ford, Benz, Mercédès, Opel, and I do not know what other makes besides, not counting a multitude of swift, noisy motor-bicycles. Yesterday, from the windows of the Union's building, I saw six two-wheeled traps and a couple of carts ; by to-morrow the whole broad square will be blocked with vehicles. In the space of eight hours a portable barrack with windows, drains, and a floor was erected for the staff. Almost before my eyes there rises the publishing section which publishes a chronicle of the activities of the Union, issuing a thousand copies of this bulletin. An information department has been started, a photographic department is being instituted, and all these new activities proceed on the premises. After the War the Union will leave to the Exchequer and to society a rich and various inheritance. Here is a striking demonstration of the value of the work of the Union. Its first bulletins were published in comparatively small numbers, and distributed, in accordance with the directions of the present military censorship, only to persons holding administrative posts in the Army. But gradually a large demand arose for this monthly publication. Inquiries were made about it. The bulletin was consulted not only by general officers, but by others of various ranks down to company commanders. In consequence, it was issued on a larger scale, but only, as may be readily understood, for the benefit of persons possessing an intimate connection with the Army. And could the Union have a better recommendation in the eyes of society than the confidence of the Army ?

It is interesting also to glance at the central point of the

Union in its headquarters in Stolypin Street, where it occupies a building formerly that of the Women's Medical School.

This place is like a Government office, but a Government office without arrogant, irascible, and uncivil bureaucrats, without useless and aimless wanderings from department to department whither one is waved by indolent hands, without fatiguing and humiliating hours of waiting in corridors and vestibules, without crowds of insolent extortioners, without surly doorkeepers, without the ominous "To-morrow—in a week—in a month." Everything, great or small, is done at the Union quickly, smoothly, accurately, altogether as upon a war footing. And the last inspection showed that even in the bustling activity of business, a most minute—one might say a pharmaceutical—accuracy may be attained.

In this palace of industry there is at all times a silent population. It passes up and down the broad staircase in two uninterrupted streams; soldiers, students, doctors, women young and old, messengers, couriers.

This mighty organisation has taken possession of wide circles in society and in the Army. On all sides its traces may be recognised. And so indeed it must be. Some day this awful War will cease, this War whose vastness and horror the most vivid human imagination can never picture. But even in the event of victory—the victory which we long for, which we can and must, and therefore shall, have—Russia, after enduring this ruinous period of war, will for a long time be like an ant-hill over which heavy waggon-wheels have passed. Then on all sides will be sought constructive forces—enduring, permeating the whole of society, tenacious, intense—then will be needed a sturdy faith in our own strength, so that we may not lose heart nor let our hands grow slack. And then it will be that social organisations like the Russian Union of Zemstvos will come to the true help of the Motherland, exhausted, ruined, and drenched with blood.

We must believe in our country! If we are touched only, so to speak, platonically, only as though by some scene at a theatre, only, as it were, perfunctorily, by the patience, the intelligence, the boundless endurance of the Russian soldier, the soldier who

rejoices in his toil, who writes on the side of his transport waggon "Don't spare the shells!" at any rate we cannot fail to be moved to the heart by the sensitive responsiveness of the better part of Russian society to the demands of the War. We cannot fail to rejoice in a Purishkevich revealing his true heart under the stress of war, appearing in the character of a true Russian man instead of as before in that of a true Russian buffoon.

Institutions like the Russian Union of Zemstvos proclaim loudly our capacity for self-support. How sweet it is, thinking of these things, to let one's mind dwell upon the time when an educated Russia, temperate and contented—so far as human nature can be—shall construct for herself a network of railways, when out of the hidden depths of earth shall come forth her incalculable natural riches, when the waters of the Volga and the Dnieper shall flow through the now dry plains, and shall fertilise the sandy wastes, making the parched lands rich. Then shall our Motherland assume with calm dignity that place in the world which is hers by right of her spirit and of her might.

And in her, O Lord, I believe.

A. KUPRIN.

Translated by AUGUSTA M. CAMPBELL DAVIDSON.

ANGEL'S BLOOD, BY A. BUDISCHEV

TRANSLATED BY ADELINE LISTER KAYE

WHEN the Germans returned to the little village of Sunny Virkh for the second time, the Staff of the 39th Infantry Division installed themselves in the squire's house, whilst the regiment protecting the Landsturm Staff were billetted in the surrounding farm-houses, amid nestling cherry-orchards. And here was enacted the story which may be was very simple, and yet may be was deeply mysterious, about which all the neighbourhood of Sunny Virkh is whispering, and will continue to whisper very likely fifty years and longer.

We must mention, first of all, that the German soldiers and officers this time lost all control over themselves. First, they beat with their rifle-butts the half-witted Stas, who goes about the farms and villages wearing a pink paper crown on his head, and broke three of his ribs, only because he had laughed childishly at their helmets. Then they violated several girls, and even little girls. They bayoneted the mother of one of these unhappy children only because she tried to protect her little daughter. With their swords they decapitated a statue of the Madonna opposite the Catholic Church, and, finally, shot the priest, Vrublevsky, an austere and proud man, who, by virtue of his holy office, publicly invoked the thunder of Heaven on the heads of the ungodly. It was immediately after the shooting of the priest Vrublevsky that that succession of events took place which may be are deeply mysterious, and which terminated in a bloody catastrophe. This is the order in which the events followed one another in their strange concatenation and sequence.

The very next day after Vrublevsky's death, Stas, in his

pink paper crown, came to his nephew, Vladek, a seminarist in the advanced class. He picked his way through the marsh-mallows and rapped at his little window.

"Vladek," he called to him mysteriously, "the Germans have wounded the Angel in the shoulder, the angel who offers incense to the Immaculate Virgin—Gabriel. Vladek, come here," Stas beckoned to him through the window, "Vladek!" and his eyes, which always resembled those of a frightened child, were now larger, darker than ever. "Come and see! The Angel's blood is flowing! Ay, ay, ay! Evil will come of it! The All-Oldest Father will not forgive the Germans for this! Ay, ay, ay! He will never forgive them! Ay, ay, ay! It will go badly with the Germans!"

Stas was blinking with terror, and almost pulled Vladek down the steps. He had that same expression children have when they are threatened with a scolding from their elders: he looked mysterious, meek, but at the same time serious. His fair curly hair, blown by the wind, fluttered on his shoulders, and the pink paper crown fluttered on his head.

Vladek seemed infected by the same horror.

They both rushed off to the Church, where, in the little square surrounded by poplars, stood the Immaculate Virgin on a black pediment, and opposite, on a similar black pediment, a white Angel piously incensing her. Stas promptly clambered up the tall quadrangular stone on which stood the Angel.

"There, do you see the blood on his shoulder! There! Just in that spot there is a gash as if he had been struck by a bullet or a sword on the shoulder. And there is blood!" said Stas wildly, showing it to Vladek and explaining with gestures.

Vladek saw the blood with his own eyes. It was undoubtedly blood. And there was a gash just as if from some blow, and there was crimson blood on that white gash. Vladek's face flushed, and he looked feverishly excited.

"Wait, wait!" he said in a great hurry. "I'll run home. I'll get a bit of clean blotting-paper and wipe off that blood. I'll keep it in remembrance. Do you hear? It's queer all the same. Exceedingly queer! My hands have turned quite cold!"

Vladek ran back for the blotting-paper, and half-witted Stas remained all the while on his knees praying to God.

" Have mercy on us, All-Oldest Father, do not destroy them quite, although they are Germans ! All-Oldest Father, it's not their fault, is it, that they are Germans ? " so prayed Stas piously and kindly.

Meanwhile Vladek had returned, and having carefully collected the blood on the Angel's shoulder on to his blotting-paper, went towards Stas. Suddenly his feverish excitement seemed to forsake him, and reason once more held sway.

Affectionately clapping Stas on the shoulder, he said to him :

" I'll tell you what, probably it happened like this. You know that pigeons often perch on this statue, like they do on the church ? So, when the Germans shot my uncle, a bullet accidentally glanced off the Angel's shoulder while a pigeon was perching there, and the bullet wounded the pigeon, and this blood which I have gathered up is the pigeon's. It's true, it is a strange coincidence, but that is it ! Otherwise, how would it be possible ? "

Vladek's expression was cold and stern as he said all this, and he seemed quite convinced of the truth of it ; but Stas would not believe him, and shed tears.

" I know the Angel is hurt," he whispered, his eyes filled with tears. " The Germans have shed Angel's blood, and the All-Oldest Father will repay them."

All that day Vladek went about the farms looking at every pigeon he could find, trying to discover the wounded one, but did not see it. He looked sad and serious.

The next day Stas again came and rapped at his window.

" Did you gather all the blood from the Angel's shoulder ? " he asked with woeful mysteriousness.

" All of it. Why ? "

" Again there is blood on the Angel's shoulder, and in the very same place," Stas announced to him.

Vladek once more wiped up the Angel's blood on that same bit of paper, and once more said :

" Evidently that wounded pigeon came and sat on his shoulder

again. Birds too are creatures of habits. Never mind, Stasik, don't be afraid ! "

" No, but I fear for the Germans," answered Stas. " You'll see what'll happen ! "

That day too Vladek looked everywhere for the wounded pigeon, but could not find it. A few days later, Stas, with leaps and bounds, rushed to Vladek in a great fright, crying :

" Vladek ! Vladek ! Vladek ! "

The latter dashed headlong out of his cottage, feeling a cold chill at his heart.

" Well ? " he asked.

" The Angel Gabriel has gone and taken the Holy Virgin with him ! " breathlessly articulated Stas.

Vladek knew Stas never soiled his lips with a premeditated lie, nevertheless he exclaimed :

" It's a lie, Stas ! "

" God defend us ! " Stas held up both his hands and again shed tears. " Evil will come of it ! Ay, ay, ay ! Evil will come of it ! "

Vladek seized Stas by the arm and ran with him to the church. There, with his own eyes, he was persuaded that there was no Immaculate Virgin nor Angel incensing the Chaste One ; they were not there on their black quadrangular pediments.

Stas wept and intoned with clasped hands :

" Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, have mercy on us, All-Oldest Father ! "

A blue sickly light shone in the depths of his mild childish eyes, and his tears dropped like glass beads on to the ground.

That night Vladek could not sleep. Everything in his burning head seemed obscure and wrapt in fog. But at dawn, when the only cock not eaten by the Germans in Sunny Virkh chased the unearthly devils by his crowing to the depths of Hell, something like the light of the sun dawned in Vladek's mind. Having firmly made up his mind, he said aloud :

" The Germans took the decapitated Immaculate Virgin and the Angel incensing her from their pedestals, because they saw that the people were becoming disturbed on account of the

decapitation and the blood on the Angel's shoulder, and so the Germans have hidden them away somewhere ! "

And instantly Vladek fell sound asleep.

But the people became still more perturbed. They grew noisy, shouted, gathered together in groups.

" If the Holy Virgin and the Angel have departed from the ungodly, we also will depart," was heard here, there, and everywhere.

All the righteous departed from Sunny Virkh. The Germans were left there alone. Every farm-house was abandoned to the four winds and the Devil. Vladek alone took refuge with the old bee-man, Antos Chupra, about a verst and a half away. And Stas in his paper crown roamed about in the neighbourhood all day, spending the nights, as before, by the closed gates of the half-demolished church. And now occurred that fearful and bloody catastrophe which Stas had predicted some time ago. It happened unexpectedly and inevitably.

Vladek, hearing during the night long-drawn, dull detonations beyond the woods, rushed out of the cottage, together with old Antos. Then they saw twenty purple torches flare up beyond the woods, just in the place where Sunny Virkh stood. There were such deafening reports that one's teeth felt all on edge, such terrifying, unseen monsters whizzed overhead, with fire and smoke rising up to the very heavens. After that, nothing but silent crimson torches hovered in the sky, taking a long time to fade out.

Then some people ran about the woods, whistling to each other in the early morning mist. Old Antos and Vladek stood there all the time, rooted to the spot, watching, listening, not noticing the cold. When it was light, Stas came to them with a blue light in the depths of his eyes, wearing his paper crown, and asked :

" Did you see ? Hear ? Everything which I thought would happen did ! The All-Oldest Father did not spare them. One and all He gave them over to destruction ! Ay, ay, ay ! How angry the All-Oldest Father was ! "

" What happened ? " Vladek enquired with chattering teeth.

" Thirty of them came by night, they floated like the Bird-

Moon in the sky. No one heard them, no one saw them. And each one threw three bombs at the Germans. Ay, ay, ay!"

"Were they comrades or soldiers?" whispered Vladek with chattering teeth. And a blue light began to shine also in his eyes.

Stas went down on his knees and firmly grasped both Vladek's hands.

"I don't know. But they! Ay, ay, ay! They were in rags, and all torn to shreds. The All-Oldest Father scolded in a voice of thunder! Ay, ay, ay! How angry He was!"

"They deserved it!" cried Vladek of a sudden in a spent voice, and, falling on his knees, embraced Stas, while both of them wept bitterly. Antos heaved deep sighs, shaking his old trembling head.

As they both wept they whispered one to another. Said Stas:

"He led them. I saw him myself. It was he! The Angel of the incense! I knew him at once. He only made himself look like an officer. He was always in front—he was!"

"The Angel?" asked Vladek, sighing.

"Yes. And he was wounded too in the right shoulder. His eyes were like those of broken-hearted girls. And his face was pale as pale."

"The Angel of the incense?" exclaimed Vladek sorrowfully.

Tears fell from Stas's eyes.

"Yes, he! I went up to him and asked, 'What is thy name?'"

"Well?" impatiently breathed Vladek.

Stas said: "And he answered, 'I am Gabriel!'"

A. Budischev.
Translated by Adeline Lister Kaye.

DEBORAH, BY T. SCHEPKINA-KUPERNIK

TRANSLATED BY J. D. DUFF, M.A.

THE brothers Meichik had worked for many years as carpenters in the village. The elder, Josel, was a God-fearing Jew—though he feared his fat wife Rosa even more—and a fairly good carpenter; but Sender, the younger, was much more than a carpenter: he could work a lathe, and paint, and do cabinet-making. "A master of all trades" he was called by every one. Besides all this, he could play the fiddle; and not a festival or wedding, either of Jews or Catholics, could take place in the village without the aid of Sender's fiddle.

Sender did fine work very skilfully, and was often summoned even to The Great House if something there had to be mended or a foreign pattern copied. He could paint shop signs, colour ceilings, and mend umbrellas, and he was a very quick worker. He was a cheerful healthy Jew—a contrast to his brother, who was sickly and always ailing—and so handsome that during his service in the army he was always put in the front rank on parade. Josel was a meagre little man with a fair beard. Rosa was a stout woman, whose eyebrows looked as if they had been drawn with charcoal; she always carried about with her a smell of herring and beer, and she kept her husband in strict order. She was full of health and strength and energy, in spite of the eight curly-headed black-eyed children who ran or crept about the little house and filled it with noise.

Rosa got on well enough with Sender, and was even well-disposed towards him until he married. But his marriage was a double blow to her: first, because a married brother in the house and a second manager indoors—well, that is a less pleasant

state of things; and also Rosa disapproved of the wife whom he chose as unsuitable. She reconciled herself to his choice for one reason only, that the prosperity of the brothers depended on Sender, Josel being helpless without him. As a practical woman, Rosa realised that if Sender left them their customers would go too. By their agreement, the brothers divided their profits into three shares, two of which went to Josel, because the house and the tools had been bought out of Rosa's dowry. But most of the work was done by Sender, and every one knew as well as Rosa that Josel without Sender was no better than a hand without fingers.

Accordingly, he might have married any girl he wanted in the village. Though his clever handsome head and pair of skilful hands constituted his sole capital, yet a proposal from him could meet no refusal.

"The Rabbi wished him for a son-in-law. But what should he leave our house for? Of that I say nothing; but, you know, Haim Liebersohn, no less"—he kept the inn—"sent the match-maker to Sender to make proposals . . . and his daughter Rivochka has a dowry of seven hundred, *seven hundred* roubles, not counting her clothes and feather-beds and household stuff! A bride that might satisfy a prince! And what does Sender do? Why, he scraped acquaintance in the town with a beggar, a sewing-girl, and could think of nothing better than to marry her."

Such were the complaints that Rosa poured out to the neighbours, slapping her thighs in her wrath. "She came to our house with the shift she stood in, and she brought bad luck with her. If at least she had been pretty! But she's a starving cat, with eyes like two saucers of preserved ginger. And to think that I might have had Rivochka Liebersohn for a sister-in-law, as pretty as a real lady, a dainty bit, and a dowry of seven hundred! But Sender is blind and deaf to everything but his Deborah: she has bewitched him somehow. It is a perfect scandal! And she does not dress like a proper Jewess, either: would you believe it? She doesn't wear a wig, but keeps her own hair long just like any Gentile."

Rosa's gossips cried out and shook their heads in horror;

but, none the less, Rosa did not go further than talking the affair over with her acquaintance. She did not lay a finger on Deborah, for she did not forget that when Sender was angry he could smash an anvil or bend copper coins. So Sender and his eighteen-year-old Deborah were made man and wife, and they were happy, as man and wife know how to be among the Jews.

She worked too, getting odd jobs of sewing to do at home, and going out to work at houses of the gentry in summer. At other times she sang as she cleaned out their room or cooked his meals for Sender, without heeding Rosa when she grumbled and pushed away from the fire her sister-in-law's saucepans and kettles. And, when Sender's work was done and the loud voices of Rosa and her eight brats were hushed in the house, the two sat together by the window, and he played to her on his fiddle tender and plaintive tunes, and said all the foolish things that are old and ever new—for instance, that her eyes were brighter than the stars in the sky.

At the beginning of the second year Deborah gave birth to a son, little Gershelé, and Sender was quite frantic with joy. He took as much care of wife and child as if they were made of porcelain. He would not allow her to work any more or take orders ; her business was to nurse the baby.

When his work was done they stood for hours over the child's cradle. Instead of looking at the stars they made plans for their son's future. He was not to be a mere carpenter : he would get learning and go through college, and become a doctor or a lawyer—" As famous as that lawyer, you remember, who came from Kiev to the town, and saved poor uncle that time from penal servitude ! And people will kiss his hands, just as aunt kissed that lawyer's hands ! " Deborah's eyes flashed as she planned the future ; and Sender took his fiddle again, but this time he did not play the sad tunes that brought a mist of tears over Deborah's eyes : he played merry dance-music to make little Gershelé laugh and show his little toothless gums.

. . . . . .

Into this peaceful and quiet life the news of the War dropped like thunder from a clear sky, and Sender was taken as a reservist.

. . . . . .

Those who have waited for the return of a loved one from war will understand what Deborah's life was like during these two years.

But even those who have lived from one telegram to the next should remember that for Sender Meichik telegrams were a luxury beyond his reach, that letters took more than three months to come, and that newspapers were rarely seen in the village.

All at once Deborah's sunny days had turned dark as the grave. Life in Josel's house became hard. For Rosa now revenged herself for all the past in her dealings with "The Princess"; and she did so with all the more zeal, because Sender's departure had made things difficult for her and her husband, and everything had become dearer owing to the War. Husband and wife moaned and groaned and complained all day long. Rosa more than once reproached Deborah, saying that but for her they could have taken in a lodger. These constant reproaches and unkind complaints were so painful to Deborah that she would have gone away; but she felt it too terrible to leave that house, which had been dear and familiar, which had been the scene of every joy and emotion of their life together. Here hung his fiddle, and the photograph taken in the town before he went away—of him wearing his uniform, and looking so handsome and brave that, if he had epaulets, you would have taken him for a colonel!

Deborah gave up to Rosa the weekly trifle she got as a reservist's wife, and began again to take in work in order to support herself and her son.

Her whole life was one continuous expectation, one hope, one agonising prayer.

Her eyes were no longer like stars: they were inflamed by constant weeping and by sitting up late over her sewing. She grew thin and pale, and said to herself:

"My Sender will not know me; I have grown so plain. And he won't know you, my princely little son, my treasure, because you have grown so big and wise."

The "princely little son" grew splendidly. Tenderly cared for, kept nice and clean, unlike Rosa's swarm of ragged children,

he was an additional object for Rosa's envy and Rosa's cruel tongue. His mother hardly ever left him ; she liked to keep him in her arms, and transferred to him all her tenderness for him who was far away.

Gershelé could speak nicely already. The first word his mother taught him was " Dadda," and all their endless conversations turned on what was to happen when Dadda came home. Gershelé pictured that happy time as a kind of perpetual rejoicing : Dadda would bring back presents, Dadda would play the fiddle, Dadda would give him rides on his knee, Dadda would toss him right up to the sky.

At last Deborah's prayer was heard.

A letter came : he had been wounded, but was now recovering.

Glory to Almighty God for looking down on the sorrow of a poor Jewish woman !

Then came a telegram fixing the day of his return.

Of Deborah's feelings it is needless to speak ; but all the rest of the household breathed more freely.

The return of Sender meant the end of want and overwork ; once more it would be possible to put something by, instead of stripping the house barer and barer. The boys looked forward to tales of the War and the girls to presents ; even Rosa ceased to grumble, and cheerfully prepared to meet her brother-in-law when he came back wearing his two medals.

The day before he came back they borrowed a horse of a neighbour and drove off to the town—Deborah, little Gershelé, and Josel driving. All the way Deborah was like a mad woman.

She laughed and cried alternately ; she pressed her little boy to her heart and sang to him : " Dadda's coming, Dadda's coming." Or she would make Josel stop :

" Josel, let me get out and walk ; I believe I should get there quicker."

Often she sprang out of the cart and ran along the road, breathing into her lungs the pungent smell of the fading leaves, and exposing her face in a kind of ecstasy to the fresh fragrant breeze and the autumn sun, which turned the air to gold.

Then she grew tired, went back to the cart, and sat there quietly, pressing her hand to her heart and repeating :

" Oh, faster, faster ! "

They spent the night in an inn kept by an acquaintance of theirs, and Deborah, generally silent, surprised every one by talking so much : she repeated Sender's letters, and told them how anxious the child was to see his father, and made plans for the future.

She did not close an eye all night ; and though the train was not due till ten in the morning, she was on the platform by six, walking feverishly up and down, and gazing at the telegraph-posts and the rails vanishing in the blue distance. Sometimes, as if her strength had suddenly left her, she stood still, put her hand over her eyes, and smiled with a kind of maudlin bliss.

The train was an hour late. When the smoke from the engine came in sight, she threw the child into Josel's arms and rushed to meet the train. She hurried along, looking into all the windows, even of first- and second-class carriages, forgetting that he could not be there.

Suddenly, at one of the windows, she saw Sender's face. She cried out, ran to the carriage, clutched at the door handle, and nearly fell under the wheels. He had seen her, and was making signs to her.

" How wasted he is, mere skin and bone ! How sunk his eyes are ! " So she thought in her love and distress. She tried to squeeze into the carriage, but the crowd of people coming out hindered her. A number of soldiers were getting out, some on crutches and bandaged. Why does *he* not hurry and run to meet her ?

But what does this mean ? She saw his head at the door.

His face was pale and sallow and worn, that dear precious face.

But he is not walking ! Two men are carrying him on a stretcher.

" Sender ! " She darted towards him.

" Deborah, I have no arms to put round you "—she heard the familiar voice, but it sounded so worn and weary.

A shapeless thing lay before her. The flapping sleeves of

the coat showed where the arms had been ; both legs had been cut off above the knee, and the helpless stumps lay there on the stretcher.

Only a mere trunk was left ; but the eyes in the face were living, and they burned with suffering, and they gazed, gazed intensely, at her.

She threw herself on her knees before him, eagerly embraced the poor shapeless thing, and never stirred.

" Is that my Dadda ? " asked Gershelé, clinging in fear to Josel : " where are his arms and legs ? "

" Clasp your father, clasp him tight, little son ! " sobbed out Deborah.

But the child was frightened and tried to hide, while Josel cried out in his amazement, smacking his lips and beating his *kaftán.*

" What a terrible misfortune ! " he cried ; " why did you not tell us in your letter ? "

" You would hear it quick enough without that," said the mutilated man in a sullen voice, and he cast a peculiar glance at Deborah.

" But what are we to do now ? " lamented Josel.

" If I had my arms I would make a little cart to go about in ; you must make it for me now, won't you ? " asked Sender with an attempt at a jest, and again he glanced at his wife with a look that was new to her, half afraid and half suspicious.

But Josel could only scratch his head and groan.

Not a groan came from Deborah. When she tore herself from her husband, her face was calm and steady, almost happy.

" Thank God, you are alive ! " she said to her husband, and his tired eyes suddenly lit up with a flash of hope.

With some trouble they managed to bring him home.

When Rosa saw him she wailed over him just as if he were a dead man. But Deborah, on the pretext that he needed rest, put him to bed in their room, locked the door, and made Gershelé sit on the bed. The child was no longer frightened : he played with his father's medals, and asked with the cruelty of his age :

" Will you play me a tune on the fiddle ? "

Sender could only look helplessly at his wife, but her eyes answered him with a smile, the smile of a tender mother, and she repeated :

" I thank God for bringing you back to me."

. . . . . .

About a month passed thus. By degrees all became accustomed to the situation ; only Deborah had not one child now but two to attend to. She had to work for two ; but to her this seemed a trifle, compared to what might have been if she had never seen him again in life.

Rosa and Josel were in despair, and had no scruples in letting this be seen. At last, after long confabulations and whisperings in corners, Rosa came to them and asked them to give up their room.

" We really can't feed you, sister-in-law ; we have eight hungry mouths ourselves to fill."

" But surely I don't ask you to feed us. I can work."

" Oh yes ! you may earn the price of a herring by making a couple of shirts for a baby," answered Rosa. " Take my advice, Deborah : your best plan would be to get Sender into an infirmary. I have asked already. . . ."

" Don't waste your words, Rosa," said Deborah quietly ; " the room shall be at your disposal ; but, while I live, my husband shall never go to an infirmary."

Rosa, a little ashamed, tried to make some reply ; but Deborah signed to her to stop. Then she looked at Sender where he lay with eyes shut, and said with authority :

" Go, sister-in-law ; don't disturb him. I shall do what is necessary."

When the door shut behind Rosa, Deborah went to her husband's side. He still lay with his eyes shut ; but his lips were working, and two large tears, a man's tears, rolled from under his tight eyelids.

Deborah leant over him and kissed him.

" Better if I had been killed," he said ; " I am only a stone round your neck."

" You are my king and my master," said Deborah ; " and I am your faithful servant to the hour of my death."

Then she rose and went out. Three hours later she came back with a borrowed waggon and a boy. Half an hour more passed, and a small procession took its way from the little white house. The waggon carried their household goods, hastily packed ; the boy kept the horse going.

Behind the waggon walked Deborah. On one arm she held her child ; with the other she pushed the little cart in which Sender lay.

They turned into the next street and disappeared in the mist of a rainy autumn day.

Г. Schepkina-Kupernik.
Translated by J. D. Duff, M.A.

EVERY DAY, BY VALERY BRYUSOV

TRANSLATED BY SUSETTE M. TAYLOR

BREATHE every day a prayer for those in peril,
Themselves at prayer on far-off battle strands,
There, where Death wanders in luxuriant revel,
His long scythe in his hands ;

Where morning dawns on many a ruined threshold,
And Echo mocks the mortars' thund'rous roar,
Where winds caressing lull the dead, that, untold,
Rest on the grassy floor ;

Where ramparts, barriers, tunnels and entrenchments
Criss-cross the woods and meadows, far and nigh ;
The foe's propeller counts the threat'ning moments,
Aloft in azure sky ;

Where fireworks, such as never seen or dreamed of,
O'er swarthy night a rainbow raiment trail,
Above th' illimitable plains, besplattered
With steel and leaden hail !

Measure the soldier's lot with our sweet comfort,
Our cosy homes, with shelter, warmth and glow . . .
Think, when at theatre, music-hall or concert—
" He's in the dark and snow ! "

Daily pray for the slain and who, in peril,
Themselves at prayer in distant battles stand,
There, where Death wanders in luxuriant revel,
His heavy scythe in hand !

VALERY BRYUSOV.

VIII

PROBLEMS, NATIONAL & INTERNATIONAL

THE ANCESTORS OF MAN

AFTER A PAINTING BY NICOLAS ROERICH

RUSSIA,[1] BY E. ST. JOHN BROOKS

O ! MIGHTY Russia, thou that didst withstand
The furious onslaught of the Tartar horde,
Once more does Freedom gird thee with her sword
To keep inviolate thy holy land.

Strong bulwark—thine the immemorial fate
To shield the lamp of progress in the West—
The tyrant's spear is turned against thy breast,
Once more the savage foe is at thy gate.

Thy vampire neighbour, battened on thy might,
Joins hands with thine hereditary foes—
The modern pagan with the Crescent goes,
A renegade, against the Cross to fight.

Rise in thy wrath, if thou wouldst still be free !
Arise and smite for all thou holdest dear !
A fiercer far than Attila is here,
Than Genghis or the Man of Destiny.

Sound forth the trumpet throughout all the land ;
O'er steppe and desert let the echo roll
From Caspia to the margin of the Pole,
From Yenisei to farthest Samarkand !

[1] Inserted by the kind permission of *The Times* newspaper.

Who freely give themselves for thy dear sake—
For country, God, and Tsar—on Poland's plain,
Not vainly shall they lie, and not in vain
Samsónov falls beside th' Masurian lake.

O ! Holy Russia—we who love thy song,
Thy people, and the magic of thy land—
Endure until we reach thy side and stand
At one with thee—endure, hold fast, be strong !

E. St. John Brooks.

THE TASK OF RUSSIA,[1] BY PROFESSOR PAUL VINOGRADOFF,

F.B.A., Corpus Professor of Jurisprudence in the University of Oxford; Fellow of the Imperial Academy of Sciences at Petrograd.

MY LORD, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN—There are few more important events in the history of the world than the initiation of an understanding between Great Britain and Russia in 1907. The new policy had to steer a difficult course in those early days, and it is only step by step that the significance of the new Entente was realised and appreciated. Quite recently the seal has been set to this development in the weighty and happily worded declaration made by the present Prime Minister to the representatives of the Russian legislative Assemblies. "The days of misunderstanding are happily over," he said, "and whether it be in Turkey or in Persia, or wherever British and Russian interests come into contact with one another, we have arrived at a common policy, which we are both determined loyally and in concert to pursue."

The necessity of some such arrangement was clearly indicated long ago—it became inevitable at the moment when the "honest brokers" of Berlin squeezed both rival parties—the successors of Beaconsfield and the successors of Ignatev, out of Constantinople, and built up the plan of the new Berlin caliphate—to borrow M. Sazonov's telling expression. Prince Hatzfeld and Baron Marschall von Bieberstein may in a sense claim the honour of having been the patrons of the Anglo-Russian Alliance. They traded all too well on the traditional estrangement between Great Britain and Russia, and succeeded in producing a combination

[1] A lecture delivered to the School of Slavonic Studies, King's College, London, on the 7th of June 1916; Lord Sanderson was in the chair.

equally dangerous to both. The advance towards Baghdad opened the eyes even of the blind as to the real menace to India, and one may perhaps say that the *tertius gaudens*, the third profit-taking party of this historical comedy, actually forced—much against his will—a compromise between the former rivals.

However this may be, it is time that people in Russia and in England should study the national background of all these diplomatic moves. It is clear that the solidity and the further development of the Alliance which forms the corner-stone of the present international situation will mainly depend on the fundamental tendencies of the countries from which generals and diplomats derive their mission and their strength. Are the tracks followed by Great Britain and by Russia convergent or divergent? Is the task set to Russia by her history of such a kind as to fit in with the course adopted by Great Britain? This is the problem which I should like to survey very briefly to-day, not in its innumerable details, but in the light of what seem to me to be guiding considerations. I need hardly say that I have no official mandate in the matter, but opinions of unofficial members of a nation may also be entitled to consideration.

Among the guarded statements of responsible British statesmen as to the objects pursued by Great Britain's policy in the war, nothing has been more significant than the insistence on the rights of small nationalities. Both the Premier and Sir Edward Grey have repeatedly pointed not only to the restoration of Belgium and of Serbia as necessary conditions of a peace settlement, but to a wide recognition of the general principle itself, though they have abstained from concrete proposals in these respects, evidently because it would be premature to divide the spoils before the victim has been brought down. It is not difficult to guess, however, in what direction the claims of small nationalities might be asserted and adjusted in connection with this war. The idea of the liberation of small nationalities has been expounded from this very platform of King's College, by a great authority, Professor Massarik, as the appropriate rallying cry on the side of the Entente Powers. It has been shown what practical consequences ought to be drawn from it in the shape of the emancipation of the Slavonic nations yoked

to the car of the Teuton by means of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. This is a noble programme, worthy of ideal aspirations and of tremendous sacrifices. What share is to be assigned to Russia in the carrying out of such a programme? Is it compatible with the historical policy of that Empire?

A glance at the modern history of Russia will show that no Power in Europe has done more for the emancipation of neighbouring nationalities and for the formation of small states. It is hardly necessary to recall the part taken by Russia in the liberation of Greece from the Ottoman yoke. In spite of the fact that the popular rising of the Hellenic nation against the "legitimate" authority of the Porte ran counter to the principles of the Holy Alliance upheld by Emperor Nicolas I., the sympathy for the cause of Orthodox Christians suffering from Mahommedan oppression was powerful enough to make the autocrat join the Western Powers: the Russian fleet had an equal share with the English and the French in the battle of Navarino, the campaigns of the Russian army in 1828 and 1829 broke the back of Turkish resistance and decided the fate of Greece. Even more momentous was the influence of the Empire in shaping Rumanian independence. It was during the occupation of the Danubian principalities by Russian troops from 1829 to 1834, and under the guidance of a remarkable Russian statesman, Count Kiselev, that the internal administration of Moldavia and Wallachia was formed in accordance with a so-called "organic statute." The reassertion by Russia of her claim to a strip of Bessarabia wrested from her after the Crimean War was undoubtedly an egregious blunder, but this lapse of policy can hardly outweigh the protection extended to the Rumanian nationality for centuries, and the fact that but for the victories of Rumyantsov, Suvorov, and Kutusov, Rumania would not have existed at all. The case of Bulgaria is fresh before our minds. The record of Shipka and Plevna will not be obliterated from history because the Bulgarians have chosen to take sides against their liberators in the hour of supreme danger. Nor can it be forgotten that if Stoletov and Radetzky taught the Bulgarians to fight, the provisional government of Prince Cherkassky framed the first constitution for the country. All these

are elementary facts, and I only mention them because some of the parties concerned have been anxious to turn away from these memories.

It has been rather the fashion to depreciate all these services on the ground that Russia was seeking selfish aims while acting ostensibly as the champion of oppressed nations. This is a damaging allegation, but it does not require much acumen to perceive that the standard of pure disinterestedness would be difficult to apply to any Power in such matters. Would it be so easy to make out in the case of Great Britain how far her policy as regards small nations has been dictated by chivalrous motives and how far by properly understood interests? Of course, there are cases when pretences at emancipation are set up in mere hypocrisy—just remember the pompous allocution of King Ferdinand to the Kaiser: *Omnes Orientis populi te salutant redemptionem ferentem oppressis, prosperitatem, atque salutem.*[1] There has been no charge of the kind in the case of Russia. The very people who try to minimise Russian support when it has done its work give the lie to their allegations by the use they made of Russian idealism so long as there was anything to be gained by Russian sacrifices.

Besides, the power of Russia, or of any country in similar circumstances, cannot be regarded as a kind of force of nature to be exploited by skilful management for one or the other end foreign to its own aims, as a waterfall may be utilised for the purpose of moving a mill or of producing an electric current. The driving force of a great nation is composed not of particles of unconscious matter, but of living and suffering individuals: if they have to be sacrificed by the million for a great cause, the shedding of their blood, the crushing of their lives demands justification from the point of view of the body corporate, and no government has a right to squander blood and treasure lightly without definite and compelling national aims. There have undoubtedly been cases in our history when the rulers of the Empire have indulged in more or less chivalrous crusades for the benefit of foreign countries without a clear view as to

[1] All the nations of the East salute thee, as thou bringest to the oppressed deliverance, prosperity, and safety.

costs and consequences. The Seven Years' War brought glory to the Russian arms, but the victory of Kunersdorf was of greater value to Austria than to Russia, and that is why the whole adventure was liquidated with a stroke of the pen by Empress Elizabeth's successor, Peter III., an ardent admirer of Frederick II. Why was the blood of Russian soldiers shed without stint in Suvorov's brilliant campaigns in Italy and Switzerland if the results were to be discarded by Emperor Paul, who had put his best troops at the service of the inept War Council of Vienna? Were not Nicolas I.'s salvage operations in favour of Austria in 1849 shown to have been foolish and mischievous by the conduct of that Power during the crisis of the Crimean War? The quelling of the Hungarian rising not only cost Russia thousands of soldiers, but turned the Magyars into irreconcilable enemies of Russia. These and similar experiences impress upon responsible statesmen the duty of weighing carefully the balance of loss and gain before embarking on wide-going and costly enterprises. This does not mean that such enterprises have to be eschewed in all cases. On the contrary, carefully considered plans have a chance of standing the test of temporary rebuffs and disappointments.

As a matter of fact, feelings and interests seem to be clearly allied in the present instance, provided all the parties concerned realise to what extent their aspirations demand combined action, not only at the present moment but in the future. To begin with, it is evident that the only hope of a lasting peace lies in the weakening of aggressive Prussianised Germany, through the destruction of its power over Central Europe. The ruthless methods of warfare introduced by the apostles of Kultur, their utter contempt for international law and humanity have called forth indignation and protests even in Neutral States. The partners of the Entente know that, unless the sword of aggression is broken, there will never be a guarantee of peaceful development in the world. At the same time, as Sir E. Grey has emphatically stated, not one of the enemies of Germany plans the conquest of any population of German stock; no one in Great Britain, France, Russia or Italy wants to undertake the hateful and hopeless task of depriving Germans of their national

independence and of submitting them to foreign rule. For the powers of the Entente the era of "partitions" has passed once for all, and the inanity of experiments with a conquered population has been sufficiently demonstrated by Germany's failure in Alsace-Lorraine. There is, however, a simple way of bringing the lawless Power to reason without infringing any of its national claims: the unwilling vassals of Germany must be liberated from their yoke, and their emancipation will indirectly ensure the world against future attempts of any Kaiser to snatch the sceptre of Europe. It is impossible to say how far such a result is attainable under present conditions, and how much will be actually achieved by the efforts of the leading states of Western and of Eastern Europe. It is not our business to speculate as to the strategic course and outcome of the war. But the fact of choosing a definite aim for our efforts is of first-rate importance in itself. It is only by concerted and energetic action in a definite direction that we can prevail in the struggle. He who wants to hit must take aim!

The course has been outlined by the Germans themselves: the famous *Drang nach Osten* has reached the stage of a feverish propaganda in favour of the creation of supposed "buffer" states in the disputed regions. Writers like Rohrbach, Ostwald, Schiemann preach the dismemberment of Russia, the driving back of that Power into the boundaries of sixteenth-century Muscovy, the inauguration of all sorts of German protectorates in the Ukraina, in Poland, in Lithuania, in the Baltic provinces, in Finland. Nothing could be clearer than the ardent desire of the Teutons to call into being a circle of satellites gravitating towards the Central Sun of Berlin, and to push the boundaries of these satellites as far as possible towards the East. The plan is well in keeping with the world-wide aspirations of the Teutonic race. It has only one drawback, which may be expressed in the terms of a German proverb: *Es ist dafür gesorgt das die Bäume nicht in den Himmel wachsen* ("Care has been taken that trees should not grow into the sky"). A homely English saying would also be appropriate, "One must not bite off more than one can chew." Indeed, it is hardly conceivable that the great Empires of Europe—France, Great

Britain, and Russia—should crumble away at the same time at the blast of the Kaiser's trumpet, and it is fortunately too late for the War Lord to assail his intended victims in turn.

One salutary effect the outburst of Germanic megalomania has undoubtedly produced—it has revealed the plans of conquest directed against each of the Allies and disclosed the assailable points of our respective situations. In the case of the Slavonic East and of Russia the vulnerable point is the disorganised state of the vast intermediate region stretching from the marshes of the Pripet to the Vistula and the plains of Hungary, and projecting far into the West in the Bohemian salient, the territory to which the literary efforts of publications like Rohrbach's *Deutsche Politik* or the Münich *Osteuropäische Zukunft* are devoted. This region, consisting of Lithuania, Poland, Bohemia, Hungary, the Serbian lands, Rumania and Bulgaria, comprises approximately one hundred millions of inhabitants, and is undoubtedly in a state of transformation, the results of which are bound to be of the greatest moment not only for the neighbouring Empires, but for the whole of Europe. It would be out of the question for me to treat of the complex problems involved in the fermentation of this seething mass of growing and decaying political bodies. But the watchword of the rights of small nationalities has been given out by leaders of the Entente, and it is the one appropriate watchword, provided the emancipated nationalities are not only launched into political existence, but brought into line and organised in connection with the league which is fighting on their behalf. The mere disintegration of Austria will not serve the purpose; we know from the example of the disintegration of Turkey what prospects of racial hatred, traditional jealousies, and petty Machiavellism can be provided by the creation of a number of small states with overlapping claims, eager to outmanœuvre each other and falling an easy prey to adventurers for whom politics are an exciting variety of gambling. Great Powers have been made to look very foolish as a result of the snares and surprises of Balkan rulers, and it is not desirable to lay the cloth for a game of chance and skill of the same kind in Poland or in Serbia. Now, in any scheme of Eastern European reconstruction on the lines of the Entente Russia must play a

leading part. The Germans would like to turn her into an exile, spending her strength in vain attempts to re-enter the forbidden ground. For this very reason, to those who want Slavonic races to be ensured against Germanic and Austrian domination, Russia must be the pivot of a confederacy of national states. She has tried to assume that part in the past in a series of disconnected efforts, and to a great extent in opposition to Western Europe. She will have to assume the task in the future as a member of the Entente, and in constant agreement with the Western Powers. It is a glorious and difficult task, involving not only the satisfaction of Imperial ambitions, but, primarily, the fulfilment of specific and onerous responsibilities.

The concrete aspects of the relations between the Russian Empire and the neighbouring states will naturally vary according to historical and geographical conditions. The ties between Russia and her kinsmen ought in any case to be essentially ties of common defence, not of domination and subjection. The Great Serbia which is striving to rise as Phœnix from the ashes of the small Serbia of old will certainly continue in the same position of independence for which Russia has repeatedly drawn the sword in the past, and which induced the protecting Power to wage war against the Central European coalition at a time when the support of England was doubtful and the danger incurred incalculably great. The whole history of the Serbian kingdom, with the brief exception of the Austrophil rule introduced by Milan Obrenovich, and continued by his ill-fated son, gives promise of a faithful adherence to traditional ideals and to the common cause of the Slavs.

A much more difficult problem arises in regard to the destiny of Poland, not only because mutual aggression has envenomed the relations between the Poles and the Russians, but because, through the swaying fortunes of conquest and reconquest, the two nationalities have become inextricably intertwined in the vast borderland territories of White Russia, Galicia, and Lithuania. The Gordian knot has to be cut, however : the reconstitution of Poland's autonomous existence has been promised in the face of the world by the Grand Duke, commander of the Russian Army, and the promise holds

good in spite of common reverses and of divided counsels among the Poles. From the Russian point of view, the desirable outcome of the struggle ought to be the creation of an autonomous Polish state, united with the Russian Empire by dynastic, military, and diplomatic ties, but independent in the management of its home affairs. It may be hoped that a good many Poles may see their way to accept such an outcome as a working compromise, and this for very plain reasons. It is clear that in the world contest of the immense organised forces of Germany and Russia a completely independent and comparatively weak Poland could not hold its own : the Poles are destined to lead the vanguard of the Slavs against the Teutons, but a vanguard has no meaning unless it is supported by a powerful main body in its rear, and this main body is Russia. These are the considerations on which future relations between Russia and Poland should be based.

But, of course, the Imperialism of Russia can prove a beneficial force only on the condition that it should entirely renounce the oppressive methods of centralistic policy which have so often called forth suspicion, dread, and resentment. In the treatment of that very Polish problem most unfortunate and preposterous blunders have occurred. It would be impossible to reconcile the generous and statesmanlike manifesto of the Grand Duke, the formation of Polish regiments on the Russian side, the organisation of civic relief committees, etc., with the continuance of petty bureaucratic tutelage, with the maintenance of humiliating exceptional laws, with the arbitrary methods of governors and subordinate officials. The clumsy way in which the sympathies of the Galician population were alienated by religious and nationalistic experiments passes belief. The explanation of these shortcomings is fortunately not to be sought in a hypocritical policy, bent on annulling in detail pledges given in general terms, but rather in survivals of a defeated tradition, in the inertia of customary habits. One might, perhaps, recall to mind Galilei's exclamation at his trial, " And yet it moves " (*Ma pur si muove*). The words are an appropriate description of Russia's political evolution. Let us note that, though N. Maklakov and Scheglovitov have remained blind, some of their nearest neighbours, for instance, Purishkevich and

A. Bobrinsky, have been moved to salute the Poles in the days of their great misfortune, while A. Guchkov, one of the best exponents of Russian national ideals, a man who in 1905 did not scruple to split the union of the Zemstvos on that very topic of Polish autonomy, has definitely renounced the narrow Muscovite point of view and declared in favour of a reconciliation which can only be effected on the basis of an autonomous Poland.

The point which naturally excites the most widespread discontent and the most uncompromising condemnation abroad is the treatment meted out to Russian subjects of the Jewish race and religion. The miseries of the pale, the injustice of educational and civil restrictions have been often described, and admit of no excuse. They are partly the outcome of a backward legislation, and partly symptoms of a morbid state of popular feeling as regards men of an alien race. They have undoubtedly intensified all the shady sides of the Jewish character, and have produced in the congested districts of the pale an unhealthy atmosphere of panic and disaffection. The one cure against this social disease is fresh air, a political sanitation which will take some time to produce its effect: it would be impossible to dispel at one stroke the consequences of centuries of folly and oppression. Yet even in this darkest corner things are moving forward. The pale has crumbled away by the force of military events, and I do not think even the most rabid reactionaries dream of its reconstruction on the old lines. The abolition of educational disabilities has not only been planned by the authorities, but a transitional stage designed to carry this reform into practice is being initiated in the shape of facilities for the opening of private schools. A juridical institute in Moscow and a technical institute in Ekaterinoslav are the first establishments started on these lines. Again, as regards civil disabilities, it is significant that a conservative and powerful class—the industrial and commercial leaders of Central Russia—has declared emphatically against the project of a law intended to restrict the number of Jewish employees of joint-stock companies; they did so on the ground that Jewish agents were indispensable for obtaining commercial intelligence and credit. This view seems to contain the germ of a most important development. If something practical

is to be the outcome of the universal desire to start active economic intercourse between Russia and England, for instance, the services of numerous and active middlemen will be required, and there can be no doubt that Jews are particularly fitted for the task: they could render invaluable assistance in ascertaining the needs and peculiar tastes of Russian customers and in offering English goods in the proper place. They would have to be carefully led and organised, but then—sellers and buyers cannot expect to have all the benefits of trade cut out for them without corresponding efforts on their own part. I should not be surprised if the first stage of Jewish emancipation should turn out to be connected with commercial development. I do not wish to suggest that this most complicated and thorny business of Jewish regeneration is likely to be achieved smoothly and rapidly: there is sure to be a great deal of trouble arising from it. But there can be no mistake either about the road or the ultimate result. This obstacle to an understanding between Russia and the civilised West is not insuperable, and will be removed.

Altogether, the prospect of a bright and prosperous future for Russia lies in renouncing old régime methods of government. That such a view is not a mere fancy must be felt by all those who have watched the rapid progress achieved in the course of the last generations. I may be allowed to appeal to my personal experience as to the immense change which has taken place. Within the short span of my own life, my early childhood's recollections reach as far back as the dark age of serfdom. I have seen the villagers performing labour services for their squires in the fields. And the stages of enlightenment stand out clearly before me: the wonderful stir of the reform movement of the 'sixties, full of enthusiasm and hope, striving to create new economic conditions, a new judicature, new schools, a new army; the impatience and irritation of the 'seventies, culminating in terroristic attempts on the part of a desperate minority, the revival of an "emancipation" party towards the beginning of the new century leading up to the tentative constitutionalism of the Duma, the wide diffusion of the ideas of self-government and of practical, patriotic work during the present crisis. It is no exaggeration to say that national consciousness and political

efficiency have made immense strides within the last fifty or sixty years. In the face of this steady flow of Russian contemporary history towards progress there is no room for doubts as to the future. Nor is there any danger of the nation losing individual character and spiritual originality in the process. Russian literature, as every one knows by this time, has lost nothing by entering the ring of European intercourse instead of keeping shyly behind the curtain of Muscovite isolation. Pushkin, Turgenev, Dostoevsky, Tolstoi have all been at school with the West, have studied Shakespeare, Byron, Goethe, Rousseau, and their genius has been only fructified by the contact with universal ideas and foreign forms. The same may be said about Russian work in history, in science, in economics. Perhaps the greatest and most beneficial result of the terrible war for Russia will be her coming into line with the Western nations in politics and law. This will lead to the overthrow of the Chinese wall erected by German pedagogues between the Russian Empire and the commonwealths of Western Europe. A mighty Russia is needed by the West—the task of Russia is to achieve freedom with the West.

PAUL VINOGRADOFF.

THE NEUTRALISATION OF THE DARDANELLES AND BOSPHORUS, BY P. N. MILYUKOV, Leader of the Cadet or Constitutional Party in the Imperial Duma.

TRANSLATED BY AUGUSTA M. CAMPBELL DAVIDSON, M.A.

WE are now drawing near to the solution of a problem which has confronted the Russian nation for more than a century, that, namely, of the extension of the sovereignty of the Russian Empire over those Straits which at once bar the entrance to the Black Sea and are the only exit from it. In the interests of Russia it is necessary that this question should be settled, and that the settlement should be effective. The Straits are highways of the sea which must by international law and custom be open to the commerce of the world. The Black Sea is not an inland territorial lake belonging to Russia, but an open sea, bounded not only by Russian territory but by that of the other States upon its shores. Hence the Russian dominion over the Straits must be reconciled with the interests of neighbouring countries and with the requirements of progressive international law. That the problem is not a hopeless one is shown by the fact that the question of the neutralisation of the Straits was raised on several occasions during the period of Turkey's sovereignty, and under the late régime of the Straits as established by treaties. The existence of such a question has been fully recognised. It is evident, however, that the substitution of one sovereignty for another does not solve the problem; it merely places it under new conditions, which may turn out to be more favourable to its solution than the position created by the treaties which defined the sovereignty of Turkey over the Straits.

What, then, is absolutely necessary to Russia in the Straits? The Russian point of view in all its fulness was repeatedly expressed, so far as it was possible, while Turkey was still a power in Europe, and before Europe had taken the Eastern Question under its collective tutelage. And not only was our point of view openly expressed, but an attempt was made to give effect to it in a series of treaties with Turkey. Speaking generally our view is this: that entrance to the Black Sea through the Straits should be denied to foreign ships of war, while Russian war vessels should have free access.

I shall recall the principal precedents. In 1798 a Russo-Turkish treaty of alliance was signed which was to run for eight years, and in virtue of which Russia bound herself to assist Turkey with twelve ships of war. Turkey on her part was to permit the free passage of this auxiliary fleet from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean and *vice versa*. At the same time the principle of the closure of the Black Sea to war vessels of other nations was maintained.

The seventh clause of the Russo-Turkish treaty of 1805 contained the following stipulation: "Both of the high contracting parties agree to regard the Black Sea as a *mare clausum*, and not to permit the appearance there of any warship or armed vessel belonging to any other Power whatsoever. In the case of any Power attempting to appear there armed, both of the high contracting parties agree to regard this as a *casus fœderis*, and to oppose it with all their naval force, recognising in this the only guarantee of their common safety. It is however understood that free passage through the Straits of Constantinople shall continue to be open to the warships and transports of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, to whom the Sublime Porte, in so far as it lies in its power, shall in every case lend every assistance and offer every facility."

The treaty of 1805 was concluded for a term of nine years, but in the Anglo-Turkish agreement of 1809 Turkey insisted on her ancient right to the exclusive command of the Straits, and England submitted to this in order to prevent any exception being made in favour of Russia. Nevertheless, in Clause 3 of the Treaty of Bucharest, Turkey reaffirmed all former treaties,

and, consequently, that of 1805. Russia's opportunity to secure the open ratification of her rights in the Straits presented itself when Turkey, finding herself threatened with ruin by the revolt of her Egyptian vassal, was forced to apply for assistance to the Russian fleet. The treaty of alliance of Unkiar-Iskelessi in 1833 was concluded when a Russian squadron was in the Bosphorus and five thousand soldiers of a Russian expeditionary force were encamped upon the Asiatic side opposite Buyuk Dere in the valley of Unkiar-Iskelessi. A secret clause of this treaty of alliance stipulated that "the Porte, in lieu of the assistance it was bound to render in view of the reciprocity of the treaty, should limit its action in favour of Russia to the closing of the Dardanelles; that is, it should not allow any foreign warships to enter on any pretext whatsoever." In virtue of this somewhat indefinite clause, and also of the distinct stipulation of the treaty of 1805, certain parts of which were reaffirmed, Russian warships retained the right of free passage through the Straits. And this was understood by England and France, who hastened to protest against the treaty of Unkiar-Iskelessi. Finally the question of the Straits became definitely one of international law. The status of the Dardanelles and Bosphorus had been defined in a whole series of international treaties. According to these the exclusive rights of Turkey over the Straits had been left in dispute, and had been interpreted by the interested States according to circumstances. Thus, at the Berlin Conference, Lord Salisbury affirmed that "the obligations undertaken by Her Britannic Majesty in the matter of the closing of the Straits consisted exclusively of obligations in regard to the Sultan." But Count Shuvalov, in reply to this, demanded that there should be registered in the protocol the opinion of Russia "that the power to close the Straits is under the control of Europe." At a later time England and Russia exchanged positions on this point, but nevertheless the point of view of Russia on the subject of the desired status of the Straits did not change essentially during the whole of this time. It was again expressed in the note of A. I. Nelidov of November 10 (22, Old Style), 1877. "The chief aim of our maritime policy in Turkey is said here to be the obtaining of free communication with the Mediterranean

and the non-admission of a hostile fleet to threaten our Black Sea shore. We must devise some arrangement which shall guarantee that our fleet alone shall have the right of free navigation through the Straits." It is true that in the end Nelidov made what, regarded in the light of our diplomatic traditions, was a distinct concession. Prince Prozorovsky, in his instructions to Italinsky in 1805, and Count Kamensky in 1810 had agreed that not more than *three* Russian war vessels should pass through the Straits at the same time. Nelidov agreed that but *one* should do so. "There is no doubt," he said, "that in view of the present situation (1877) our naval forces in the Black Sea are available only for defence, and that for many years we cannot even think of despatching a squadron from the Black Sea which could have any influence in the Archipelago or in the Mediterranean, especially in comparison with the naval forces of England. For us there exists an urgent necessity for single ships to pass through, and especially that ships we have either acquired abroad or have built in our own dockyards in the northern seas should be able to pass freely into the Black Sea." On these grounds Nelidov proposed to make the following stipulation on the subject of the Straits: "The Straits shall remain closed to foreign war vessels. The States on the shores of the Black Sea shall nevertheless have the right to request the Sultan's permission for the passage of war vessels one at a time." Nevertheless, as is well known, even in this form our demand provoked so much opposition on the part of England that it was necessary to instruct Count Ignatev definitely as follows: "As it is doubtful whether at the conference appointed for the ratification of the conditions of peace we shall succeed in obtaining permission for the passage, even one at a time, of warships belonging exclusively to the States bordering on the Black Sea, the control of the closure of the Straits remains the most advantageous thing for us, and to that we must hold fast." On these grounds, both in the truce which was signed at Adrianople, and in the Treaty of San Stefano, the question of the Straits was treated in the most general terms. In the second of the memoranda signed by Count Shuvalov and the Marquis of Salisbury in London on May 18 (30, Old Style), the Russian plenipotentiaries bound themselves to hold to the

established order in the Straits and not to alter it. In the same way the question of the Straits was not raised at Berlin, and the old treaties of 1856 and 1871 were left in force.

At the present time the question of the Straits is being opened afresh, under conditions highly favourable to us. On the one hand the question of the existence of Turkey in Europe is finally settled, and the whole former statement of the question of the Straits, which was designed with a view to the preservation of the Ottoman Empire, must undergo the most radical alteration. The question does not now stand as it stood in the time of Catherine the Second or Alexander I. The desire of Dashkov, in the secret committee of 1829, to take two stony inlets on the shores of the Bosphorus, the proposal of Kiselev to demand from the Sultan a harbour at its entrance, the order to Muravev to occupy two points on the opposite shores of the Bosphorus, which should not be commanded by the surrounding heights, and to place artillery and a garrison of a thousand men on each—all these proposals merely had in view the eventual " approach of a final catastrophe on the shores of the Bosphorus " (Report of Nesselrode). At the present time the catastrophe has arrived, and we are concerned not with preliminary but with final measures.

On the other hand the problem is being solved under conditions not hitherto existing—alliance with England and France against Turkey. The obstinate opposition of these two maritime powers to the annexation of the Straits by Russia had notably diminished from the time when, through the opening of the Suez Canal, Constantinople and the Straits had lost their importance as the world route to India. If, as a result of the war, the uninterrupted influence of England from Alexandria to Rangoon is confirmed, we need not expect any opposition to the sovereignty of Russia in the Bosphorus and Dardanelles. Every day, before our eyes, the general opinion in both countries is veering round towards the transference of the Straits to Russia.

But under one condition—commerce must be free ; the Straits must be neutralised. And we return to the question before us : " Is such a solution consistent with the interests of Russia ? " The answer is clear. It would not be so if it implied ' neutralisation ' of a wide type, with the right of passage for

war vessels through the Straits. But this solution is so unfavourable to the interests of Russia that even during the existence of Turkey we preferred to reconcile ourselves to the *status quo* and leave the Straits entirely closed, even to ourselves, so long as they were not open to any naval squadron. There can be no doubt that the situation which will be created by the disappearance of Turkey cannot be less advantageous than that which obtained during its existence. If such were to be the case we should have to refrain from fighting against Turkey and from taking Constantinople in concert with our Allies. We should be compelled instead to oppose most resolutely any transference and to support the hopelessly "Sick Man." It is therefore evident that the freedom of the Straits—their neutralisation—cannot be understood in this sense, so dangerous and prejudicial to us. But this does not in the least mean that in the interests of Russia we should be obliged to refuse every kind of freedom and every form of neutralisation. We must, incontestably, safeguard, in the first place, the freedom of commerce which already existed under Turkish sovereignty; but we must go further and consolidate that freedom. Only in that case can the transference of the Straits from Turkish hands to ours have the character of a progressive change in the interests of the world at large.

The resolutions of the last inter-parliamentary conference at the Hague, held from the 3rd to the 5th September 1913, point out to us the road along which it is possible to go without exposing our sovereignty to any material limitation, or creating any serious danger for the defence of the Straits. The conference made a concession to the present ruler of the Straits by postponing any decision on the question of the passage of ships of war. It is to be expected that the same prudence which the international lawyers displayed on this occasion will also mark their dealings with the new Sovereign of the Straits, who will have become such as the result of a victorious war. In this way there may be found a basis of agreement likely to satisfy all parties.

It will merely be necessary that the conditions of an agreement such as is here indicated should be made known at the proper time to all interested parties. It may be that the friction

inevitably produced by the breaking up of an established tradition will disappear of itself as well as the antagonism at present exhibited by the inherent conservatism of a progressively constituted people to a demand which appears to them to be a manifestation of aggressive "imperialism."

Finally, looking at the subject from the other side, we must free our legitimate national aspirations evoked by the objective necessities of the moment from all accretions due to traditional nationalistic ideas, for at the present time these aspirations are so closely associated with the idea and with the name of "Tsargrad" that to many, both amongst the supporters and the opponents of the traditional view, they seem to be inseparably bound up with it.

This is necessary, in order that our Allies may know that our vital interest in, and unceasing demand for, the control of the Straits has nothing in common either with the bogey of "Panslavism" with which the adherents of "Pan-germanism" used to terrify Europe, or with the militarist tendencies to which those who are striving for the organised peace of Europe wish with good reason to set bounds. The possession of Constantinople and the Straits is an end, not a beginning. And together with the final solution of old-standing and complicated problems bound by the Gordian knot of the Turkish tradition, the settlement of the question of the Straits will make possible the triumphant relegation to the domain of history of that Eastern Question by which Europe has so long been vexed.

P. N. MILYUKOV.

Translated by AUGUSTA M. CAMPBELL DAVIDSON.

RUSSIA WITHOUT VODKA, BY PROFESSOR V. BEKHTEREV,

A celebrated Russian Nerve Specialist.

TRANSLATED BY AUGUSTA M. CAMPBELL DAVIDSON, M.A.

MORE than a year and a half has gone by since the prohibition of the free sale of strong spirituous liquors in Russia, and the decree which abolished the Government traffic in vodka.

As to the desirability of this reform, due as it was to the War, there were no two opinions in Russian society. For it was evident to all that the "Drink Budget" by which Russia had lived for so many years was ruinous to the country; and in the prohibition of the free sale of intoxicating liquors all saw an act of magnificent, imperial grandeur. I myself felt impelled to write in one of my articles as follows: "The prohibition of the sale of strong spirits in consequence of the War stands out as an enactment of such profound importance that it may well be worth more to us than many victories on the field of battle."

We must not, however, overlook the fact that reforms of such vast social significance as the enforcement of temperance upon a nation of many millions cannot be accomplished by a Government decree alone, that it must be supported by the action of secret forces hidden in the depths of the nation's soul. Would it be possible in time of peace to imagine Russia brought to sobriety at one stroke as the result of an Imperial ukase? No! Without the realisation by the whole people of the immense gravity of the crisis, without that wonderfully heroic mood of the nation which revealed itself at the moment of the outbreak of the war with Germany, it could never have come to pass that in one splendid day that should be accomplished which on the day before would have seemed to many

an impracticable Utopian dream. We now see completely realised the hopes which have long inspired Russian social workers, students, and especially alienists, who had expressed their views very strongly not only in private but also in public assemblies. I remember how at the first meeting of Russian alienists which took place at Moscow in 1885 much was said about the injurious effect of alcohol on the mental health of the populace. About ten years later, at the second meeting of Russian alienists at Kiev, I stated, in my capacity of President of the Assembly convened to report on alcoholism, that over and above the individual efforts which were being made against alcoholism we should have recourse to efforts put forth by society as a whole, and that the struggle against it was of the very greatest importance. And at this council I also expressed the opinion that the Government should be petitioned, in the interests of national health, not to make the traffic in strong drink a source of revenue.

Moreover, at the third meeting of Russian alienists at Petrograd in 1910, when dwelling on the question of alcohol, I spoke as follows: "In view of the vast influence on the development of nervous and mental diseases of the universal consumption of alcohol, it is necessary to endeavour by all means to secure that its free sale shall be completely forbidden, like that of all other noxious drugs."

Much was said on this subject also at the first meeting held in connection with the campaign against drunkenness by societies and commissions occupied with the problem of alcoholism, but I shall cite here merely the statements made in conferences at which collective scientific thought has found expression, and shall not touch upon the numerous reports made by individual mental specialists or other students of the subject, including myself. But all these express the conviction that in the interests of the mental and physical health of the community a most determined fight must be made against alcohol as a curse to society.

I shall also show that in that same year, 1912, in my article "Alcohol and Statecraft or Alcohol and Hygiene," in refutation of the views of Professor I. Sikorsky, I plainly stated: "It must be evident to every one that such a far-reaching struggle against the spread of alcoholism cannot even be discussed here in Russia

until alcohol has ceased to be regarded as a desirable source of Imperial revenue. This source of revenue should be looked upon not as desirable and legitimate but as pernicious and to be dispensed with at the earliest possible moment."

It is now clearly of extreme importance to explain in what measure the hopes built upon the sobering of Russia have been justified. Undoubtedly the time is still too short to admit of a complete appraisement of the results of the measures taken, but it is nevertheless possible to say that even in the short time during which the prohibition has been in force our rural districts have become unrecognisable. It was thanks to this measure that our gigantic military forces were mobilised in an atmosphere of sobriety and in such good order as had never been seen even during ordinary recruiting periods in time of peace. Always and everywhere there reigned a clear consciousness of duty, which under former conditions would of course have been beclouded by the fumes of strong liquor. Nor is this all. Our country districts have been transformed also from the economic point of view. "Sobriety has saved the economic prosperity of our rural life," writes S. Ippolitov on July 18, 1915, "has preserved for it the means of existence, saved from imminent bankruptcy the co-operative movement founded with so much difficulty, rescued the various credit institutions from the greatest danger, etc. etc."

If the national savings have not merely escaped dissipation, but have already increased; if the nation's power of payment has not been impaired, but on the contrary has grown; if national prosperity has revived in a remarkable degree,—all these are but a few of the many services rendered by the new habit of sobriety.

Thanks to temperance the condition of the people has become even externally healthier and better. Many blighting influences which were slowly destroying the life of the people were removed as though by some unseen hand. Those who watch over the national life could not rejoice sufficiently when they saw the decrease in hooliganism, incendiarism, brawling, murder —all crimes which used to be committed by the people under the influence of drink. Especially has this change occurred amongst the working class and the town proletariat. This is

testified by a series of reports from social workers and other persons whose work brings them into close touch with these classes. Among other things it has been repeatedly stated that houses of detention as well as infirmaries, which formerly treated cases of alcoholic insanity, find their work very much lessened. And, in general, that element of the population which is known as the vagabond or tramp class began to decrease remarkably from the moment of the enforcement of the decree.

Even as early as July 6 we read in a telegram from Odessa which appeared in one of the Petrograd newspapers: "A meeting of the Society of Night Refuges in the harbour has reported a new phenomenon. The harbour has become sober. The tramp of Odessa has left off drinking, and his whole appearance has undergone a change. The former harbour loafer has smartened up and arrayed himself in high boots and dark blue workman's costume. Tramps are now few in number; many are at the war, some have gone into different trades, and some as volunteers into the army. Notwithstanding the small amount of business being done at the harbour there is practically no distress among the casual labourers. In the evenings they frequent the reading-room, where there is a regular scramble for seats."

Such, then, are some immediate results of the step which has been taken.

It should also be pointed out that owing to this new sobriety it has been possible to raise in Russia during the period of the War such loans as the first, of one milliard of roubles (£100,000,000), and the second of two milliards of roubles (£200,000,000)—a thing which could not have been so much as thought of before the reform. And at the present moment, notwithstanding the recent success of the first loan, there can be no two opinions with regard to that of the next loan of two milliards, for, to quote a newspaper, "the banks and savings banks are, one may say, bursting with money which flows into them in a broad uninterrupted stream."

But it is not only the economic side of life which is affected. There can be no doubt that the nation's sobriety must react in the most marked manner upon the moral and physical health of the masses; and in this respect its earliest results may even

now be appraised, although it is not yet possible to express them in figures.

I need hardly say that the economic well-being of the community brought about by the reform must conduce in an enormous degree to the restoration of national health, an improvement which is being reflected in the death-rate, which, as is well known, is very high in Russia as compared with other nations.

Amongst other things it is well known that the number of cases of infectious disease may be taken as one of the best possible indications of the condition of the public health. And we possess this information for the year of the reform with respect to Petrograd, which, as is well known, is far from being very fortunate in its general sanitary conditions. In the words of Dr. Kashkadomov, the Director of the Bureau of Research into Epidemic Diseases in Petrograd, "the year of the war has been found to be better than previous years in respect of public health."

This is due to a large number of causes, but one of the chief of these is undoubtedly the cessation of the sale of alcohol, for with the prohibition of that health-destroying poison the quality of the people's food began to improve notwithstanding its increasing cost.

But it is well known that alcohol acts perniciously not only on its consumers but on their posterity, revealing itself in forms of epilepsy, idiocy, and general nervous and mental infirmities.

It is further known that suicide stands in the closest relation to the consumption of alcohol, and we possess reports, confirmed by careful statistics, on the diminished number of suicides in large centres, such, for instance, as Petrograd. Finally, we must not, in appraising the value of the measure in question, leave out of sight the question of the improvement in the moral condition of the people in respect, as we have already stated, of the diminution of hooliganism and crime, and of the check which has already been given to depravity of all kinds.

The prohibition of the sale of strong drink was followed almost immediately by references in the press to the astonishing decrease in the number of cases of disorder and crime. And it is beyond all doubt that national sobriety will largely contribute to the moral regeneration of the country.

If we turn to the statistics bearing on the decrease of crime in war-time, it will be extremely difficult to determine how much of it is to be ascribed to the new habit of sobriety and how much to war-time conditions. But in any case it is impossible not to observe in our capitals and other towns the significant diminution, confirmed by the statistics issued.

Lastly, public immorality which, with its attendant social evils, is well known to be closely connected with the consumption of alcohol, has notably diminished in Petrograd from the time of the prohibition of the sale of vodka. This is also the case in greater or less degree in other towns.

All these considerations are of such a nature that from the national and social point of view it is impossible to regard the prohibition of the sale of strong drinks otherwise than as an act not merely of the greatest economic significance, but as essentially conducive to the physical and moral well-being of the population—a thing clearly of the highest national importance.

It must, however, be noted that the press soon began to be full of reports to the effect that the people were having recourse to denatured spirits both in the country and in towns. From the country districts came rumours that the people were making *khanzha*[1] and *brazhka*[2] in their homes, and from the East came rumours about the abuse of kumis (an evil which had, however, begun to spread before this time through the influence of strangers from the province of Vyatsk), and it was also said that the people generally were consuming all kinds of substitutes for vodka, some of them dangerous to life, such as Eau de Cologne and spirit varnishes. But it is certainly useless to expect that a poison which had so long been acting on the system of the victims of alcohol could be neutralised at a single stroke, and that in the case of habitual drunkards the craving for the accustomed narcosis would not reassert itself without any regard to the danger of this or that substitute.

But of course the persons here in question are the confirmed and hopeless drunkards, people who, at least in the absence of special medical assistance, are inevitably doomed to perish, and obviously it was not this class that the reforming measure had

[1] Methylated spirit flavoured with cranberries. [2] A home-made malt liquor.

in view. Nor, of course, did it contemplate the suppression of the sale of opium, morphia, or cocaine, with which under one pretext or another people began to drug themselves, until, having become confirmed narco-maniacs, they procure narcotic drugs by all and any means whether legitimate or not.

The prohibition has in view as its chief object the prevention of the uncontrolled distribution of narcotic poisons amongst persons who have no need for them. These persons, especially the young, who through idleness and the bad example of others become addicted to their use, are in ever-increasing numbers swelling the ranks of habitual drunkards.

Yet none the less every general reform must keep in view not only an abrogation of the old order of things, but the creation of a new order. We have not, so far, arrived at this constructive stage. In the meantime what is wanted for the populace is not a one-sided reform, consisting of the mere prohibition of the free sale of spirituous liquors, but side by side with this a reform which shall aim at the provision of some means for employing the people's leisure with rational amusements, an end which might be attained by the extensive foundation of people's palaces and other institutions of an elevating character. And this, judging by the latest reports, seems to be already in contemplation.

These palaces ought to be surrounded by reading-rooms and libraries, and should be used for popular lectures, village theatricals, and other amusements, during which the sale of refreshments, sweets, and non-alcoholic drinks should be permitted.

At first, having regard to the urgency of the need of such places, it might be possible in some villages to make use of any public buildings already existing, but it would, of course, be necessary to guarantee that these people's palaces should eventually possess their own buildings, as they already do, for instance, in Finland. In any case the arrangements for such centres of enlightenment should be made without delay, and the charge of them committed to the local authorities. Where it is possible it will be very desirable to establish them in connection with temperance societies and other organisations of an elevating tendency. These societies might arrange lectures and con-

ferences on the subject of the injury caused by alcohol to the nation's health. Similar lectures and short courses of instruction might be instituted in all national schools, and also in the middle and higher-class educational institutions. It must be understood that only a well-thought-out and organised campaign against alcoholism on the part of every section of society can eradicate this disease from the Russian masses, but the prospects of improvement in the social, economic, and hygienic conditions of the nation opened up by this reform are so alluring and full of promise that this object should be pursued unremittingly and untiringly.

It is thought by some that it is possible to convert the nation to habits of sobriety whilst tolerating the sale of the milder spirituous liquors; but the experience of the countries of Western Europe shows that alcoholism can never be destroyed in this way, because the taste for light wines and for beer spreads itself with extraordinary rapidity, and the amount of alcohol consumed in the form of these beverages very soon exceeds that consumed in the form of strong spirits. Moreover, wine, by reason of its agreeable properties, is shown by the experience of all countries to be specially prone to lead to alcoholism, especially among women and children. As an example of the way in which alcoholism may be induced and diffused by means of wine, we may cite the case of the Caucasus, where drunkenness, speaking generally, prevails to an enormous extent. Here, no matter at what price wine may be offered for sale, the people fly to it like moths into a flame. It is singular, however, that a very efficient means of combating drunkenness is found in beverages containing not more than 2 per cent of alcohol—such as kvass, light beers, mead, and certain liquors prepared from berries.

The production and distribution of such beverages should certainly be encouraged by the removal of the duties on them, and a scheme to this effect is already under the consideration of the Ministry of Finance. In any case it is absolutely necessary that the strongest possible support should be given by the Exchequer to the movement for the suppression of substitutes for vodka and other strong drinks. These substitutes are clandestinely manufactured on a large scale, and their sale is carried on both in towns and in country districts in a systematic and highly

organised manner. It is by the enactment of such measures, and in this way alone, that we can have any assurance that the hope of one day seeing Russia a really temperate country will ever be realised. Hence it is much to be desired that the reform movement should be carried out to the fullest extent, and to this end there should be complete prohibition of the free sale of spirituous liquors which are regarded by science as injurious on account of the amount of alcohol which they contain. Moreover, in order that the reform should not be limited to this prohibition, some other measures should be concerted in connection with it, measures which will furnish the people with new and healthful interests and activities with which to fill that unoccupied leisure which will hang so heavily on their hands when the new reform has abolished the idle loafing of the old drunken days. A great reform like this must be carried out with thoroughness, for thus, and thus only, will it yield its priceless fruits in full abundance.

V. BEKHTEREV.

Translated by AUGUSTA M. CAMPBELL DAVIDSON.

RUSSIA'S NATURAL RESOURCES

By Professor I. Kh. Ozerov, Member of the Council of State (the Russian Upper House)

Translated by Susette M. Taylor

Before us lies a great problem—the development of Russia's natural resources. An enormous territory has been given us and a richly endowed population, and, until now, we, that is the public and the Government, have not solved this great problem, nor even conceived the means to that end.

For the exploitation of our Empire's economic potentialities, it will first be necessary for our population to evince a creative spirit, and to be intelligently observant of the riches lying at their feet; secondly, we must above all be of one mind, for only under the banner of union are men able to control nature. Finally, transport facilities must be provided—in other words, space and distance have to be overcome.

How does the matter stand with us in this last respect? Let us take the year 1913 and consider in various States the extent of the railway in relation to the size of the population. Then we shall see that the best means of communication exist in the Argentine, Canada, and the United States, that is, in those countries which in recent years have the most rapidly progressed. See how the Argentine has within recent times developed her agricultural exports and her cattle-breeding! I will not cite Canada and the United States.

The explanation is simple. For every 10,000 inhabitants in the Argentine there are 67.9 kilometres of railway, in Canada 60.8, in the United States 42.3; while in European Russia there are only 4.8. In neighbouring States Bulgaria takes the next place, 4.5; Serbia, 3.6; European Turkey, 3.2.

No less interesting is the comparison between the length of railways and the area of various States, the length of railways being calculated to every hundred square kilometres of territory. In Germany 13.8, in Great Britain 12, in Switzerland 11.97, in Holland and Denmark 9.8 ; but in Russia only 1.2. In neighbouring States Bulgaria on one side had 2 kilometres, European Turkey 1.2. It is true that this method of computation is less favourable to the Argentine and Canada, but on the other hand it gives a much more exact idea than by calculations based on the size of the population.

With regard, therefore, to our native country, whether the length of railway be in relation to the size of the population or to the area of territory, it is always the same tale, we are the hindermost.

This is the misfortune of the internal economy of Russia, and the consequence is that while we have great natural wealth, we are not in a position to make use of it. For instance, rich ores containing 80 per cent of lead are peacefully sleeping on the Murman Hills ; our forests in the North dream in undisturbed somnolence throughout the course of centuries ; granite lies slumbering on the Yenisei. All these riches await man's command to enter into his service. And he is silent. Russia is a kind of spell-bound, lethargic kingdom, in which lies dormant infinite, inexhaustible wealth.

It is therefore clear that one of the first tasks of Russia is the organisation of ways and means of communication. Our great mistake has been the lack of this organisation, and it behoves us after the War and even now to set to work at this task with the greatest energy. Thus we shall further the reduction of the by no means small amount of our paper money, for we shall raise the exchange value of our rouble, and, what is of great consequence, we shall render possible a fuller use of our agricultural wealth, and restore to the Russian his former ascendancy in this department. The War disclosed not only our military but our economic unpreparedness.

If formerly in the face of these inquiries we bore ourselves with academic tranquillity, such lack of concern is at the present moment not permissible. When the house is burning the time

has gone by for the discussion of the inflammability of its material; action only is required. May our people now recognise the value of some acquaintance with economic phenomena, and, what is of especial importance, may they be inspired to take an active part in their own economic life. Finally, may our century-long slumber vanish from our eyes; may we understand, with all our minds, that it is necessary to work and again to work, that it is necessary at any cost to do something, that there is no greater crime to one's country than inaction.

And we must thoroughly comprehend that it is only the vision of our broad horizons that can inspire us to this great work. Inspiration is not only necessary now, on the battlefield; it will be so in a still greater degree afterwards, for the building up of our economic life.

After the War there will be big breaches in our revenue. Consider merely the interest payable on our loans: if the War continues no longer than to the end of 1916, it will probably cost us some twenty milliard roubles, and the interest on this sum alone will be more than a milliard of roubles. We have also to bear in mind that the pension payable to the soldiers maimed and wounded in the War, and the compensation for those killed (a project for which is even now before the Imperial Duma), will annually require hundreds of millions of roubles; further, that the payment of interest upon our Gold Bonds is increased by a huge amount because of the present high value of gold; and that the closure of the Government wine-shops creates a great deficit in our budget, to which must be added the diminution in the revenue from taxes and industrial and agrarian duties.

All this will call for huge sums—sums not to be raised by any kind of income tax, but which will have to be supplied solely by the productive forces of our country. It is obvious to me that the key of the supplies for our revenue has for the first time fallen from the hands of the Minister of Finance into the hands of the Ministers of Trade and Manufactures, of Agriculture, and of National Education.

As soon as the lever of the productive forces of our country has been raised, we shall be in a position to find the means for

swelling our revenue. But now, heroic efforts are necessary to free ourselves from our former deadly condition, to get rid of the routine in which we were immersed. Colossal efforts and immense labour will be needed for the surmounting of all the obstacles before us. We shall only accomplish this task by vigorously pulling ourselves together; and in this bracing and inspiriting of ourselves lies our safety. May the thought of the creation of a great and new Russia burn in our hearts! may it inflame our imagination! may it guide us in all our actions! There is no need to be low-spirited, for there will be no lack of creative power. We *shall* create a new Russia, a bright, great, glorious Russia.

Living with this belief in the brightness of Russia's future, we meantime borrow from it, and we are also cheered by the actual fact of the total abstinence of our population. Our hopes and desires are bound up with the consolidation of this reform. The universal sobriety of Russia has been equivalent to an annual investment in our national industries of vast sums of money. But to-day, all the same, this sobriety resembles a cone balanced on its sharp point. That is to say, it is in an unstable position. For any permanent reform a development of public spirit will be requisite. The solution of this problem lies in the creating of an intelligent leisure for our people—it will be necessary to establish education outside school education, perhaps to organise a whole staff of lecturers, who would circulate among the population, spreading superior agricultural knowledge, and awakening creative instinct. Alas, instead of this, a love of games of hazard and the spreading of wild ideas, such as those of religious fanaticism, have been noticeable in some localities!

To repeat, national abstinence is a great reform, and it must be established on a firm basis. The country will have to be studded with village clubs, so as to give the population an opportunity of passing their leisure intelligently. It is curious to note that the effect of alcohol on the soul of the population in big centres, wherein existed facilities for the intelligent spending of leisure, was less injurious than on that of the population in the little towns, where the people were simply bored to death.

Therefore, libraries, suitable literature, peoples' palaces, with cinematographs where scientific and geographical and agricultural pictures might be shown—all these must be instituted. And, in future, careful attention will also have to be paid to the improvement of the housing in our towns, for bad housing conditions largely contributed to our people's insobriety. This is well understood in Western Europe, where large sums are expended for this object.

Once the habit of sobriety has been confirmed, the after effects of this unexampled War will be easily counteracted. A sober population, having in mind its own strength, energy, and boldness in past times, when with primitive means it so successfully colonised the huge expanses of contemporary Russia, will find means to call forth the natural riches that are buried in her womb. It will only be necessary to open the doors to private initiative. Already, in the shadow of this great War, a change has come over the cast of the people's thought. They have grown conscious that included within the domain of imperial and public service are the building up of Russia's industries and the encouragement of agricultural economy.

In order to induce our population to assist financially the growing industries of Russia, it will be necessary, certainly, to facilitate the formation (within a reasonable degree) of joint-stock companies, and at the same time to keep a more watchful eye on such companies, possibly by Government inspection, as is the case in England. This will give investors confidence as to the security of their capital.

It will also be the duty of the Ministry of Trade and Manufactures to take all possible measures to further the development within our boundaries of Russian trade and industry, especially with regard to those goods that hitherto have been imported from without, and particularly from Germany. This development must certainly be gradual, because we shall have to learn as a preliminary how and under what conditions articles may be produced by us, and because this development will be largely founded on industrial credit.

Siberia is practically auriferous throughout, but the gold is not always of an industrial character, that is, does not always bear

profitable interest. All the same, if we collect some of the money necessary to pay our foreign loans by increasing our exports and by properly organising them, we can on the other hand also raise funds by the development of our gold industry, and, with a view to this, especial attention must be paid to the colonisation of the auriferous districts in Siberia and to the provision of ways and means of communication.

The Ministry of Agriculture, to judge by its encouragement of the exploitation of our natural products in Siberia, thoroughly comprehends the problems to be solved; while the Ministry of Finance marks its belief in the necessity of developing the productive powers of Russia by the fact that it hesitates to allow the introduction into Russia of any kind of monopoly —thus evincing a desire to anticipate such monopoly by awakening and developing that individual initiative which, together with those natural resources at our command, will, I am convinced, work wonders. The Ministry of Trade and Manufactures has, evidently, also recognised the disadvantages of those limits which have hitherto so restricted the development of trade and industry.

Add to all this an awakening through our schools of the creative instinct of the people, together with a zest for work and for *good* work, and we shall create among ourselves a new man, able with his knowledge and his energy to breathe life into Russia's giant strength. These new inspirations, like the water of life in Russian fairy-tales, will quickly cure our wounds and breathe new life into our Motherland.

In the present gloomy times one of our duties is to keep up our spirits. In the picture of our Russian life, dark, sad tones are too much inclined to predominate. The Almighty has given us heavy burdens to bear. But Russia has more than once had to face still greater trials. Let us remember " the troublous times " at the beginning of the seventeenth century, the war with the Swedes that terminated at Poltava, and 1812. Those were dark and ominous days. But Russia emerged from them stronger and more powerful than before.

We all firmly believe that the insolent foe who has transgressed all laws, divine and human, will be broken.

We, the representatives of legislative corporations and of government, are united as one man.

Our heavy burdens are God's punishment to us for the sins of our internal, economic policy, and we must hope that this punishment may serve as a lesson. We have seen how our dependence upon Germany arose from our neglect to develop our own natural resources. For this both the Government and the people were to blame. We were simply asleep. There being no spirit of research within us, we sucked no advantage from our own wealth. We lacked the necessary confidence in ourselves.

We must now hope that ways and means of activity will be found among us, and that mistrust will disappear. The present War is a war of the manufactures and industries of one group of countries with the manufactures and industries of the other group.

The steps taken for the exploitation of the resources of our great country will have a decisive influence upon the War. For that reason we must put forth all our strength and all our energy.

I. Kh. Ozerov.

Translated by Susette M. Taylor.

BRITAIN AND THE SLAVONIC WORLD

By R. W. Seton-Watson, D.Litt., Lecturer in East European History at King's College, University of London.

Public opinion in this country is only too apt to regard the Great War as an Anglo-German conflict, and to overlook the vast issues which it involves in Eastern Europe. The German Chancellor, during a lucid interval in the torrent of invective against *perfide Albion*, rightly described this War as the decisive struggle between Teuton and Slav. If outside Europe the main issue to be decided by the War is the future development of the British Empire and its dependencies, what is really at stake inside Europe itself is the future of the Slavonic race as a whole. During a great portion of the nineteenth century it was the fashion in many serious quarters to deny the existence of a Slavonic Question, or to represent the Slavs as barbarians and their free development as a grave danger to Europe. Such myths die hard, but they are in their death-throes to-day. The German *Drang nach Osten*, so long regarded as a mere theoretical danger which concerned Russia far more closely than ourselves, has become to-day a grave menace to the whole future of the British Empire. Thus Russian and British interests, which were never at any time so divergent as the hot-heads on both sides endeavoured to convince us, have become to-day identical. The great German design—the establishment of a German hegemony from Hamburg to the Persian Gulf—threatens Russia with the final destruction of her most cherished aspirations. In the problem of Constantinople her future as a nation, her religious tradition, her most vital economic requirements, are all equally at stake, and with them that spiritual leadership which is her birthright as

the eldest sister of the Slavonic and Orthodox worlds. To Britain the realisation of the Pan-German plan would present an equal menace; for the domination of the Continent, which it would involve, would only be the first step towards the establishment of world dominion and the downfall of the British Empire.

Germany's main aim is to extend and consolidate that hegemony over Austria-Hungary and the Balkans which she has so successfully asserted during the first two years of war. For her and her most trusted ally, the Magyar Government, 30,000,000 Slavs and Latins of the Dual Monarchy are to continue to play their old unhappy rôle of *Stimmvieh* (voting cattle) in peace and *Kanonenfutter* (cannon-fodder) in war, and to supply the necessary field first for economic expansion and then for a grandiose scheme of Germanic colonisation. Unless we can deliver Austria-Hungary from the control of Berlin, and by reducing it to its component parts restore to its many races the possibility of free national development, there will not only have been no victory for the Allies, but their position after the War will be far more precarious than before. For "*Mitteleuropa*" will have been achieved, the dream of Berlin to Bagdad will have become a reality, and Prussia's economic and military supremacy in Europe will be assured. To us, then, the emancipation of the Slav democracies of Central Europe means, on the one hand, the fulfilment of our programme, the vindication of the Principle of Nationality, and, on the other hand, the provision of guarantees such as alone can render the future of the Western Powers free from intolerable menace. To Russia it means something more—something which altogether transcends the tremendous economic interests involved in the problem of the Straits. For the ties which bind together the various branches of the Slavonic race have always been far closer, far more subtle, far more irresistible than those between the Teutonic or Latin races. There is, despite the inevitable internal family quarrels, a certain solidarity of feeling which may be resented, or feared, or opposed by the outside world, but cannot be explained away—something which rises superior to differences of language, religion, geography, and historic tradition—some deep-seated call of the blood which nothing can ever eradicate.

Not the least remarkable feature in that spiritual Pan-Slavism which was the forerunner of all kindred political movements, is the fact that its origin is to be traced not in Russia, among the greatest of the Slavonic races, but among Russia's half-forgotten kinsmen of Dalmatia, Bohemia, and Slovacia. Križanić, the Croat Catholic priest, who in the seventeenth century produced a Pan-Slav grammar, pled the cause of Church reunion and made a strange ecstatic appeal to the Tsar as the liberator of the Danubian Slavs, was not, as it might seem, a mere isolated figure. As early as 1584 Bohoricz, a Slovene schoolmaster from Ljubljana (Laibach), published at Wittenberg a book on Slovene literature, in which the Slav language (*slavica lingua*) is treated as a reality. The Slav poets of the Ragusan republic, especially the famous Gundulić, sang the exploits of famous Slavonic kings; and Kačić, the reviver of Croat popular poetry in Dalmatia in the eighteenth century, cites the quaint legend of Alexander the Great having made a will in favour of the Slavs. The book of another Dalmatian Croat, Orbini, published in Italy in 1601, was thought worth translating into Russian by an Orthodox archbishop more than a century later. Many other instances of Slav solidarity could be quoted, even from such unlikely sources as the writings of Bohemian Jesuits in the eighteenth century.

It was among the Slovaks that the first modern exponent of Pan-Slavism in its ideal form arose. During the first half of the nineteenth century Jan Kollár, who was clergyman of the Slovak Lutheran Church in Budapest, wrote two epoch-making books —a long epic poem, "The Daughter of Slava," in which he sang the glories of Slavdom, and created in imitation of Dante a mythical Slav Olympus and Hades, where the friends and enemies of the Slav race are picturesquely grouped; and a short essay advocating "The Literary Reciprocity of all Slavs." His appeal for closer intercourse among the various branches of the race, the fervour with which he argued that the feeling of Slav solidarity must transcend all political and religious differences, awakened a resounding echo throughout the Slav world. His equally famous contemporary, Šafařík, also a Slovak by birth, published a history of "Slav Antiquities" which will always

remain the foundation-stone of all study of Slav origins, whether in the matter of language, geography, or race. As Kollár himself pointed out, it was natural enough that this idea of reciprocity should have struck deep roots and spread most rapidly among the Slovaks, who had hitherto produced little of their own literature, and out of the isolation of neglect and oppression "were the first to stretch out their hands to embrace all Slavs." The labours of these pioneers were supplemented by the great scholars and philologists of Prague, whose researches paved the way for that intellectual and political renaissance of Bohemia which has been one of the most remarkable incidents in the whole nationalist movement of modern times.

In the year of revolution 1848, Prague instantly leapt into prominence as a focus of Slav ideas, and it was there that the first Slavonic congress was held. Under the presidency of the great Czech historian Palacky, delegates assembled from Poland, Serbia, Croatia, the Slovak districts, and even Russia. It was the answer of the Slav world to the convocation of the German Federal Diet at Frankfort. It is true that its results were even more inconclusive than those of the rival assembly. There was no sure political foundation upon which to build, and the various sections among the delegates had widely divergent aims and aspirations. In the words of a French historian, "Austria was for some a goal, and for others a harbour of refuge, and each interpreted principles in the light of his needs and passions": and it is curious to note that the idea of Pan-Slav federation in its most advanced form was urged most strongly by the very men who were most hostile to the "Slavophils" of Russia. But, however inconclusive the congress may have seemed, an important step had been taken in the path towards a mutual intercourse, without which all Pan-Slav dreams must remain mere platonic vapourings, or, worse still, the cloak for imperialist designs of conquest.

The Pan-Slav congress which was held at Moscow in 1867 was attended by many western Slavs, notably the great Czech leaders Palacky, Rieger, and Gregr. But their visit proved actually detrimental to their own immediate cause; for, on the one hand, it provided Austria with a fresh excuse for the famous policy of "shoving the Slavs against the wall," which

found expression in the Austro-Hungarian *Ausgleich* of the same year, and, on the other hand, a bad impression was created in many quarters by the fact that the organisers of the congress represented extreme reaction alike in Russia and in Europe, and had been foremost in their approval of the brutal repression of Poland only four years earlier. In those days political passions still obscured what is so obvious to the world to-day, that a system which at one and the same time could advocate the Pan-Slav idea and the impossibility of any understanding between Russia and Poland until both the Polish nobility and the Catholic Church had been rooted out, was obviously bankrupt and doomed to failure. The Polish Question, then, was the real reason why so long an interval elapsed before the next congress could be held. It remained, in the words of the leading Russophil of Bohemia, Dr. Kramař, whom in June 1916 the butchers of Vienna condemned to death, "an ever-bleeding wound on the Slav body." Since the opening of the new century, and especially since the Japanese war and the Russian revolution, a new tendency became noticeable under the name of "Neoslavism." The root-idea of its most eager advocates, notably of Kramař, was the reconciliation of Poles and Russians as the keystone to all progress in Slavonic questions; and this was the chief note of the congress held in Prague in 1908. Considerations of internal policy, both in Russia and elsewhere, made it difficult to reach any concrete results. But it is probably true to say that more progress has been made in the direction of mutual intercourse and understanding between the various Slavs in the ten years immediately preceding the War than in any previous decade. The events of the Balkan War gave a tremendous impetus to the feeling of Slav solidarity. Agram, Laibach, Prague, even to some degree Cracow, greeted the victory of the Balkan League as their own; of Moscow and Petrograd it is unnecessary to speak. Students of nationality in Europe are too apt to confine their attention to Italy and Germany. Even to-day it is not yet fully understood to what an extent the national movement has revivified and transformed the Slavs. And yet it is only necessary to compare the Slav nations of Austria and the Balkans as they are to-day with what they were a hundred years ago, in order to

realise that nationality among the Slavs is like an inrolling tide. If their emancipation is one of the results of this gigantic clash of arms, the misery and suffering of Europe will at least have a compensation. Once more Russia, despite the many shortcomings and imperfections of which her enemies are never tired of reminding us, is siding with the future, as surely as Germany, with her all marvellous energy and organisation, is siding with the past.

The Pan-Slav ideal has been mellowed by time. To-day it is realised more and more that it can never be achieved upon a purely Russian or on a purely Orthodox basis, and that, even from the Russian point of view, such a consummation would be undesirable. Five out of the seven Slavonic races whose fate depends upon the issue of this War—the Poles, Czechs, Slovaks, Croats, and Slovenes—are overwhelmingly Catholic (the second and third with a small Protestant minority), while the western portion of the Ukraine is fervently Uniate. The indispensable preliminary to any solution of the problems affecting these races is the establishment, not merely of toleration, but of absolute religious equality.

The rival tendencies inside the Pan-Slav idea may be summed up in three phrases by three great Russians. "The Slavophils," wrote the ultra-conservative Ivan Aksakov, "regard Orthodoxy as the source of Russian nationality: it constitutes the fundamental principles of its historic life, which are a higher contribution to civilisation than those possessed by Western Europe." Alexander Herzen, probably the greatest of the advanced school of Russian thought, declared with equal emphasis that "when the hour of the Slavs shall sound, their idea will correspond to that of revolutionary Europe." But as usual, Dostoevsky raises the matter to a higher plane when he writes of "the plan to unite the whole of Slavdom under the wings of Russia. And this union, not for the appropriation of others' property, not for violence or for the annihilation of the various Slav individualities by the Russian Colossus, but in order to renew them and bring them into their due relation to Europe and to humanity—to give them at last the possibility of peaceful life and of recovery after countless centuries of suffering, and when they feel their

new strength, of adding their bundle to the granary of the human spirit and saying their word in civilisation. Of course you may laugh as much as you please at these 'illusions' of mine about Russia's destiny, but tell me this: Do not all Russians desire the liberation and exaltation of the Slav on this very basis, for their full personal freedom and for the resurrection of their souls, and *not* to win them politically for Russia and through them to strengthen Russia politically, as Europe sometimes suspects?"

A word or two may be added as to the manner in which the Pan-Slav dreamers expressed their theories in practice. Dostoevsky, in the very passage quoted above, breathing as it does conciliation and tolerance, adds the phrase, "It goes without saying, that with this end in view Constantinople must sooner or later be ours." Constantinople lies at the root of all Russian realities, national, political, religious, and economic; and it is a fortunate fact that our statesmen should realise that Constantinople in the hands of Russia is the surest guarantee of peace between the British and Slavonic worlds and an impregnable barrier to German aggression in the Near and Middle East.

Danilevsky, a typical contemporary of our own jingos and a believer in "sacred egoism" as the sole basis of foreign policy, advocated a kind of loose Confederation of Eastern Europe, consisting of the following eight units: (1) The Russian Empire including Galicia, (2) Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia, Slovacia, (3) Jugoslavia, (4) Bulgaria, (5) Roumania, (6) Greece, (7) Hungary, (8) Constantinople, as a separate province. The fatal and obvious flaw in this settlement is that it ignores Poland and the root fact that the Pan-Slav ideal can never be achieved so long as Russian and Pole remain unreconciled.

More than enough has been heard of the notorious Pan-German General Bernhardi. Far too little has been heard of the Pan-Slav General Fadejev, whose words, written in 1869, are full of prophetic insight. He starts with the assumption that for Russia the Eastern Question cannot be decided by a war in the Balkans but only on Russia's western frontier. "The Eastern Question can only be solved in Vienna." "Austria is like a loaded cannon which may not go off for centuries if the sparks are not applied. But for her to allow a solution in the Russian sense would be

suicide." "The existence of free Slav kingdoms bounding with enslaved Slav countries is impossible. How can Austria allow a second Slav Piedmont, whose influence would not be confined to a corner of her Empire, but would extend to its centre? Austria has only two paths. Either the Slavs south of the river Save (*i.e.* Serbia), must share the fate of the Hungarian Slavs, or the Slavs north of the Save must attain the position of Serbia to-day." Here, then, we find in 1869 a Russian summing up in a few clear phrases the situation of 1916. Either free Serbia and Montenegro must become conquered provinces of Austria-Hungary and fodder for the *Drang nach Osten*, or they must unite the whole Jugoslav race in a single state.

The second prophecy is not less remarkable. "In relation to Russia Hungary forms the advance guard of Germany.... The Germans see that they alone without the help of the Magyars can never finish with the Danubian Slavs.... If Austria-Hungary follows firmly on these lines, Germany will stand up for Austria just as much as for her own property." This is being literally fulfilled to-day in the course of what is at least as much a Magyar war as a German war. It was the racial tyranny of the Magyars, exercised upon the unhappy Slavs of Hungary and the Eastern Adriatic, which kept the northern Balkans in a ferment, check-mated the better elements in Austria, and embittered the relations of the Dual Monarchy with Russia and Serbia. Just as it was Budapest in collusion with Vienna which plunged Serbia and Bulgaria into the fratricidal war of 1913, so it was the deliberate policy of Budapest in collusion with Berlin which precipitated the present conflict.

Yet another prophecy of Fadejev is to-day in process of fulfilment. "For Austria the Polish Question is a lightning conductor for the Eastern Question." Its true solution is to recognise the Poles as a Slav people with a right to its existence and to Russian help in reuniting its scattered portions. Poland has, on the other hand, in effect the choice of becoming the younger brother of the Russian nation, or a mere German province. Scarcely less interesting is his further assertion that France has a choice between Russian rule and German rule in Europe. "On the day when France realises that the fortunes of

Poland are inseparably bound up with the triumph of the Slav idea, the heart of France will be with us."

There is only one point upon which his uncanny gift of prophecy failed him, and the fault lies at the door of *perfide Albion*. Writing in 1869, he did not expect the sympathy of England for his Slavonic dreams, and who shall blame him? That was long before Gladstone and Salisbury between them redeemed the deadly errors of Disraeli. It is the privilege of our generation to prove him wrong on this one point, and as loyal and immovable allies of Russia, to help him to realise the restoration of the Slav programme. One of our own statesmen, in an inspired phrase, contrasted the attitude of Prussia and of Russia to the claims of nationality and sentiment. While "the higher civilisation merely answered that the liberty of the Bulgarian peasants was not worth the life of a single Pomeranian soldier . . . the rude barbarians of the North sent their sons by the thousand to die for Bulgarian freedom." Prussia since she was constituted a kingdom has done nothing for the freedom of her neighbours and much for their enslavement. Russia, like all great Empires, our own included, has blots upon her scutcheon, but nothing can ever efface the historical fact that time after time she has gone to war for the cause of her Slav kinsmen or her Orthodox co-religionists, and that the democratic countries of South-Eastern Europe owe a great part of their liberties to the efforts of Russia and her rulers.

History has linked Russia and Britain in the task of reconstructing Europe upon the sole basis which offers any hope of lasting peace, the principle of nationality and the rights of small nations. The three main pillars of this reconstruction are Jugoslavia, Bohemia, and Poland. The small and landlocked Serbia of the past will be transformed into a strong and united Southern Slav State on the shore of the Adriatic, no longer seething with unrest as the result of Magyar misrule in Croatia and Austrian economic tariffs, but free at last to develop a national life which has resisted five centuries of Turkish oppression. Bohemia, who, as the vanguard of the struggle against Germanisation for eight centuries, has proved her powers of resistance and organisation, will become an independent State, possessed of natural

frontiers, strong and self-supporting industries, and keen national consciousness, and an invaluable link between its Russian brethren and the West. Poland, freed from its long bondage and reunited as a national unit of over twenty million inhabitants on terms of closest union with Russia, will be able to develop still further her great natural riches and to reconstruct her social system on Western lines. Russia, whose sentimental and religious claims to Constantinople have been reinforced tenfold in the present war by economic necessity, has a common interest with Britain in establishing an effective obstacle to the German *Drang nach Osten*, and restricting Germany to those natural limits within which she would cease to be a danger to the peace of Europe. The allies are faced by the alternative of breaking up Austria-Hungary (in which case Germany obtains an addition of eight or nine million inhabitants, but on the other hand loses her subject nationalities and is surrounded by virile and national States) or by permitting its survival and thus securing to Germany the final assertion of political, military, and economic control over its 51,000,000 inhabitants, and thus indirectly the mastery of Central Europe and the control of the Adriatic, the Balkans, and Constantinople. To-day we greet Russia as the acknowledged head of the Slavonic world, at last emancipated from that Prussian influence which has been the chief clog upon its progress. It is not too much to assert that all thinking men in this country to whom the gravity of the issues are apparent are firmly resolved to convert our present brotherhood in arms into a firm and enduring friendship between Britain and Russia, nay more, between Britain and the whole Slavonic world. We, too, must contribute towards that victory of the Slavonic cause, without which there can be no regeneration of Europe.

R. W. SETON-WATSON.

APPENDIX

СЧАСТІЕ УЕДІНЕНІЯ

На побережьи рѣчки быстрой
Свой домъ въ уединеньи выстрой,
Въ долу, кто защищенъ отвѣсомъ
Зеленыхъ горъ и красныхъ скалъ,
Поросшихъ, по вершинамъ, лѣсомъ
Тяжелыхъ многошумныхъ буковъ,
Гдѣ въ глубинѣ не слышно звуковъ,
Гдѣ день, проникнувъ, задремалъ.

Какъ нѣкій чинъ богослужебный,
Свершать въ разсвѣтный часъ, молебны
Ты будешь мѣрностью напѣва
Хвалебныхъ гимновъ, строгихъ строфъ;
Потомъ, безъ ропота и гнѣва,
До зноя, выполнять работу,
Чтобъ дневную избыть заботу,—
Носить воды, искать плодовъ.

Чѣмъ утро будетъ многотруднѣй,
Тѣмъ слаще будетъ о полуднѣ
Вкушать, по трапезѣ недлинной,
Покой святой, за мигомъ мигъ,
Иль, мыслью вольно-самочинной,
Подъ сѣнью царственнаго кедра
Вскрывать обманчивыя нѣдра
Припомнившихся мудрыхъ книгъ.

Но, только жаръ недолгій свалитъ
И предзакатный лучъ ужалитъ
Зубцы знакомаго утеса,
А по травѣ прорѣетъ тѣнь,—

Пойдешь ты на уклонъ откоса,
Куда, на голосъ человѣчій,
Привычной ожидая встрѣчи,
Изъ рощи выбѣжитъ олень.

Вечерняя прокличетъ птица;
Мелькнетъ по близости орлица,
Съ зайченкомъ въ вытянутыхъ лапахъ,
Летя въ гнѣздо, на скальный скатъ;
И разольется пряный запахъ
Обрызганныхъ росой растеній,
Да явственный вдали, сквозь тѣни,
Заропщетъ горный водопадъ.

Въ тотъ часъ наградъ и часъ возмездій
Встрѣчая чистый блескъ созвѣздій
Вдвоемъ съ широкорогимъ другомъ,
Три чаши благъ ты будешь пить:
Въ безлюдьи властвовать досугомъ,
Пѣть вдохновеннѣй и чудеснѣй
Никѣмъ не слышимыя пѣсни,
И съ женщиной сновъ не дѣлить.

Валерій Брюсовъ.

КИТЕЖЪ

Въ напряженности скорбнаго года
И дышать и творить тяжело. . .
Только то, что идетъ отъ народа,
Только то въ наши дни и свѣтло.
И молитвы, и слезы, и свѣчи—
Это все—о, пойми, о, повѣрь,—
Благодатныхъ свершеній предтечи,
Вожделѣннаго Китежа дверь. . . .
Послѣ бури затишье настанетъ,
Но изъ жертвенно чистыхъ именъ
Ни одно безотвѣтно не канетъ
Въ роковое забвенье временъ.
Возлѣ каждой солдатской могилы,
Въ беззакатныхъ лучахъ красоты,
Новой близости, правды и силы
Расцвѣтутъ благодарно цвѣты. . . .
Нашихъ кроткихъ подвижниковъ ради
Будетъ намъ исцѣленье дано.
И въ грядущемъ, ликующемъ градѣ
Мы съ народомъ сольемся въ одно.

Зоя Бухарова.

КОНІІ

Посвящаю друзьямъ моимъ Александрѣ Васильевнѣ Гольштейнъ[1] и Владиміру Августовичу Гольштейну.

Пять гвоздей горитъ въ подковѣ
Въ бѣгѣ быстраго коня.
Ясень.

1

Когда еще не вѣдали оковъ,
И не было-живымъ-хлыста съ уздою,
Звѣзда перекликалась со звѣздою,
Задолго до молчанія вѣковъ.

Въ пространствахъ нескончаемыхъ луговъ,
Кормились, въ числахъ, кони, съ красотою
Горячей. Словно тучи, надъ водою,
Рождали гулъ копыта безъ подковъ.

Охотились за тѣми косяками
Сурѣлки кремневыхъ стрѣлъ. Здѣсь каждый юнъ.
Застрѣленъ, пожранъ тысячный табунъ.

Но тотъ да будетъ вѣчно славимъ нами,
Кѣмъ огненная схвачена волна,
Кто первый разъ вскочилъ на скакуна.

2

Коварный ли то былъ полуребенокъ,
Кому удѣлъ былъ первозданный данъ
Забросить петлей мѣткою арканъ,
Въ которой, взвывъ, забился жеребенокъ?

[1] По англіиски: de Holsteir.

Былъ юный голосъ звѣря остръ и звонокъ,
Былъ юный звѣрь отъ изумленья пьянъ,
А юноша прямилъ свой сильный станъ,
Начавъ тысячелѣтья дикихъ гонокъ.

А можетъ быть то былъ ужъ зрѣлый мужъ,
Который притаился надъ откосомъ,
Отъ конскихъ глазъ укрытъ сѣдымъ утесомъ?

Вдругъ на коня онъ соскользнулъ какъ ужъ
И былъ какъ духъ. Летѣлъ, схватясь за гриву.
Стремя коня къ истомѣ, по обрыву.

3

Ихъ было десять тысячъ жеребцовъ.
Тринадцать тысячъ кобылицъ красивыхъ.
Въ размётанныхъ и своевольныхъ гривахъ
Свистѣли вѣтръ степей и вѣтръ луговъ.

Цвѣтъ вороной у жаркихъ былъ самцовъ.
У самокъ красный. Съ клекотомъ на срывахъ
Орлы садились. О разливныхъ нивахъ
Еще не встала мысль въ ночахъ умовъ.

Въ ногахъ ли? Только въ зоряхъ серца рдяныхъ
Всѣ были существа. Но вотъ вѣка
Сомкнулись. Изъ другого косяка

Явился бѣлый конь въ тѣхъ страстныхъ странахъ.
И вмигъ, его завидя, вся орда
Заржала, гуломъ, какъ въ разливъ вода.

4

Предъ ликами, что сгрудились въ аравахъ,
Предъ Красно-вороной рѣкой коней,
Гдѣ въ числахъ ночь, и въ числахъ, жаръ огней,
Въ вѣкахъ начальныхъ, временахъ не ржавыхъ,—

Въ горѣньи крови, въ пламенныхъ забавахъ,
Гдѣ жеребецъ, съ кобылою своей
Любясь, порой хребетъ ломалъ у ней,
Въ невозвратимыхъ полковластныхъ славахъ,—

Въ веселіи играющихъ погонь,
Съ косящимися черными очами,
Съ дрожащими и дымными ноздрями,—

Откуда всталъ тотъ страшный бѣлый конь?
И въ чемъ былъ страхъ? Принесъ ли вѣсть онъ злую?
Но кони всѣ бѣжали вразсыпную.

5

Какъ вѣтеръ вѣетъ въ звонахъ ковыля,
Какъ небо высоко надъ ширью степи.
Но древній сонъ замкнутъ въ безгласномъ склепѣ,
Забыла пламя марева земля.

Какъ шепчетъ вѣтеръ, пылью шевеля.
Но порваны златья звенья цѣпи,
Духъ полюбилъ быть въ запертомъ вертепѣ,
Межи углами врѣзались въ поля.

Въ тотъ страстный край, гдѣ черный, цвѣтъ и красный,
Пріявши бѣлый, стихли въ пестротѣ,
Пути заглохли. Лики всѣне тѣ.

Лишь въ часъ Войны, лишь въ боѣ, въ часъ опасный,
На мигъ въ возвратѣ къ прежней красотѣ,
Есть въ ржаньи звукъ, съ огнемъ временъ согласный.

К. Бальмонтъ.

МАТЬ

Мой сынъ, прости за эти слезы!
Прости, что плачу я теперь!
Вѣдь плачутъ о вѣтвяхъ березы,
О дѣтяхъ плачетъ всякій звѣрь.

И какъ не плакать мнѣ, мой милый!
И какъ не плакать, не рыдать?
Гдѣ взять мнѣ твердость, гдѣ взять силы?
Вѣдь я . . . поймн, мой сынъ . . . я мать!

Мы все отдать должны отчизнѣ
Движеньемъ собственной руки,
И даже то, что краше жизни,
Хоть рвется сердце на куски.

Я отдаю тебя, я тоже . . .
Ступай съ врагомъ въ смертельный бой . . .
Ступай! . . . ты жизни мнѣ дороже!
Ступай, прощай, Господь съ тобой.

И. Гриневская.

ПРЕДЪ ГРОЗНЫМЪ ПРИЗРАКОМЪ ВОЙНЫ

(Стихотвореніе Т. Л. Щепкиной-Куперникъ)

Предъ грознымъ призракомъ войны
Мы клонимъ въ ужасѣ колѣни. . .
Безъ слезъ мы провожать должны
  Бойцовъ возлюбленныя тѣни.
Не надо слезъ. . . . Въ душѣ тоска
Безъ слезъ останется навѣки;
Но что такое слезъ рѣка,
  Гдѣ рядомъ льются крови рѣки?

Смерть мчится по родной странѣ,
Какъ неудержная стихія,
Уноситъ на своемъ конѣ
  Безъ счета жизни молодыя.
Роптать ли намъ на Божество,
Когда конечный путь невѣдомъ?
Быть можетъ, правды торжество
  Міръ приведетъ къ инымъ побѣдамъ?

Намъ надо вѣрить, что земля
Должна очиститься пожаромъ,
Что бѣдной родины поля
  Страданье понесутъ не даромъ.
Что родина святую кровь
Въ свои глубоко приметъ нѣдра,
И на поляхъ иная новь
  Тогда зазеленѣетъ щедро,
И что кровавая стезя
Откроетъ людямъ путь къ разсвѣту. . . .

—Иначе было бъ жить нельзя,
  Не вѣря сердцемъ въ тайну эту!

Т. Щепкина-Куперникъ.

ЗАПАДНЫЙ ФРОНТЪ

Отъ Альпъ неподвижныхъ до Па-де-Кале
Какъ будто дорога бѣжитъ по землѣ;
Протянута лентой безцвѣтной и плоской,
Прорѣзала Францію узкой полоской.
Все мертво на ней: ни двора, ни куста;
Мѣстами-два-три деревянныхъ креста,
Мѣстами-развалины прежнихъ строеній,
Да трупы, да трупы,—тѣла безъ движеній!

Отъ Альпъ неподвижныхъ до Па-де-Кале
Какъ будто дорога бѣжитъ по землѣ;
И справа, и слѣва, на мили, на мили,—
Валы и окопы ее обтѣснили.
Съ нихъ рушатся гулко, и ночью и днемъ,
Удары орудій, какъ сумрачный громъ,
И мѣрно сверкаютъ подъ эти раскаты
То бѣлыя вспышки, то свѣтъ розоватый.

Отъ Альпъ неподвижныхъ до Па-де-Кале
Какъ будто дорога бѣжитъ по землѣ;
Прошла, раздѣлила двѣ вражескихъ рати,
И стала дорогой вражды и проклятій.
Смѣняются дни; но настойчиво, вновь
Здѣсь блещутъ штыки, разливается кровь,
И слушаютъ люди, сгрудясь въ милліоны
Лязгъ сабель, свистъ пуль и предсмертные стоны.

Валерій Брюсовъ.

КЪ СТАЛЬНЫМЪ ПТИЦАМЪ

Я первые полеты славилъ
Пропеллеромъ свистящихъ птицъ,
Когда, впервые, Райтъ оставилъ
Желѣзный рельсъ и бѣгъ направилъ
По волѣ—въ полѣ безъ границъ.

Пусть голосъ «сѣвернаго барда»
Былъ слабъ, но онъ гласилъ восторгъ
Въ честь мірового авангарда:
Того, кто грезу Леонардо
Осуществилъ и цѣпь расторгъ.

Казалось: уничтоживъ грани
Племенъ, народовъ, государствъ,
Жить дружественностью начинаній
Мы будемъ,—внѣ вражды и брани,
Безъ прежнихъ распрей и коварствъ!

И что же! Межь царей лазури,
Въ свое владѣнье взявшихъ твердь,
Нащлись пособниками фурій,
Опаснѣй молній, хуже бури,
Тѣ, что несутъ младенцамъ—смерть!

Не въ честный бой подъ облаками
Они, спѣша, стремятъ полетъ,
Но въ полночь, тайными врагами,
Надъ женщинами, стариками
Свергаютъ свой огонь съ высотъ!

Затѣмъ ли (горькіе вопросы!)
Порывы вихренныхъ зыбей
Смиряли новые матросы,
Чтобъ тамъ шныряли «альбатросы»
И рой германскихъ «голубей»?

Валерій Брюсовъ.

Примѣчаніе: Авторъ написалъ, въ свое время привѣтственные стихи Райту, первые полеты котораго наблюдалъ подъ Парижемъ.

КАЖДЫЙ ДЕНЬ

Каждый день поминайте молитвой умильной
Тѣхъ, кто молится нынче на ратныхъ поляхъ,
Тамъ, гдѣ смерть веселится поживой обильной,
Блуждая съ косой въ рукахъ;

Гдѣ разсвѣтъ, проступая, скользитъ межъ развалинъ,
Эхо вторитъ раскатамъ мортиръ безъ числа;
Гдѣ блуждающій вѣтеръ, угрюмъ и печаленъ,
Ласкаетъ въ травѣ тѣла;

Гдѣ, вдали, баррикады, окопы, редуты
Перерѣзали ниву, прорѣзали лѣсъ;
Гдѣ германскій пропеллеръ считаетъ минуты,
Грозя съ голубыхъ небесъ;

И гдѣ фейерверкъ ночью, безмѣренъ, невиданъ,
Одѣваетъ просторы въ стоцвѣтный нарядъ,
На поляхъ, гдѣ лежитъ, безпощадно раскиданъ,
Стальной и свинцовый градъ!

Долю ратниковъ нашимъ уютомъ измѣрьте,
Нашей нѣгой домашней, при свѣтѣ, въ теплѣ . . .
Поминайте въ салонахъ, въ театрѣ, въ концертѣ,—
Кто нынѣ въ снѣгахъ и мглѣ!

Поминайте ушедшихъ молитвой умильной,
Всѣхъ, кто долженъ молиться на ратныхъ поляхъ,
Тамъ, гдѣ смерть веселится поживой обильной,
Съ тяжелой косой въ рукахъ!

Валерій Брюсовъ.

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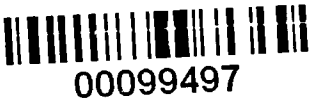
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